

THE LEATHERNECK

October, 1929

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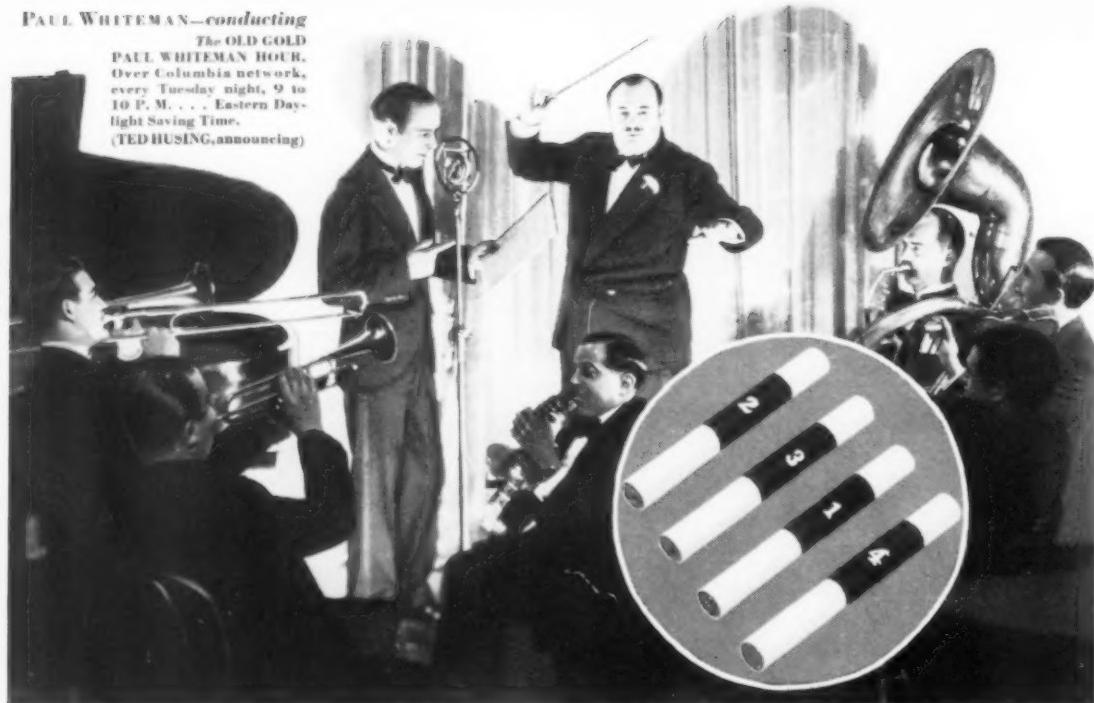


"FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA—"

The Assault on Chapultepec Castle—Mexico City, 1847

PAUL WHITEMAN—conducting

The OLD GOLD
PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR,
Over Columbia network,
every Tuesday night, 9 to
10 P. M. . . Eastern Day-
light Saving Time.
(TED HUSING, announcing)



Part of Paul Whiteman's own 33-piece orchestra which the King of Jazz leads in every OLD GOLD Hour

Over the radio . . . Old Gold

asks Nation to compare the 4 leading cigarettes

Here are the first returns, *just as received*—
and as audited by certified public accountants

How 17,972 smokers voted

We certify that we have audited re-
ports received from radio fans,
showing how 17,972 smokers
voted, in comparing the 4 leading
cigarettes, and that the following
is an accurate summary of this vote.

1st CHOICES	RESULT
OLD GOLD	8812
Brand X	3879
Brand Y	3103
Brand Z	2178
TOTAL	17,972
	100%

(Signed)
WIEGNER, ROCKEY & CO.
Accountants and Auditors



Every Tuesday night, Paul Whiteman's orchestra thrills the radio world with dance music.

OLD GOLD sponsors this radio hour. But not once during the hour has the claim been made that OLD GOLD is the best of all cigarettes!

Instead, just a moment is borrowed to ask smokers to find out *for themselves* which cigarette is best, by making the "concealed name" test.

To date, reports on these tests have been received from 17,972 smokers.

Did OLD GOLD win in all cases? As surely not! Brands X, Y & Z, the long-established trio, made a good showing. But once again, OLD GOLD, the two year old, proved that this is the day of the new and better thing!

Why not let your taste decide which cigarette you like best . . . with all brand prejudice removed?

That's what these 17,972 radio fans did. At the left is the record of their preferences . . . as audited by a firm of certified public accountants.

Smoother and Better . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

E.P. Lorillard Co., Inc. 1269

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CODE STUFF IN VERA CRUZ

BLOWING over the harbor of Vera Cruz towards the city, the steady, strong gusts of a "Norther" ruffled the usually calm surface of the water into a stir of white-capped waves. Off the outer breakwater—and across the mantle of velvet blackness that shrouded the Gulf of Mexico—extended the twinkling lights of the American blockading fleet. This prettily beaded chain encircled the entrance to the harbor, reaching close to the shore on each side of the city. At intervals bobbed the lights of pulling boats making their trips bearing loads of patrols and liberty parties; while steamers, darting back and forth between the war vessels and the shore, looked like so many fireflies crossing the darkness that veiled the intervening distances. Inside the breakwater gleamed the anchor lights of a few transports and merchant vessels; and to one side loomed the darker mass of that loathsome prison-hole, "San Juan de Ullua."

Along the shore, the low buildings on the water front of Vera Cruz were clearly defined under a blaze of arc lights. Prominent among them was the building of the Mexican Naval Academy, where had occurred heavy fighting at the taking of the city, a few weeks previous; and on whose ornate facade, black gaps still showed from the accurately placed shots of the scout cruiser "Chester." While beams from a searchlight playing fitfully over the city from the tall tower of the cathedral by the Plaza de Armas, picked out from time to time other large buildings located farther back in the city. These stood revealed, one after the other, with the sudden vividness of a series of pictures projected upon a screen.

Back of the city stretched a second blockading circle, but of a very different nature from the one off the harbor. For this consisted of a long line of vigilant American Marines, strongly intrenched in the peculiar series of sand hills that curve round

By G. H. Osterhout, Jr.
Major, U. S. Marine Corps

the landward side of Vera Cruz. This was the very position General Winfield Scott and his men had held before capturing the same city in 1847, during the Mexican War. No sounds or twinkling lights disclosed the whereabouts of this second line; yet there was a very real sense among the people throughout the city of its presence off in the blackness of the night, back of the city, between them and the nearby Mexican forces. For there was evident an abundance of life and gaiety in the city; and business—as well as pleasure—went on at a rate even beyond the usual.

A crowd was massed in and around the cafes that adjoin that centre of civic and social activities, the Plaza de Armas. In the Plaza itself numerous groups strolling, or, lounging on the benches, listened to the music of an excellent band playing in the flower and plant embowered bandstand at the centre of the Plaza. Throughout the throng was a liberal sprinkling of American men and officers.

Under the arcades, and on the sidewalks before the cafes, were a jam of people seated around the closely placed tables. On the tables before them was a sundry assortment of refreshments that covered a long range in the line of both food and drink. However,

the chief attraction seemed to be that of watching those passing, while listening to the music of the band playing nearby. On the balconies of the buildings around the Plaza were other groups apparently busy in conversation, or else watching the interesting scene below them.

At one of the tables in the arcade before the popular "Delicia Cafe," was seated two U. S. Marine officers, a newspaper correspondent, and one who professed to be a French civilian. Nothing particularly marked them from the groups at the other tables, as they sat there idly chatting and watching those going by.

Presently, there appeared among those passing, a young naval



Lieut. Col. Neville, Col. Lejeune and Major Butler at Vera Cruz—1914



A street scene in Vera Cruz during the revolution of 1913-1914.
Note dead lying on sidewalk.

officer. He was spotless in a freshly laundered suit of white duck, and wore drooped around his shoulder and across his chest the golden cord of a naval aide.

Upon seeing him, Major Anthony Whelan—who was one of the group at the table—became animated with excitement, and, jumping from his seat, darted through the throng and eagerly grasped him by the hand.

"Hello, Jimmy, old scout!" he exclaimed. "I was hoping you would show up."

"Hello, Major!" his friend answered, smiling. "Glad to see you."

"I was afraid you'd get by before I could put my hands on you. Come over and join us," he urged.

"Thanks—don't care if I do," the naval officer replied.

Thereupon the Major led him back through the crowd to the others at the table.

"Gentlemen, I want you to meet an old pal of mine who is, just now, an aide on Appleton's staff—Lieutenant Kenson. Jimmy, meet Captain Norton, Billy Ware, and Monsieur Cartier. Ware, you should by all means know, for he is the Associated Press correspondent; while Cartier here is a business agent."

"Glad to know you," said Kenson, busy shaking hands all around. "Believe I have run across you before, Norton. Wasn't you on duty in the New York Navy Yard in nineteen-twelve?"

"I sure was," replied Norton. "That is," he added, "between expeditions. You and I sat on the same Court there for a day or so."

"That's it! Right enough—I remember now. What's stirring this evening?"

"Nothing much, so far," stated the Major. "The General had a newspaper raided and put out of business today. It was high time, too, for it has been filled daily with all kinds of propaganda against us, in the line of scurrilous remarks and false charges. We were wondering how much longer the old man would put up with such insults and impertinence right here under our noses." Then, beckoning to a waiter, he asked, "What'll you have, Kenson?"

"Limeade, please," the other answered, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Job! Who is that little beauty over there?" Indicating a group that had just taken seats at an adjoining table.

During the Major's remarks, Kenson—although listening—had also been watching the scene around them. A nearby table had been vacated, and this party had promptly occupied it. They were an Army officer, two civilians dressed in white duck, and two young ladies. It was easily to be seen which one of the ladies he referred to, for one—who appeared the younger—was the smaller of the two. She had a lovely mass of dark hair that formed a charming frame for a face of rare beauty, with a pair of large, grey eyes, and a perfect complexion. The other was of a fairer type, but equally attractive. Both, however, had an air of quiet grace and refinement that seemed, somehow, to render them out of place in their present surroundings.

"That," volunteered Monsieur Cartier, "is a Belgian lady named Trouvain, who is an acquaintance of mine. I'd be pleased to introduce you. She has a sad story. Her husband died several years ago leaving her considerable property in this country. But most of it has been seized by the revolutionists, and she is, just now, a refugee from Mexico City. Yet she has an extensive acquaintance among the Mexican military and civil authorities, being, I believe, one of the best informed persons to be found anywhere on the present situation in Mexico."

As he was talking, the lady they were discussing happened to glance towards their table, and she at once favored Cartier with a slight smile and bow of recognition. Returning her salutation, and immediately rising, he said, "Excuse me a moment, please, while I go over and say 'hello' to my friends."

Cartier then passed over to the adjoining table where he was cordially received, apparently having the acquaintances of the entire party. After a few minutes, he returned again.

"Gentlemen," he said, resuming his seat, "Madame Trouvain is having a little gathering of friends at her villa this evening after the concert. She has been so kind as to invite me to come, and, also, to bring along with me any of you that care to go."

"Sounds good to me!" exclaimed Kenson. "I didn't even know they grew that pretty—let alone you could find one like that around these parts!"

"You can count me in on that, too," stated Ware. "If I don't go, I might miss something; and I have several hints from the home office that this is not intended as a mere vacation trip for me."

"I'll trail along, also, if you don't mind," said Norton.

"And I'll just have to make this thing unanimous," joined in Major Whelan. "When does this party start?"

"Well, she said it was very informal," replied Cartier, "and to just drop in any time after nine-thirty. That'll give us plenty of time to finish up here, and to take a look around before then."

Across the Plaza floated the strains of that old favorite, "La Paloma." It seemed to the young Naval Aide as though the promenading throng, and the seated groups, felt the charm of this selection and were swayed by its melody; and, that the scene—as if by some magic touch—was imbued with an atmosphere of Old Castile.

II.

THE "Villa Esmeralda" stands in the most exclusive residential section of the city of Vera Cruz. The buildings and grounds occupy a large area, extending from the broad boulevard to its front, as far as the massive concrete sea wall that borders the shore of the harbor to its rear. Behind the beautiful wrought-iron fence that separates the boulevard from the grounds, can be seen a most artistically designed garden of rare tropical beauty. But it is only possible to catch mere glimpses of the villa itself through the dense masses of foliage. However, the dwelling, which follows the lines of a famous French chateau, is conceded to be about the best to be found in the city. It was originally built by a Spaniard who had acquired great wealth by means of oil concessions at Tampico, but it had since passed through several hands, being added to and improved upon from time to time. And one of its most attractive features is the fine terrace to the rear which affords a splendid view of the harbor, across the gardens that extend down to the very sea wall.

Throughout the American occupancy of the city the place had remained, until recently, in the charge of caretakers. General Funston had at first been inclined to use it as his headquarters; but, as it was so far from the centre of things and difficult to guard, he chose, rather, the "Hotel Terminal" conveniently located near the Custom House and pier.

Then had come news of the outbreak of the World War, fol-



Vigilant American Marines entrenched in the peculiar series of sand hills that curve round the landward side of Vera Cruz, Mexico.



General Joaquin Tellez, military governor, aboard the U. S. S. "West Virginia" in May, 1914, for a conference with Rear Admiral Robert M. Doyle on the Mexican situation.

lowed by the hurried departure from the harbor of the ill-fated British fleet under Sir Christopher Cradock. Within the same week Madame Helene Trouvain and her companion, together with a train of servants, arrived before the American lines claiming asylum as refugees from Mexico City. Upon being admitted, they had at once taken possession of the "Villa Esmeralda."

Only a very few persons appeared to have had any previous knowledge of these attractive young ladies. The credentials presented to the caretakers at the Villa, and the statements of several other recently arrived refugees, was all they apparently had to vouch for them. There were some who were not satisfied with the little known of them; and with these, their antecedents, and the means by which they acquired possession of the splendid villa, remained favorite matters of speculation. Yet, outside of the fact that they entertained liberally, there was little further gossip of them.

The ladies of the "Villa Esmeralda" had returned from their evening's visit to the Plaza. And Madame Trouvain was now seated before the grand piano in the music room of the villa, softly playing. While her companion reclined on a divan close by, listening with quiet interest.

The room was furnished with a refined elegance that reflected a most excellent taste as well as an abundance of means. A gentle breeze passing through the large, open French windows, billowed slightly the damask draperies; while just outside could be seen a portion of the terrace, and, beyond—outlined against the darkness of the night—was visible the lights of the harbor.

A silk shaded lamp standing near the piano filled the room with soft amber light, in which the ladies made a charming picture. Their dresses, though simple in detail, revealed in every line the touch of those master creators of the Rue de la Paix.

Through the portieres of a large archway, the gentlemen of the party could be seen in an adjoining room, occupied with their smokes and some refreshments. There, also, was in view a glimpse of some card and billiard tables, a roulette wheel, and, to one side, a large sideboard bearing a generous supply of both food and drink.

"Estelle," said Madame Trouvain, pausing in the midst of her playing, "I have heard before of this Lieutenant Kenson, and I understand he is very nice. His being on the Admiral's staff is also a point in his favor. So I am glad we are going to have this opportunity of meeting him."

"No doubt, he will prove very interesting, Helene," replied the other. "Is there anything special you wish me to do this evening?"

"No, I believe not."

Off in the distance sounded a soft chime of bells.

"That must be them now," exclaimed Madame Trouvain.

"No doubt, as it is already after nine-thirty," answered her friend.

After a few minutes a butler entered with some visiting cards on a silver salver, which he presented to Madame Trouvain. She glanced at them casually, and then directed, "Very well, Jean, bring them here."

The butler bowed and withdrew, returning almost directly with Monsieur Cartier and his party of friends.

After first greeting the ladies, Monsieur Cartier introduced those accompanying him.

"Madame Trouvain and Mademoiselle Monteau," said he, "per-

mit me to present to you Major Whelan, Lieutenant Kenson, Captain Norton, and Mr. Ware."

There followed the usual formal greetings, yet it seemed to the Naval Aide that there was something particularly gracious in the manner Madame Trouvain received him.

Upon observing the arrival of these guests, those in the adjoining room strolled in, and further salutations and introductions followed. The others proved to be Colonel Dancey, U. S. Army; Colonel Olten, U. S. Marines; Senor Domínez, of the Mexican Bank; and Mr. Otto Beckman, in mercantile business.

A little later, several bridge tables were made up, and most of those present withdrew to the adjoining room, where they became absorbed in the details of their games.

Lieutenant Kenson, being an indifferent player, had begged to be excused. So that it happened that he and his hostess were left by themselves in the music room.

"Do sit down," requested Madame Trouvain, seating herself on the divan near the lamp.

Taking a chair nearby, he remarked, "I had not hoped for a personal chat with you so soon. It is a treat to be here, I assure you."

"I am pleased you like our place. Now that you have found us, you must come often. Won't you smoke, please?"

"Thanks, believe I will," he replied; and then—as she started to rise—he hastened to add, "Don't disturb yourself, as I have plenty here."

"Will you join me?" he asked, rising and extending his opened cigarette case to her.

"Thank you, yes," she answered, selecting a cigarette.

She daintily rapped her cigarette on the thumb nail of her left hand, and, placing it between her lips, leaned forward and lit it from the match he held for her. Then, lighting one from the same match, he took a seat on the divan beside her.

"I was just wishing to come over and sit here," he laughingly stated.

"And I," she countered, mischievously, "—perhaps, I was wishing you would! I hope you do not mind my smoking, for I understand some of you American men do not approve of it for ladies."

"Not at all; to the contrary, I think a pretty woman smoking a cigarette makes a graceful picture."

"Thanks for the inference! But do tell me, what do you officers find to do pass all of your time here?"

"Most of us have plenty to keep us busy. My pet job is decoding and transcribing code messages; and I often wonder why, in most cases, they don't use plain English. I, also, have to supervise the disbursement of a large sum furnished by the State Department for various specified purposes."

"My! That sounds very interesting."

Leaning back among the cushions, she busied herself puffing out little wreaths of smoke. He noticed she had an unusual way of holding her cigarette; for, in place of holding it lightly between the first two fingers, as most smokers do, she doubled her index finger around hers, and held it by that finger alone. He noticed, too, that she smoked very little.

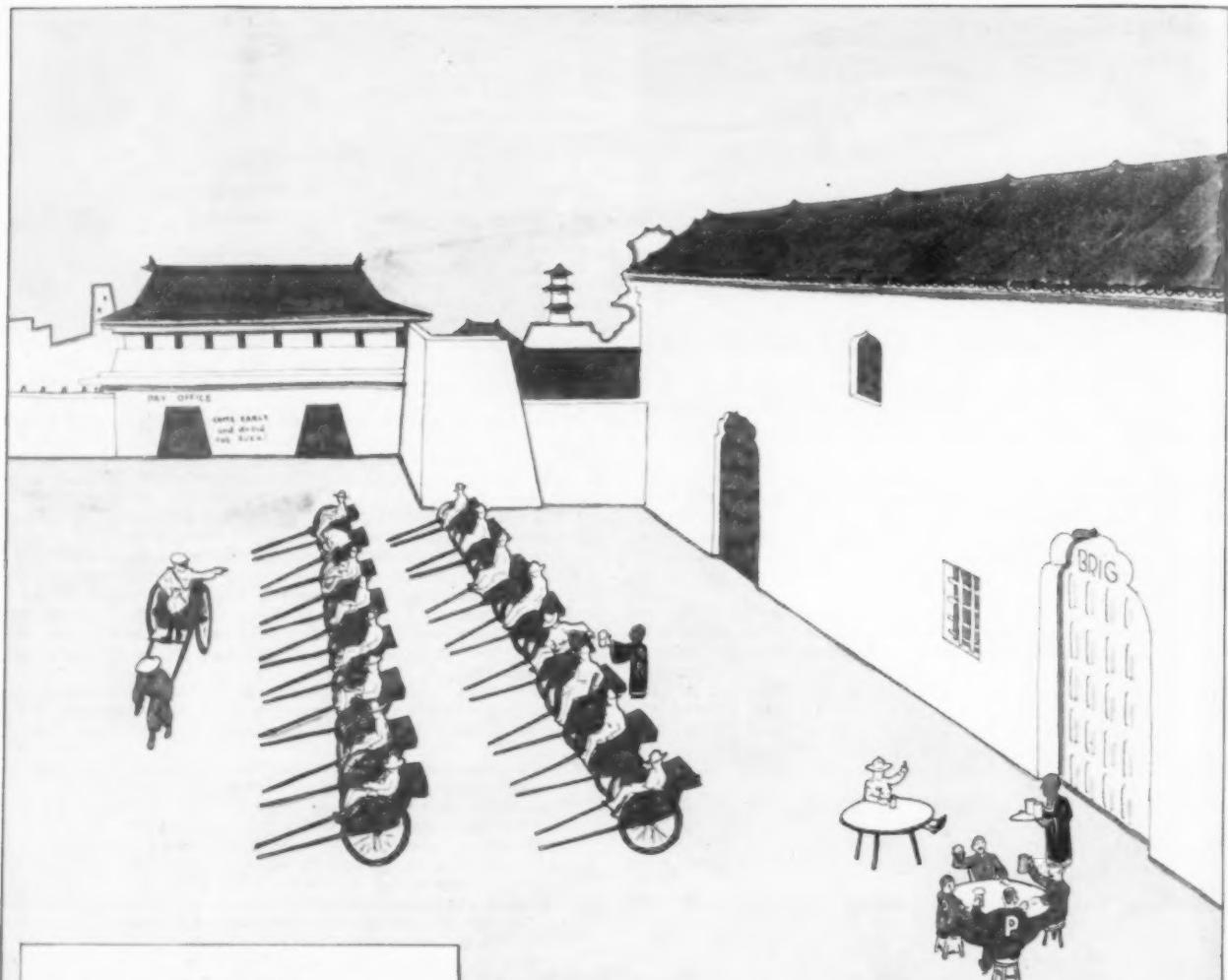
"But tell me, Madame," he was finally moved to ask, "how is it you speak English so fluently?"

"Why, that is not strange, for I have spent years both in England and the United States. But come," she said, rising,

(Continued on page 52)

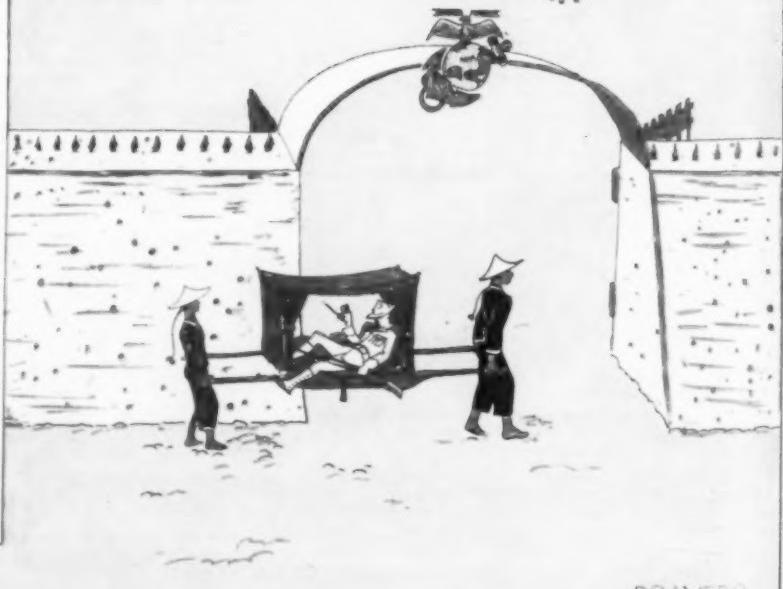


A Beach Party of Marines and Sailors at Guaymas, Mexico, during the stirring days of 1914.



I'm puttin' in for Peking
A lovely post, I hear,
They do their guard in rickshaws
And feed the prisoners beer
With pay day every thursday
Out there life is a joy,
And when you're gettin' thirsty
Just holler for your "boy."
I'm puttin' in for Peking.
It's there I want to go,
Cause they lead the life of Reilly
For my sergeant told me so.

MBT



DOAYERS

Impressions of Peking by a recruit who has never been there.

CHEVRONS

By Leonard Nason

BLACK, black night, mist, and cold. From the darkness came the steady, prolonged sound of marching feet, a rattle of carts, and a hoarse cry of "Keep over, damn it!" from time to time. Three roads intersected, and the stream of men that flowed along each of the roads merged into one with tremendous confusion, but yet continued its forward movement.

From this stream four men detached themselves and, going off the road a little way, came to a collection of shattered houses. One of the men opened a door and, lifting a blanket to one side, said "This is the place. Watch the stairs." The four went in, felt their way down a stairway, lifted another blanket and entered a large room, lighted with candles and lanterns. Here two men of the four went away and the other two looked about for a place to sit, and finding none better than the floor, sat on that. The two that sat were Sergeant Eadie and Jake, and the two that had gone away were the artillery liaison officer and an infantry guide.

"What's this place?" asked Jake in a whisper.

"This is some kind of a P. C.," answered Eadie, "brigade or division. There are too many men in it for a regimental." The two looked about them. On all sides were tables, half a dozen telephone instruments, maps spread wide and held down by field glasses and pistols, officers everywhere.

"Lookit them boche!" said Jake suddenly. Eadie, with a quickening pulse, looked across the room. There were four wounded Germans there on stretchers. They were all old, their hands were wasted and thin, and the uniforms faded, daubed with mud and torn.

"They probably got them in some last minute raid," said Eadie. "I told you this affair wouldn't amount to anything. How much nerve does it take to fight a bunch of grandfathers like that?"

"Well, someone's takin' a serious view of it," muttered Jake. "I never seen so many people on the road at once since the last World Series I went to." He thought of the miles of crowded roads that he and the sergeant had traversed since leaving the battery, roads jammed with every kind of a military vehicle that has wheels or a caterpillar tread. The two had left the battery with the officer, had met the infantry guide, had ridden a long time in a truck, then in an empty ambulance, and had finished the journey on foot, marching with a regiment of infantry. "You might give a guy some idea of what all this liaison stuff is about," continued Jake. "You said it was a soft job. If this is a soft job, breaking rocks is a rest cure. I ain't walked so much since the

time I got bounced off a freight in Minnesota."

"Every one has to walk in the army," said Eadie. "All that you'll have to do on this

detail is look wise. The looey will have to do all the work. You see the battery fires by map, on areas that have been doped out beforehand, and it fires according to a schedule, so long on this section, so long on the next, and so on. Well, if the infantry gets held up and can't keep up with the barrage, or the barrage is too slow, or if it begins to get off the target, then the artillery liaison officer gets a call from the unit commander that he's

with and it's up to said officer to fix the barrage again. He can do it by sending you or me back with the message, by firing a rocket, by showing a panel to an airplane, and if we have a wire strung, by telephoning. The best way

is the rocket. The airplane goes off to fight or gets shot down, or just loses contact, wire is hard to lay and most of the time it isn't working anyway, and it takes too long to send a messenger. They have a flock of rockets with different colored balls and they get up a code before the scrap and then if the infantry want anything done to the barrage, up goes the rocket, and it's done. Maybe." Eadie began to roll a cigarette. "Jake," he continued, "you want to use Bull Durham all the time until you get into the scrap. Save your tailor-mades until then."

"I've got some chewin'," said Jake. "Cigarettes is so much fog. I've got a half plug o' chewin' the

'Y' fellar give me, and three cigar butts. That ought to last me."

"What are they keepin' them jerries hangin' around for?" asked Jake. "Is this a P. C. an' a hospital both?"

"They brought them in to question them," said Eadie. "Here comes our looey."

"Put your gas masks on," said the lieutenant, kneeling beside Eadie. "Alert position, we're going up to the jump-off right away. Now, then, they've given me two rocket codes, so you can have one. There's four of each type of rocket. I'll keep two and give you each one set apiece. We've got a new model pistol to shoot them off with. This division we're going with is a silk hat outfit, they've got all the latest stuff—Browning machine guns and auto rifles, Tissett gas masks, new model helmets, all the latest wrinkles." The officer folded up a map that he had in his hand and fitted it into his pocket. Eadie took his gas mask from the carrier and applied a little of the anti-fog preparation to each eye-piece. He put on the mask, saw that it was in working order, and then put it carefully back in the carrier again. He and Jake assisted each other to put their masks in the alert position.

Another officer came hurrying out of the fog of cigarette smoke. "Ready?" he asked.

"Whenever you are," answered the artillery officer.

"Come on."

The four of them went up the stairs and, waiting at the top until there was a break in the traffic, crossed the road and followed the guide among the ruined houses.

"That's another division there," said the guide, indi-



You scared, Eadie?"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—Sergeant Eadie's job with the 79th Field Artillery had been a combination of liaison sergeant and observer before he was wounded. This was the job he still had when he rejoined the outfit at Tours, wearing a "phoney" wound stripe, after being discharged from the hospital. Though Eadie was still somewhat weak from his long confinement, he was immediately rushed into a hectic drive. On this march Eadie meets Red Jake an old buddy of his whom he hadn't seen since the Marne. Jake, through the Sergeant's influence, becomes a member of the liaison detail and when Eadie departs on liaison duty with the infantry of some other division, Jake accompanies him as an aide.

cating the marching troops. "Our battalion is the flank battalion of the division. Our troops are more to the west and we're going another way, where there aren't so many men walking up your back."

"You scared, Eadie?" whispered Jake.

"Scared, hell," replied Eadie. "The worst we'll get out of this will be the loss of a night's sleep. I was scared to death at Saint Mihiel. No kiddin', Jake, I lost ten years off the end of my life that night. When a man really gets a bayonet through him that's the end, but when he just thinks about getting one through him he suffers. Man, I died every kind of a death."

They passed a long line of machine gunners taking their weapons from the carts and preparing to go forward with them on their shoulders. A steep muddy slope rose before them, up which they climbed with considerable difficulty. Down again into a valley, another ruined town, and then up again, like the cars of a scenic railway. At the top of this second hill they paused to catch their breaths.

"This is us," said Eadie.

"I had a hunch it was," replied Jake. In the middle distance, and not so far away either, was the familiar line of lights that marked the enemy trenches. Stray shells crumped and coughed and from time to time Eadie could hear the sharp bark of a seventy-five from somewhere over the hill behind him. Just such a night as the one before Saint Mihiel. He felt his scalp tingle and his heart beat a bit faster, but he fought against any feeling of excitement.

"I'm never going to be scared again," he muttered.

"Shshshsh!" cautioned the guide. "Here's where we go in."

He led the way into a narrow trench, and following a telephone wire, pausing now and then to read sign that was set in the trench wall, he arrived finally at a dugout. "This is the temporary P.C.," whispered the guide to the liaison officer. "There's only room in there for two, the major and the adjutant. The rest of the officers are around the next traverse and the men are about eight or ten yards farther on in the old fire trench. We'll go in and report."

"Where will you two be when I want you?" the officer asked Eadie.

"We'll want to find a place to sleep, sir," answered Eadie. "We can't sleep here and have people walking all over us all night."

"Why don't you go up with the men?" asked the infantry officer.

"Good," said Eadie. "We'll come back here in the morning."

"Now don't get lost," admonished the liaison officer. "We'll want you badly tomorrow. This is going to be a serious matter when it starts. What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, sir," said Eadie, the darkness hiding the fact that he was still grinning.

"These birds give me a pain," continued Eadie, as he and Jake went forward to find the fire trench where the infantry were. "They keep saying, 'Oh, this is going to be a tough fight.' You'd think they were trying to scare us. Well, I won't be scared."

They turned a traverse and found themselves in a broader trench. The glow of a distant flare showed that it was full of men, but Eadie's sense of hearing had told him that some seconds before.

"Jake," said Eadie, "it's time you were getting training in observation. The good liaison man notes down the regimental numbers of all troops he sees, the road they are on, and what he can tell about their condition, whether they are tired, appear

to have lost much equipment, are fresh troops going in to relieve, and so forth. Now here are some troops you can't see. They're making a lot of noise and moving around too much. What does all this talking and singing mean to you?"

Jake smacked his lips. "It's my guess they got liquor among 'em," said he. "Let's ask 'em for a drink!"

"Oh, God!" moaned Eadie. "Pry your mind loose from booze for a second, will you? All this racket means that this is a green outfit. I don't know who they are, or where they came from, but they don't know anything about war. Their stunt is to get some sleep, and not make so much noise. Did you see the packs they had on when that light was up? Complete, spare shoes and all."

"I could do with a good jolt of white mule," muttered Jake dreamily.

"Give us a hand up on this parapet," replied Eadie with disgust. "I'm going to do some bunk police."

"On the parapet?" asked Jake.

"Sure," said Eadie. "It's quiet there. I can lie on the sandbags and keep out of the mud."

"The boche?" asked Jake with horror in his tones.

"The boche hell!" replied Eadie. "The boche went home to mama an hour ago. I'm going up." He clambered to the parapet, put on his overcoat, and his slicker over it, and lay down on the sandbags. "Come up, Jake?" he invited, leaning his head into the trench.

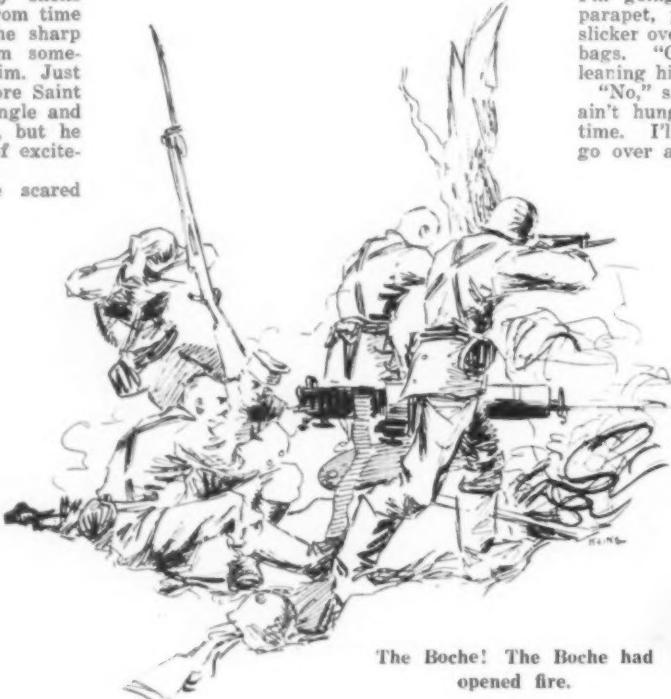
"No," said Jake, "I'm comfortable. I ain't hungerin' t' git killed before my time. I'll wait till morning before I go over any top."

Eadie endeavored to sleep. He could not seem to compose his mind. The men in the trench made too much noise. The bombardment started, and this time he could hear the shell exploding on the German positions. The ground trembled under him as though continuous heavy traffic were passing close at hand.

"Be yourself," muttered Eadie. "You made a fool of yourself the last time. This is liable to be a bigger farce than the other."

The infantry quieted down after a time and Eadie managed to get some sleep. Only in snatches, however, for he was awakened by the burst of a shell close at hand, and when the effect of that had worn off the sound of the detail cutting wire disturbed him. They were engineers, sev-

The Boche! The Boche had opened fire.



ering the last few strands before the trenches, so that the infantry would have a clear path. Eadie, sitting up to see if he could see the wire cutters, noticed that the black color of the night was fading. He could see the opposite wall of the trench, and the line of rotting sandbags on the parapet for quite a distance.

CHAPTER XX.

The Boche Open Fire

"DAYLIGHT!" thought Eadie. Almost immediately he heard the voices of the officers in the trench arousing the men. He climbed down into the communication trench, settled his helmet, and adjusted his gas mask. The artillery liaison officer came out of the shallow dugout, followed by two men in trench coats who must be the major and adjutant.

Pow! Bong! a long rattling rumble, like the crackling of nearby thunder. The barrage had started.

"Ten minutes and then for it," said the major calmly. Eadie looked at him. The major's face was cold and impassive, but there had been a tiny cracked note in his voice, a slight humming of his words that meant nervousness.

"How's your courage, Jake?" grinned Eadie. "Don't get your tail down. This waiting is the worst part of it."

October, 1929

THE LEATHERNECK

Seven

Jake replied obscenely. He removed his helmet and, selecting a cigar butt from the net in its interior, he put it in his cheek.

There was a wailing of whistles that would have done credit to a flock of gulls. The sound was ear-splitting. Shouts, cheers, wild yells. "Here we go," said the major, putting his watch into his pocket. He led the way along the communication trench, up steps out in the parapet of the fire trench, and so out into the field. There was a thick fog and Eadie could see nothing but a squad column starting off to the right.

The noise was terrific. The fog prevented one from knowing where this noise was coming from. A steady roar of machine guns, like the sound of a waterfall, might very well be the Americans firing a machine gun barrage. The advance began to go sharply downhill. The going was extremely heavy. The ground had been pounded and pounded and there was not a place where a man could put his foot that was not a shell hole or the edge of one. The fighting for Dead Man's Hill in 1916 and 1917 had used this sector roughly.

"You see?" yelled Eadie, seizing Jake's shoulder and shouting in his ear. "No casualties! What did I tell you?"

"I see," said Jake. "I'm scared. I ain't used to this like you are."

"Hah, hah," laughed Eadie, "you tell 'em, kid."

His laugh, however, was a bit hollow. He was ashamed of himself that he had to fight back fear the way he did. The noise terrified him. A man's nerves are not constructed to stand the strain of the continual shock of high powered explosions. And aside from the physical strain of the explosions, there is the mental strain, too. Steel buzzes about. A man can hear death rustling his wings overhead.

The advance went steadily downhill, making progress in spite of the rough nature of the ground. The major, just in front of Eadie, had a compass in his hand and besides the artillery liaison officer he had an engineer officer, also with a compass. What the other half dozen officers were Eadie did not know. There were too many of them. Moreover, they were going, all in a mob, faster than the infantry men about them, so that the staff found itself very soon among the autoriflemen of the first wave. Possibly the major had done it purposely, to be sure his company commanders were going in the right direction. The fog and the smoke shut out everything.

They began to go forward on level ground and Eadie noticed the blackened trunks of long dead trees, shattered and torn into stumps about the height of a man. His feet began to sink into the mud. There was a swamp here and the men kept getting deeper and deeper into it. Eadie looked at the major, to see if they had lost their direction, but the major, beyond a glance or two at his map, did not seem disturbed. Eadie waded in the swamp to his knees. This was disagreeable going, he thought, but it would soon be over.

The sergeant became suddenly conscious of a new note in the turmoil of noise, a new note such as one hears in a symphony, when a brass begins to play among the wood instruments. It was faint, but as Eadie listened it began to swell, as though the unseen orchestra leader swung his baton in one long sweeping motion.

Crescendo! A stern metallic note in the storm that drowned all others. The rush of a torrent over rocks, the cracking of thousands of bullets overhead, that soft phit! phit! phit! for all the world like a dancer's toes on the boards of a stage, that a

bullet makes going into a man. The boche! The boche had opened fire.

Five minutes of that rain of steel convinced Eadie that he had been mistaken. This was going to be a FIGHT. To his horror he saw that the advance, instead of taking to earth immediately, was still going forward. Men were dropping everywhere, some going down suddenly with a crash of equipment, others swaying like wounded animals, then sinking slowly to their knees, and so to the ground. The slightly wounded, frightened by the pain of a bullet just under the skin, a finger shot off, or a "crease," cried out loudly. There was a clamor for "First Aid" that could be heard above the machine guns. Eadie closed his eyes to shut out the sight of the men falling, but he fell himself, headlong into an old shell hole, and bruised himself badly on the sharp stones there. A hand seized his shoulder.

"Were yuh hit, sergeant?" Jake's homely red face, a little whiter than usual and the eyes wide open with concern, was thrust into Eadie's.

"I'm not hit," said Eadie, getting up. "I just fell down. Watch yourself, never mind me."

"You was sayin' somethin' about this bein' a Sunday School picnic last night," said Jake, fingering his gas mask. "We ain't gone to the wrong church or anything like that, have we?"

"It may not last," replied Eadie.

"It looks as though it would last a hell of a lot longer than we will," muttered Jake. They heard the shriek of a shell and flung themselves down. The shell struck very near, Eadie could swear he heard it worming its way into the earth—it burst—BLAM!

"First aid! First aid!"

"Damn!" muttered Eadie. He remembered a time when he did not swear, but that was before his first battle.

The advance continued; blindly, drunkenly, it reeled through the fog. More shells, more machine guns, bullets splashed water into Eadie's face. Was there another of those damned swamps? Eadie looked down. There were a lot of packs scattered about, a few dead, and men with white brassards frantically binding up the wound. This outfit had gone quite a way, thought Eadie, before they had ditched their packs.

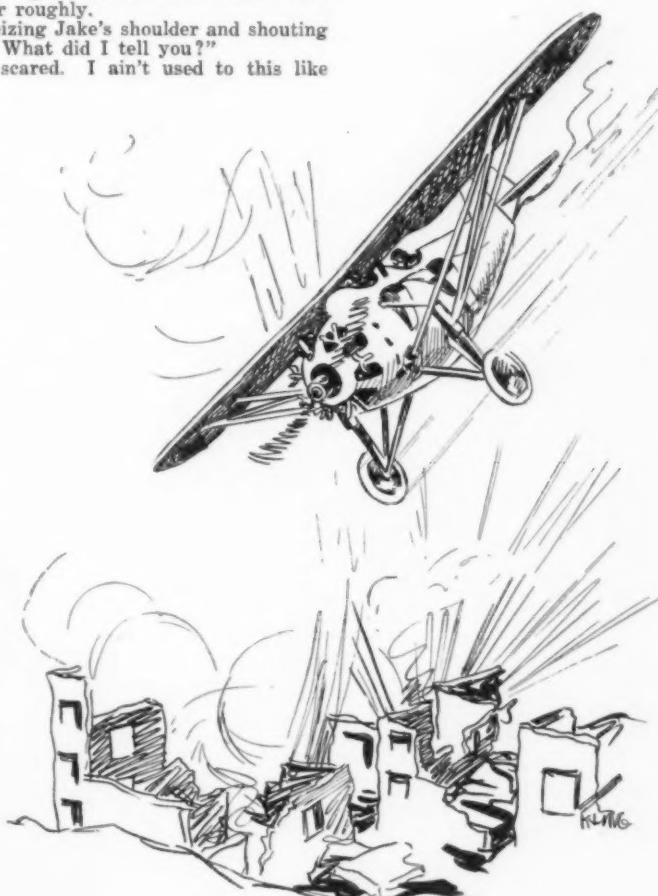
And those first aid men certainly had guts to be so far forward. He sank to his knees in a sort of mire and was forced to seize one of the blackened tree stumps to pull himself out again. A column of men with stove pipes went by, going across the front of the advance. The stove pipes were in reality Stokes mortars, and this mortar company must be lost. After them came men with telephone wire.

"What the hell is all this?" cried Eadie. Stokes mortar detachments usually are the last of all in an advance, and telephone details are far behind the first wave. And these men were going right across the path of the advancing first wave.

"Hey!" cried Eadie, splashing over and seizing the sleeve of the artillery officer, "we're going the wrong way. We're running into the back of some other outfit! See all these packs and that gang of men going across our front? That's the last wave of an advance!"

"I know it," said the officer. "I told the major some time ago.

(Continued on page 58)



The machine was a boche.

THE WINGED MASCOT



YNN GIBSON peered anxiously over the edge of the grey fuselage of his monoplane. It seemed hours he'd been flying westward into the night. His watch had stopped, but he knew it was time he picked up the beacons of the All-America Mining, Inc. Could it be that Steel Bradley, the superintendent, had deliberately neglected to turn on the field lights?

Gibson pushed the stick forward, and cut the power. "I'll soon find out!" he muttered to himself. "Just like th' cuss to

By Alzo Wynn

A few moments later, Gibson circled the plane, and with wing-lights flaring downward pancaked lightly to the level ground. The big landing field in front of the mining offices was dark; even the arc-lights usually illuminating the main entrance failed to show any welcome to the airman as he shrugged loose from the safety-belt and unstrapped the harness of the parachute.

But Lynn Gibson suspected the reason for all this gloom. He remembered that there had been one other pilot who had applied for this job which he now held; the fellow had a mean face, but seemed to have been a favorite with Superintendent Bradley. For some reason the general manager had thrown the Super's friend down, and had picked Lynn Gibson instead. The Super had shown his animosity to Gibson ever since. And here was some more of it . . .

Gibson jerked from his bitter musing as the office door swung open and a flood of light whitened the pathway pointing toward the monoplane. A big man in khaki trousers, top-boots, and broad-brimmed hat strode angrily toward the silent airship. His scowling glance took in the cool-eyed pilot, and his leisurely motions.

"What th' devil took yuh so long?" he demanded. Then his eyes narrowed, as he leaned closer over the edge of the fuselage, and spied a bird lying on the cockpit floor. "Spend your time shootin' these cuckoos," he snarled. "No wonder you're late!"

"You're a little off in that last remark," Gibson said soberly. "Somebody else shot the road-runner. I happened to find it and brought it home to patch up."

Ignoring the sneering Super, Gibson tenderly picked up the wounded bird, and wrapping it in a piece of cloth, placed it on the ground beside the plane.

Next he unfolded a square piece of canvas, which he carried in the rear cockpit for the purpose, and throwing it over both cockpit openings, tied it down. In this warm, dry climate it was all the protection the plane required and saved running it into the dove shed that served as a hangar.

But Steel Bradley was still dissatisfied. "What time yuh leave El Paso — you remember?" he demanded sullenly.

Lynn Gibson pulled out a note-book from his pocket. "Delivered the opals at eleven-forty," he read mechanically. "Started back at twelve-thirty."



Lynn Gibson pulled a note-book from his pocket. "Delivered the opals at eleven-forty," he read mechanically. "Started back at twelve-thirty."

leave me in the dark, a night like this. He'd like to see me crack up!"

Wind whistled and shrieked through the struts and wings, as the ship glided in wide spirals swiftly downward. Gibson watched the altimeter as a hawk watches its intended victim. He was taking a chance. The top of some ugly hill, or the scraggly branches of a tree might suddenly sweep upward at him. Five hundred feet. Still he couldn't see anything below but blank darkness. If only the moon would come out! No danger of rain in this New Mexico desert, but a swirling murk of clouds made an exasperating screen. He shot lower, and peered anxiously.

"If I'd only known enough to hang to that job in California," he thought, "instead of truckin' fire-opal for this cussed mining company."

Just then he spied a tiny row of lights; the windows of a long, narrow building shot into view almost directly underneath the plane. He recognized it at a glance. It was the aging-shed where the green opals were dried in the clay beds.

With a quick thrust he shoved the throttle open, and pulled the stick back. As the ship zoomed upward, he breathed easier. "Gosh, I nearly cracked up that time!" he told himself, "but anyhow, I know where I am now."

"You an' me are pals, now, Limpy," he laughed absently. "You cracked up, but you'll soon be all right."

He wondered why Bradley was checking up. The plane was not running on any schedule. He was supposed to pull in as soon as he could comfortably. As he replaced the book in his pocket, he gazed absently at the road-runner fluttering feebly at his feet. "I had engine trouble," he added. "Had to go down at Red Gulch. That's where I picked up the cuckoo."



G.B.DAVIS

"What part of th' Gulch did yuh land in?" Bradley asked narrowly.

As Gibson tried to visualize the rough valley in which he had landed, the Super endeavored to refresh his memory. "Was it near a series of long, red ledges?" he queried meaningfully.

The air-pilot's eyes widened. "Yes," he replied slowly. "I do remember something of that nature. Bleak hole. Why—anyone 'round there you know?"

With a curse, Steel Bradley turned abruptly, and strode away. Gibson shrugged as he watched his disagreeable boss disappear in the office, then cuddling the struggling bird in his hands, he hurried over to his boarding place. With antiseptics and clean cloth he fixed up the broken legs as best he could. He was no surgeon, but knew that an outdoor bird had a tough constitution. Given a chance for its life, it would usually survive.

At last he stood the bandaged bird on the floor, and smilingly watched its awkward attempts to walk.

"You an' me are pals, now, Limpy," he laughed absently. "You cracked up, but you'll soon be all right."

As days went by, the bird learned to use its bandaged legs, and approached the slats of the soap-box, when called by name. It was weeks later, when Gibson removed the splints. The scraggly legs had healed, but were sadly out of shape, and Limpy had to learn "running" all over again.

The All-America Mining Company was prospering. Fire opal was coming to the surface in ever increasing quantities. The clay-beds were full of the precious stones, and were guarded day and night while the water slowly oozed away from the soft gems. Twice a week Gibson took a load of the sparklers to El Paso. Sometimes he felt a thrill, as he glimpsed the beautiful gems with their glinting tints of red, yellow and blue—like so many points of flame—from which the fire-opal gets its name.

Gibson was forbidden to carry any passengers, but made one exception. Limpy went along as a mascot, and screamed his delight as he perched airily on the stick, and watched his loved master with one wary eye. The bird had taken a great liking to the monoplane, and from the first seemed to enjoy the motion, and the roar of the motor. There was one other peculiarity about the bird that Gibson noted. Limpy certainly hated Steel Bradley, and showed his displeasure whenever the Super appeared.

Came a week when the manager of the mining works went away on a business trip, and Steel Bradley was left in full charge. Men were soon grumbling, and Gibson felt a rumbling of mutiny in the air. Each time the shaft-house poured out its dirty crew of Spaniards, Indians, Chinese, and breeds of every mixture of blood, he expected to hear some kind of an explosion. Every man there certainly hated Steel Bradley, and in that, Gibson could sympathize with them, for the Super was a slave-driver.

When Saturday morning came around, the whistle shrieked, and Gibson stood on the office steps and narrowly watched the

night shift as they sullenly ambled past the checker, who mechanically wrote down numbers as they went by. Something was going to happen; the men were mumbling, shaking their fists, and whispering hoarsely to each other. Lynn Gibson started as he felt a rough hand on his shoulder. It was the Super.

"You'll have a heavy load to take across country today," he advised briskly. "Git your plane gassed up an' ready t' start within an hour. You'll have several boxes o' tools to heave off at Red Gulch. We're goin' t' start a branch mine over there."

Gibson scowled at the cumbersome freight piled into the rear cockpit of his beloved airship. Somehow the fleet plane seemed almost human to him; he hated to see it over-loaded or abused. The bags of opals took up but little room; he always carried them on the floor beside the pilot's seat. When fully loaded

with gasoline and oil, the plane was capable of carrying about eight hundred pounds of freight besides the pilot. It was a single-motor machine, with a tank capacity of one hundred and thirty gallons of gas, and twelve gallons of oil.

When about ready to take off, Steel Bradley sauntered over and carefully counted the bags of opals. Gibson signed the customary receipt, shoved one copy into his pocket and handed the duplicate to Bradley. Then, for the first time he noticed that the Super was carrying under one arm a small wooden box. It was about a foot square, with small holes bored in the top. Gibson noted that this peculiar box was placed beside the bags of treasure.

"You're good fer a couple hundred pounds more, ain't yuh?" Bradley queried with a grin.

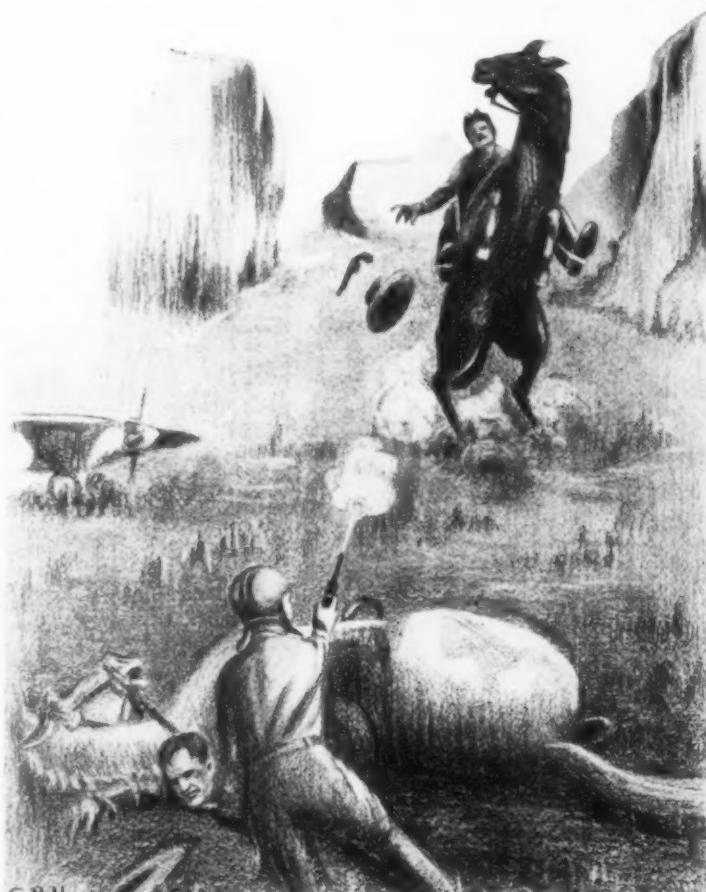
Gibson glared at him. "I should say not!" he replied disgustedly. "I got over-weight now. May be able to get off th' ground; may not."

Steel Bradley shrugged his shoulders, stepped into the rear cockpit, and slid into the seat. "You'll have to take me, anyhow," he muttered. "I weigh a hundred ninety odd."

Gibson flushed. He was tempted to refuse to budge the plane. It blocks kicked aside. He decided to go!

Reaching gingerly forward, he gave her the gas, and with a sullen roar the ship slowly taxied down the field. Heavily loaded, it acted awkward and cumbersome, rolling like an over-loaded wheelbarrow. The wheels lurched in every tiny crack of the rain-washed runway, while the tail skid dug deeply in the sand. As it finally gained sufficient momentum, Gibson pushed a trifle on the stick, and felt the nose tip down. As the tail skid lifted he felt the ship gaining speed. He gave her more gas, then lifted her boldly. Would she make it?

For an instant he felt the smooth air underneath, then with a jar the wheels touched the earth again. Disgustedly he gave her more gas, and as she bounced he jerked the stick back. He (Continued on page 49)



THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA



CORTES and his warriors had swept in from the sea. With little hesitation he fired his ships, determined to conquer or die; there would be no avenue of retreat. He established a military base on the coast, thereby founding the city of Vera Cruz. He then began his invasion, which was destined to be one of the bloodiest and cruelest pages in martial history.

Up the Tabasco River sailed the mail-clad Spaniards. They surprised and captured the town of that name, and Cortes, by threats of death, inducted the natives into his own army. Through the jungles the invaders blazed their gory way, leaving a trail of destruction behind.

The mysterious grapevine telegraph throbbed with a warning that every Aztec heeded: "Cortes is coming!" The younger warriors gripped their spears, and the older sages who had prophesied the dissolution of a corrupt empire, nodded their gray heads sagaciously.

In the royal city of Iztapalapan, Montezuma paced the marble floor of the temple. He clenched and unclenched his jewel-laden hands. He heard not the singing of countless birds, nothing but the sinister warning, "Cortes is coming!" rung in his ears. The warm sunshine mellowed the golden corridors, but Montezuma saw only the deep shadows. Above the frescoed door, figures in relief depicted the glorious conquests of the Aztecs; but to Montezuma they were symbolic of the threatening subjugation of his people.

His father, who had founded the great city, and who had conquered the neighboring monarchies, Chalco, Tlateloco, and Cuixcas, would have been in no such quandary. His ringing war cry would have sounded at the first sign of invasion. Never would he have paced the floor, bantling with the alternatives of resisting or submitting. To him there would have been no alternative. He would have entertained no thought but defiance. But the younger Montezuma lacked the steadfast character of his father. He made decisions quickly enough, only to change them later. He was forever vacillating in his purposes.

When the tidings were brought to him, he arose slowly from the marble couch on which he reclined. His first impulse was to arm his warriors. Then he suddenly bethought himself of his mail-clad antagonists and their imperviousness to arrows. He had heard tales of the ease with which their shining garments deflected a speeding shaft. It worried him.

Wearily he walked to the temple to invoke advice from Huitzilopochli, the great war god of the Aztecs. In front of the rust-stained sacrificial altars, on which twenty thousand victims were offered each year to propitiate the hungry god, he paused to look about him. He beheld the two altars, highly adorned, and the richly-wrought timbers supporting the filigreed roof. Over the altars were graven two gigantic figures, grotesque, ugly figures, resembling ghoulish creatures. The one on the right was the war god. His great face was carved in a leering grin, and his terrible eyes glared banefully. The figure was entirely covered with gold and jewels, and his body bound with golden serpents. In the right hand was clutched a bow,

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

while the left hand brandished a bundle of arrows. Before him a brazier of incense, with the hearts of three human

victims, mixed with copal, burned with a nauseous stench. The walls and floor of the chamber were stained with human blood.

The other and lesser god seemed a more complacent deity. He bore the name of Tezcatlipoca, and his particular mission it was to look after the souls condemned to hell. Perhaps it was ironic that he smiled with cherubic simplicity.

Montezuma paused to survey his gods. He wondered if he had offended them in any way. A fragment of a shadow moved slowly across the wall and rested above the ornate, hideous figures of the gods. Montezuma shuddered, for the shadow fashioned the shape of a cross. It seemed symbolic of the victory of Christianity. With arms outstretched in supplication, he pleaded with his gods for advice; and from some supernatural source he heard the answer. He should pay tribute to the white invader.

In the meantime, Cortes moved inland, looting and killing as he went. Tribe after tribe and people after people he subdued and pressed into his service. His great purpose now

was to capture Montezuma. His movements were hampered but not seriously impeded, for he quickly learned the characteristics of his foe. He found it easy to discern traps and treachery; and like some inexorable fate he marched toward Mexico City.

History neglects to state whether or not he was surprised when the first messengers arrived from Montezuma bearing gifts for the white invader. Precious gifts they were, too, golden ingots, priceless jewels, dainty fruits, and, most of all, a manifestation of sincere friendship. The Aztec chief had hoped the gifts would deter Cortes from his purpose of invading the royal city, but he reckoned without knowing his man. Nothing but death could dissuade Cortes.

At Cholula he circumvented a plot to massacre his troops; and on the morning of November 8, 1519, Cortes marched along the margin of Lake Xochimilco and entered Iztapalapan (Mexico City).

Montezuma greeted him with open arms. It was a curious game. The Aztec chief was virtually a prisoner acting as host to his guest and conqueror. He showed him the temples and palace and the beautiful

marble bath, even the chamber of the gods; and the priests mumbled threateningly at this sacrilege.

Cortes began formulating a method of supplanting the barbaric religion with Christianity, and for the first time, Montezuma dissented. Outwardly he appeared to sanction all the Spaniard said, but secretly he was determined to rid his people of the menace. Lacking the courage, or seeing the futility of open opposition, he and three of his priests plotted the death of Cortes. An abortive attempt was made, failing egregiously. Cortes seized the three priests and had them burned publicly; and Montezuma was made an absolute prisoner. Cortes was in complete control, and for the first time, the Halls of Montezuma echoed to the footsteps of a white conqueror.

In the meantime, Valasque, the Governor of Cuba, who had intrusted the expedition to Cortes, began to fear the increasing strength of his general. A thousand men were dispatched to Mexico for the purpose of capturing him. But the Spaniard, accustomed to such machinations, expected just this move. He gathered his men and marched to intercept the counter invasion. With little effort, though greatly outnumbered, he surprised and annihilated the governor's army.

During his absence a revolt broke out in the royal city. Montezuma appeared on the plaza and attempted to restore



With arms outstretched in supplication, he pleaded with his god for advice.

order. In the subsequent fighting he was struck on the head with a stone. Whether or not it was the physical injury to which he succumbed, or to the more serious one of imperial dignity, it matters little, for on June 30th, 1520, Montezuma gave himself unto the keeping of Tezcatlipoca, the god of hell.

Some three hundred and twenty-seven years later, another foreign army menaced the city of Mexico; and a Mexican general paced the floor as did Montezuma more than three centuries before him. He wondered if the fortress could withstand the attack, and he considered the analogy between the two invasions.

The American army, under General Scott, had landed at Vera Cruz. Accompanying the soldiers was a battalion of Marines that had embarked from Fort Hamilton, N. Y., under Lieutenant Colonel Watson. This command remained but a short time in Vera Cruz before moving to join the main army at Puebla.

There was considerable fighting at Puebla, but everyone knew that the greatest battles would take place at the royal city. Naturally, when the army was ready to move against the city of Mexico, the Marines were horrified to learn that their orders were to remain and protect the base at Puebla. Although General Scott had termed this "The post of honor," it was not entirely to the liking of the Marines. Some historians say that Major Levi Twiggs, of the Marine Corps, used the influence of relationship with General Twiggs of the Army. At all events, the order was rescinded and a detachment under Major Twiggs marched toward Mexico City.

It was a difficult maneuver. The city lay in a vast basin, surrounded by marsh country. The nearer the army approached, the more hazardous became the advance. Baggage trains became mired down and the foot soldiers sloshed through water up to their knees.

Then, one September morning, they came within sight of the royal city, snuggled in the protection of the great basin. The castles and palaces glittered in the sunlight. The city was admirably situated for defense. The terrain presented a chain of ditches, entrenchments, gullies and breastworks. Towers rose above the buildings, and all roads were elevated causeways, especially through the marshes to the south.

The buildings fairly bristled with cannon and muskets. Molino del Rey screened heavy batteries, and even then the American general decided that that should be the first objective. The Plaza Mayor, containing the cathedral erected over the ruins of the great Tecalli, or temple of the Aztec god, Mixitli, was protected by sandbags, behind which lay Mexican soldiers, determined that the hated Gringos would never enter the city.

Like some impregnable fairy castle the fortress of Chapultepec frowned down from its dizzy heights. The grim muzzles of cannon mounted on the surrounding wall protruded, bristling like blackened teeth behind snarling lips. Concealed in the cypress trees of the nearby park was an army of snipers.

Drum's battery went into action and opened on the fortress with a withering fire. This was to prevent the moving of reserve troops from Chapultepec while the infantry stormed Molino del Rey. The battle was too violent to last long. Like a blue tide of the sea the American troops stormed the outer defenses. Foot by foot the garrison gave way before the attack. They made several brave attempts to explode the magazines, which would have destroyed themselves as well as the Americans. These were the last efforts of the defenders, and the objective fell when they were frustrated.

The taking of Molino del Rey had isolated the fortress of Chapultepec, and General Scott next turned his eyes to that stronghold.

From the battalion of Marines a detachment was selected to lead the assault with ladders, crowbars, picks, and other imple-

ments with which to demolish and scale the walls. The remainder of the Marines were placed with the main body.

Supported by the fire of the assault troops and artillery, the little band of pioneers advanced. The Mexicans realized the significance of the movement. They poured volley after volley into the Americans. Musketballs snarled on all sides and grape and cannister screamed through the air. A veil of smoke shrouded the heights of Chapultepec.

Closer and closer moved the Marines, spanning the ditches as they went. Through the marsh they struggled, scrambling over the emplacements. Men began falling. Major Twiggs died gallantly at the head of his little column.

The indomitable band won to the base of the wall, followed closely by the assault party. Inward they swept, like an inexorable avalanche. The Mexican fire was tremendous, but the blue wave rolled in until it reached the outer breastworks. Here they met a determined defense. It cracked at last. Up the walls scaled the Americans. With hoarse cries they flung themselves against the defenders. Bayonets swept, dripping red, through the air. Clubbed muskets rose and fell until the stocks were shattered. Knives flashed in the sunlight. Cries and sobs rent the air as steel clashed against steel. Chapultepec was the last hope of Mexico, and her soldiers fought in the madness of despair. And above the contest, the graven images of the Aztecs looked down with placid unconcern.

In frenzied desperation the defenders flung themselves into the breaches wrought by the Americans. They gallantly strove to stem the tide that was rolling inward. At the walls they massed, where time after time the wave shattered itself against them, only to sweep in once more. Each time it receded it left a writhing line to mark the farthest advance. In that grim encounter quarter was neither given nor asked.

Battling furiously, the Americans forced the defenders backward across the terraced lawn. The snipers' fire against their advancing foe bit deeply, and the vanguard seemed to melt away. But others arrived to fill the gaps. They swarmed up the ramparts like bees over a broken hive. Over the bastioned flanks they scrambled. Here and there one would fall with a sickening thud to the earth below.

The defenders were forced back into the castle itself. They poured a deadly fire from the apertures as the Americans flung themselves against the ancient doors. Here it was that defeat or victory hung in balance. Seldom has history presented a situation more dramatic; and never has it told a story of greater heroism.

The Americans attacked the barriers with furious courage. They crashed against the barriers. With improvised battering rams, with muskets and clawing fingers they thudded against the doors. They sagged and at last burst open.

Throughout the long corridors the battle raged. It was all hand-to-hand now and the antagonists flung themselves at one another's throats. The thin veneer of civilization was stripped off and they fought madly as savages.

Suddenly the ensign of Mexico fluttered down in token of surrender. The sound of tumult became hushed until only the moaning of the wounded could be heard. Then a mighty shout of victory went up for the Stars and Stripes fluttered to the breeze. For the first time since Cortes, a foreign flag flew above THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA.

To commemorate this victory, the early flags of the Corps were inscribed with: "From Tripoli to the Halls of Montezumas," and even today the Marines' Hymn begins gloriously with the words that American Marines first wrote in their blood at Chapultepec: "From the Halls of Montezuma. . . ."



Up the wall they scaled.

Oh, Professor! A Short Short Story

By John T. Kieran.

AT THE next meeting of this class," Professor Morey was saying, "I hope to have some first hand information concerning our so-called lower class. Ahm! In the proper study of sociology it is necessary to actually get into contact with the people into whose lives we go so intimately. Ahm! And in fact I'm going to do that. I'm going to dress in the out-at-the-elbow sort of clothing that these people wear, and try to talk to them in their own way. No doubt we can profit greatly therefrom."

His class kept a straight face until he had left the room. Oh, boy! wouldn't this be rich? Immaculate, precise Morey mingling with the down and outs! The man who studied humanity from a textbook meeting the rawness of the actual thing.

"He'll be spotted a mile off," one of them put it. "I bet he comes back without his gold fillings."

"We've got to see this fun," another exclaimed. "Listen. Why can't we make up and give him an interesting time. He's never able to recognize anyone outside a classroom."

And so when the one-time correct professor left his house he was recognized in spite of his ragged clothes and false whiskers. A dozen ill-assorted young toughs kept pace behind him.

His steps led toward the section of the city where he might find his "lower element." He walked past dingy houses and peered into cheap shops and pool halls. Finally, one place, kept dimly lighted on purpose, and scattered with tables, seemed a good setting for his purpose. He went to a table in a back corner. Men and women, dressed poorly, flashily or bizarrely sat around. Several couples were dancing. Now and then a bottle passed around. Here and there a man looked hard at him. He retreated into his menu card. But they wouldn't scare him, though.

Then the woman came in. Covertly he watched her as she picked a way toward the rear. She was dressed cheaply. An outlandish hat sat on her tumbled hair. Bright daubs stained her cheeks. She carried a big handbag of red leather. And she was coming right toward him! In fact, she sat down at the very next table.

For a moment he stared. Then his mission returned to his mind. Here was a golden opportunity. Was she (he hardly dare ask himself) was she one of those being so euphemistically called "a woman of the night?" A tingle went over him.

With a desperate effort he managed to get over to her table.

"Good ev'nin,'" he said.

He fancied he saw a quick fear in her eye. Somehow it pleased him. "Have suthin' to eat?" he asked.

"N, no, yes, a sandwich, if yu don't mind."

While waiting for the order he took more courage and studied her. Why, if it weren't for the paint and ugly glasses she'd be almost pretty. Her hands were exquisitely formed. But her speech! She was positively illiterate. He talked as much like her as he could. She must think him one of her class, else inhibitions would arise in her and prevent her giving him a true picture of her ideas, personality and point of view.

He became so interested in her that he did not notice a dozen young toughs who came in shortly after him. When he did look toward them it was when they started to roughhouse the place.

A great thrill went over the professor. My! Such opportunities, such color and rawness. Two big events because the setting they both had.

But the fight was getting serious now. And it was coming toward them. Curses, shrieks, breaking crockery made a bedlam. He looked wildly for an exit. Then he thought of the girl.

"Come!" grabbing her by the arm. "I must get you out of here."

But by this time the struggling figures were upon them. Awkwardly, but with force and without hesitation, the professor started hitting out, trying to shield the girl. Then one of the "toughs" made a path for him somehow and shouted: "Get thell out!" (He himself was having a much harder time than he had anticipated.)

He and the girl went out the back door just as the cops came in the front. They ran down the alley to the street and stopped.

"Phew!" mopping him brow, "that was an authentic—"

But he remembered himself in time. "That was a damn hot scrap." He blushed behind his whiskers at the word.

Then he looked at her again. She was beautiful. Her glasses were gone and the daubs of paint much less conspicuous.

"I gotta be goin'," she said. "Thanks fer th' food an' gettin' me outa there."

The professor looked after her, his thoughts in a turmoil.

He could not sleep that night. If only she were some one else. If she were only not in the lower class. All night he thought it out, and by morning he knew he didn't give a damn. (He did not blush this time, either.) He loved her.

At a certain girl's college in the same city a young instructress, beautiful without daubs of paint and heavy glasses, was talking to her class in sociology.

"—There is no fundamental difference in our so-called lower classes. I found this out myself. One man in particular to whom I talked is just as intelligent and as chivalrous as any man in the world."



The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

THE MARINE CORPS RESERVE ANNUAL TRAINING, 1929

By Capt. J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R.

DURING the summer of 1929, approximately 215 officers and 900 enlisted men of the Marine Corps Reserve were trained. By comparison with previous years it will be seen that the reserve is gradually becoming filled with active young men and that a start has been made, small as it is, to provide an effective force in time of need. In 1927, 88 officers and 207 enlisted men received training and in 1928, 180 officers and 475 enlisted men. It will therefore be seen that the number trained each year has practically doubled on the previous year's attendance.

Training at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia.

The director of training, Major D. M. Randall, U. S. Marine Corps, was in charge of reserve activities at this post. Under his direction a model camp was laid out in the shipyard area. Each company having its own street with tents individually lighted with electric lights. Enlisted men were quartered in pyramidal tents, the officers in 9x9 wall tents, two to a tent. Galleys and mess halls were screened, lighted by electric lights and equipped with running hot and cold water.

The first training period, July 7th to 20th was attended by a reserve provisional battalion under the command of Major James F. Rorke, FMCR, and was composed of the 302nd Company of Rochester, N. Y.; 305th Company of Philadelphia, Pa.; 306th Company of Detroit, Mich.; 308th Company of Worcester, Mass.; 310th Company of New Orleans, La., and the 312th Company of Portland, Maine, with an approximate strength of 20 officers and 350 enlisted men. During the same period under the direction of Major A. B. Rorex, U. S. Marine Corps, assisted by officers of the Marine Corps Schools, a school was held for unattached officers in which instruction was given in the Advanced, Company Officers, Basic, and Signal courses. Seventy-three officers received instructions in these schools.

The second period of instructions was from July 28th to August 10th. A provisional reserve regiment under the command of Major Edmond H. Morse, U. S. Marine Corps, was formed. This regiment was divided in two battalions under the command of Major James F. Rorke, FMCR, and Major John D. Macklin, FMCR, and was composed of the 303rd Company of New York City; 309th Company of Philadelphia, Pa.; 311th Company of Toledo, Ohio; 313th Company of Milwaukee, Wis.; 314th Company of St. Paul, Minn.; 315th Company of Chicago,

Ill.; 401st Company of Washington, D. C., and 402nd Company of Roanoke, Virginia, with a total of approximately 22 officers and 380 enlisted men. One of the features of this camp was the presence of the 401st and 402nd Companies Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve. These companies were largely experimental, organized less than 30 days before entraining for camp.

They gave a very good account of themselves and compared favorable with the older Fleet companies. The 401st Company won the marksmanship trophy and its first sergeant the individual enlisted men's marksmanship cup.



The Klemfuss Cup, awarded annually to the company of the Eastern Reserve Area that shows the greatest proficiency in marksmanship. Won this year by the 401st Company, Washington, D. C.

A school was held during this camp for unattached officers, approximately 38 attending, they were given instruction in the Company Officers', Basic, and Signal courses. At the close of the second period of instructions trophies were awarded to the winning organization, the 309th Company, Philadelphia, Pa., First Lieutenant Howard N. Feist, FMCR, commanding, winning the coveted efficiency Guidon for the second time.

Artillery Training at Fort George G. Meade.

On August 11th the 301st and 304th companies, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, reported at Quantico for Artillery training with the 10th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, Artillery. These companies were commanded by First Lieutenant Harry C. Grafton, FMCR, and First Lieutenant Frank V. McKinless, Jr., FMCR, respectively. Arriving at Quantico the

organizations were attached to the 10th Regiment, proceeded overland with this organization to Fort George G. Meade, Maryland, where practical work in handling the guns and artillery problems were given.

West Coast Activities

As at Quantico, two camps of instruction were provided at Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, California, for officers and enlisted men of the reserve residing on the west coast. Under the direction of Major George H. Osterhout, Jr., U. S. Marine Corps, a camp of instruction was held July 7th to 20th at which the 307th Company, FMCR, of Los Angeles, commanded by First Lieutenant James M. Burns, Jr., FMCR, and 316th Company, FMCR, of Seattle, Washington, commanded by First Lieutenant Clarence H. Baldwin, FMCR, received training. Officers' school was also held in which instructions were given in the Advanced Basic and Company Officers' courses.

From July 28th to August 10th additional camp for second lieutenants was authorized. Instruction given in the Basic Infantry course with a program arranged in a manner both beneficial and interesting.

It will be seen from the above that the reserve was as active during the summer as funds for training permitted almost doubling the attendance of last year, and it is hoped that the record of future training camps will show proportional gains.

READY ON THE LINE By Walter A. Maxwell, 2nd Lieut., U.S.M.C.R.

AFTER the World War it was a common thing to hear someone who has served in that conflict say, "They'll never get me in another war," and probably the most of us had that opinion for we had found no real enjoyment in such a pastime. Time, however, sort of rounds off the rough corners of things and we all know dozens of ex-service men in some unit or reserve. Additional thousands have weakened in their affirmation and war looming up on the horizon would find them again in uniform. There is not so much a point in how we now think we would perform in a crisis, nor even in our decision as to the best course to follow. It is more a question of just what we will actually do. Let war be declared, a call for volunteers go forth, a band play in the streets, and we would soon learn the strength of our resolution to stay at home.

I wonder if it is not much the same with nations as with individuals. We now have the League of Nations, Peace

Pacts, simple and compound treaties, agreements of various kinds, all perpetrated to serve as shackles to the dogs of war. But suppose a smouldering trouble erupts here, is smoothed over there, and breaks out again until it becomes a festering sore testing the healing powers of these peace maintaining machines. Let us say that all the conventional methods of arbitration are applied and they still fail to sooth the upheaval. Gradually, then, the diplomatic clutches surrender to the situation and nothing is to decide the issue but the bloody courts of war. The outcome of an exigency of this nature ceases to be a question of better judgment or ethical procedure. It is purely a matter of actual decision. Selfishness, greed and injured feelings are not uncommon factors in the family of nations. Battleships and standing armies are constructed for a purpose and, like children's toys, are quite likely to be used if opportunity, not to say necessity, arises.

Pitted against just such an emergency is the entire program of the Marine Corps Reserve. While we are, in greater part, civilians and although it is a pleasant interval in the monotony of our year to enjoy a few weeks in training, thereby tasting briefly the fascinating elements of military service, yet it must be remembered we are primarily brought into being to stretch forth our hand at the time when international negotiations and treaties are thrown upon the scrap heap.

When, if ever, this moment arrives the Marine Corps must be ready. Results in the past show us it is then too late to begin preparations. Armies can be mustered in this country, as in any other, rather quickly, but how?—and of what quality? We have heard much also since the World War of the vast number of men prepared as a result of that expedition and it is true that there are a great number of veterans available. But that war has been ended these eleven years. Death, age and physical incapacitation have removed from the roster, many names of possible candidates for another campaign. If the next clash, then, demands other great hordes of manhood, the bulk of them must come from fresh material produced during the past decade and the sad part of it is they are little better fitted to fill the

gap than were the analogous group twelve years ago.

It seems, however, and let us be truly thankful for it, that the good old Marine Corps has seen the handwriting and has caught the vision. Well nigh out of his swaddling clothes now, and with just a little more organization and toning up, our Reserve, the pride of his parent corps, will be more than ready to hit the line. By all the rules of the game, and particularly if established precedent has any value, this body of men will continue to remain the shock troops of the world, equal to the situation at hand.

Looking out into the future we see other countless thousands of reserves. Coming from the far corners of the continent in battalions, in regiments they are. Some are standing out in blues to be trained on our country's men o'war. Others garbed for the dust and heat of summer camp. Far removed from their minds are the hopes of war, yet laying no wager on its remotest possibility, we see marching here the "second wave" of "Democracy's Vanguard"—in person.

The official heads of our government and of the Marine Corps must not let this vision pass. Effort thus begun must be sustained; ways and means must be mapped out; inadequate appropriations must be overcome. Rife among our citizenry today are those who will have nothing of anything which smacks of the military. There are those who in reality through the narrowness of their conception, would permit the life's blood of this nation to be drawn by the swords of vandals rather than lift their hand or purse to prepare against it.

Such a thing must never happen. Men who have instituted the Reserve must be succeeded by men who will carry on. There must be men who can see beyond the confines of government routine and military regulation; men who can make something out of nothing; men who can do the impossible. With such material are kingdoms built and wars successfully executed.

Nor can any reservist set aside his responsibility. The public must be approached and educated; reserve units are to be organized; congressmen who are distributing our money must be

taught how to spend a part of it. It is vital to ourselves, our business, our community.

When emergency comes, what a sense of satisfaction it will be to tell the world through a megaphone, "We're ready on the Line!"

THE LUCKY BAG

(Being the chronicles of the 303rd Company, USMCR.)

Aboard the U. S. S. "Illinois," New York City.—Quantico, 1929, is a thing of the past, but the pleasant memories of summer camp will linger for a long while. Fifty-four strong, the outfit came, saw and conquered, that is, it did not quite get the cup and the guidon, but to paraphrase the words of the Regimental Commander, it reached a high degree of efficiency.

The high spot of the A & I Inspection was the Mayflower-Montana peak of Private Fitzgerald. This hat was a regulation Quantico issue of some summers ago and it looked more sea-going than First Sergeant Flagg's top piece in "The Cock-Eyed World." We noted, however, that at the final inspection a more recent headpiece graced the front rank of Corporal Noble's squad.

First Sergeant Calisch, who was complimented by several regular officers while at camp, showed his efficiency the night before the company left by quickly putting down an attack on his guy ropes. The attack on the intruder's rear was so sudden that more than the attacking party's morale was shattered.

Marine Gunner Monaghan showed up to great advantage at camp. Some of the regular officers assigned to inspect the Reservists were pupils themselves of Mr. Monaghan's in the tropics and a most pleasant *entente cordiale* was established. Marine Gunner Monaghan has been highly recommended for a commission by the Commanding Officer.

The work and hours of the K. P. detail were so easy that company headquarters was besieged by a group begging to be put on kitchen duty. However, these special honors were diplomatically distributed.

Beauchamp's family and all of his relatives were taken ill just before the week-end liberty, but after the CO had refused to permit him to leave camp, they all recovered. Our only territorial Marine says, "I go again nex' summer."

Since Brennan came back from camp he got a job as a cook. He was in the hospital and enjoyed it so well that he did not leave it until pay call sounded the last day of camp.

Sergeant Meade, the lone eagle, found a nice job as police sergeant waiting for him on his arrival, but the chief honors of cleaning up camp went to Pop Daly, who received a letter of commendation from the regimental adjutant.

Privates Shultz, Brown and Stitch came in for a good deal of kidding but took it like good sports, and best of all, managed to come out alive. Each of them rates a couple of wound stripes.

The old timers, Gunnery Sergeant Dey, Sergeant Mackin, Corporal Behr, Privates Daly, Sienkewicz, Caldwell and Fitzgerald, soldiered well at camp. The benefits of Marine Corps training showed to great advantage in the field.

The company property during the encampment was well cared for by Sergeant Freimark. We did not bring back



Lt. W. W. Davidson, U. S. M. C., directing training of Reservists on firing line during their two weeks of active duty at Quantico, Va. (Dawson Photo)

any more equipment than we brought to Quantico, but we checked in with everything that belonged to the 303rd Company. We understand one or two other companies are still checking equipment.

Seidenzsch's marching step "Einz, Zwei, Drei, Veir," set a snappy pace for the first squad but kept the rear squad double timing to keep up. The company sounded like the Prussian guards coming into camp but didn't look it.

On August 19th the company was the guests of Roxy at a performance of "The Cock-Eyed World." The entire recruiting detail were invited and some of them joined the company in marching to the theatre and enjoying the show. Our thanks are due to Roxy for his kind invitation.

Under the direction of First Sergeant Calisch a motor sailor party was organized and had a very successful Labor Day trip up the sound. The men brought their own chow and had a good party. While on the cruise, the men bemoaned the lack of extra police duty after hours. The motor sailor met the U. S. S. "Eagle 51" near Hell Gate on the return trip, and considerable comment was exchanged. The 303rd Company was represented aboard the 51 by Shultz and Desmond.

The company is getting set for a big year and is already looking forward to Quantico, 1930. Our slogan—Pointing for Quantico, 1930.

REGULARS AND RESERVES HOLD SMOKER AT CAMP MEADE

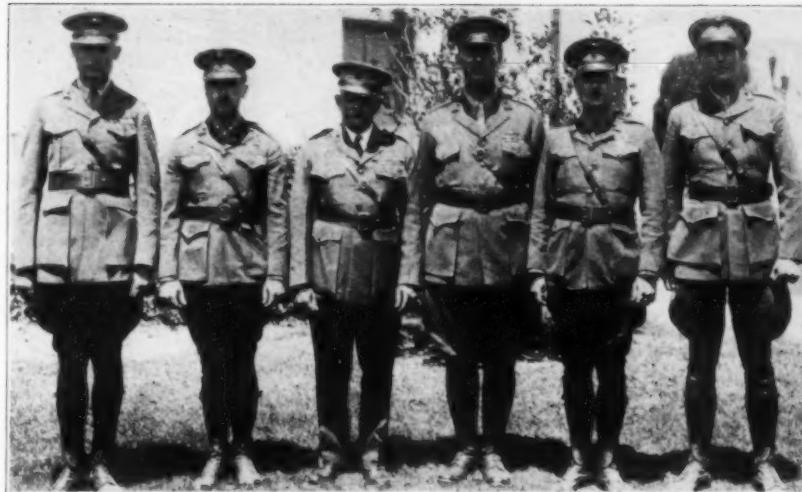
301st and 304th Reserve Companies and 10th Regt. Regulars Put On Monster and Varied Program.

By Cpl. L. G. Meredith

As soon as the dust had settled enough so that the Marine Artillery could find the recreation hall at Camp Meade, the motion was made, seconded, and passed that the leathernecks should have some sort of a celebration, "for no good reason at all," before the reserve companies completed their tour of duty. Well maybe they didn't exactly use all the red-tape required by the above action. At any rate the "big guns," with Captain Donald J. Kendall, USMC, as director; 1st Lieutenant Frank V. McKinless, USMCR, as assistant director, and 1st Sergeant John F. Ahern, USMCR (304th Company), as master of ceremonies, got their heads together and worked out a program that was worthy of such distinguished showmen. The whole affair passed as a "smoker," but there was plenty of fun for those who didn't care to smoke. This brings us to the actual scene of the smoker, on August 21st, at about eight o'clock in the evening.

After repeated blasts from his whistle, 1st Sgt. Ahern managed to impart to the audience that gathered around the "ring," which served as a stage also, that all should rise and sing the old reliable, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" Well, maybe a few were missing but the racket made by "The Gang" present covered their absence.

The first offering was by the Four Misfits, Messrs. Freele, Lee, Casey and Paman, all of the 1st Battalion, 10th Regiment. The first half of the "Misfits" did a black-face comedy dialogue and singing skit that would have made Al Jolson worry about his job. Well, they were



Major G. H. Osterhout, Jr., and Captain C. W. LeGette (center), accompanied by four reserve officers from the advanced basic course, M. C. R., San Diego, Calif., 1929.

good even if they didn't sing "Mammy." Their partners in crime, Casey and Paman, did a job on a banjo while all four harmonized (?).

The orchestra, composed of Pvt. J. A. Walsh, piano; Pvt. C. E. Quigg, banjo; and Pfc. George D. Scharel, saxaphone, all of the 304th Company, went to bat next with "Carolina Moon."

Next was Pvt. Anthony Odin, 304th, who whistled his versions of several popular melodies. This was followed by Pvt. Scharel, who did some fancy footwork in a specialty dance.

Then came the Prima-Donna of the evening, 1st Sergeant Ahern, whose voice may someday be heard in the Metropolitan Opera Company, if a certain version of "Hinky, Dinky, Parley-Vous" is ever produced by that outfit.

Another specialty dance, this time from the Army, by Pvt. M. R. Bell, Company C, Tank Corps, followed by the Harmony Boys of the 304th—Messrs. Dempsey, Husir, Whittaker and Schulkin, who sang songs and made whoopee in their own sweet way.

The finale for the first part of the program was the playing of "Ain't She Sweet?" by the orchestra, while the audience sung, whistled or barked it, according to their temperaments.

Then came the big surprise. The "big guns" had obtained some professional entertainment, through the courtesy of Joe Mullane of Washington, D. C. Maybe they didn't bring the house down when they did their stuff between the fights that were on the program. We can't tell it all at once but here goes for the fights, and then the professionals get "a great big hand."

1. Moriarty, 126, 301st, vs. Minicome, 130, 304th. Moriarty won.

2. Costello, 133, 301st, vs. Lamaque, 134, 304th. Costello's fight by technical KO.

3. Whittaker, 10th Regt., vs. Johnson, Army. Johnson won.

4. "Kid" Diaz, champion of Quantico, 10th Regt., weight 135, vs. Babbitt, champion of the 3rd Army Corps Area, weight 135. Diaz won.

5. Brown, 152, 10th Regt., vs. Kenneally, 160, Army. Brown won.

The fights were put on in good shape despite the lack of suitable training quarters and all that goes with the making of regular fights; and, since this was all for the making of a good program, those who fought are to be thanked for taking part in the bouts and putting a good drawing card into the program.

Speaking of drawing-cards, those birds who did not go to the smoker are still wondering what they missed when they hear what "Diana, the PERSONALITY GIRL," did to those sitting around the ring, and they wonder why somebody starts raving about the fast and fancy stepping of the Carroll Sisters. But the story that makes them gnash their teeth in despair was how Ethel Adriane, appearing first as the "Girl From Hollywood," changed the country of origin and became a simple little lady from Honolulu, whose specialty was—The Shredded Wheat Dance—well known in this country since Gilda Gray popularized it. Any time the girl from Hollywood needs a "recommend" as to her ability as an Hawaiian dancer, she need only refer to that appreciative audience that demanded encore after encore.

Well, I think this is the best place to stop; another set of "big guns" may get the idea that we didn't do much artillery work at Meade and next year we'd have to "soldier" at Quantico, which, as you all know, is a great place to spend a training camp. In fact one really likes Quantico, after one gets back home.

In closing we might add that the officers and enlisted men of the Army establishment, who were present with their wives and lady friends seemed to enjoy the smoker and all the events on the program fully as much as the Marines, who were present, from the commanding officer down.

Here's to a bigger and better smoker at Meade for next year!

304TH COMPANY, F. M. C. R., OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is with a feeling of profound pleasure that we look back to our two weeks at camp, for even at its best the true Marine can discover plenty to kick about

(Continued on page 44)



MAJOR GENERAL NEVILLE ADDRESSES BASIC SCHOOL
THIRTEEN guns boomed a welcome to Major General Wendell C. Neville, when he visited Philadelphia, September 3, to attend the opening of the Basic School. Approximately forty-five young officers, some of them still wearing mufti, were present for the opening exercises.

After the General had addressed the students briefly, he inspected the Guard of Honor, and then yielded to the requests of a half score of photographers who had assembled at the yard when they heard of his visit.

While the Commandant's discourse lasted barely ten minutes, he gave the young officers several pointers which will serve them when they take over their active duties in the line. He frankly admitted that as a young officer, he had the impression that he "knew it all." He warned them of the fallacy of holding this viewpoint, and reminded them that, as Marines, they would be compelled to relinquish some of their civil rights, and be willing to take on new responsibilities.

The General cautioned them to scrupulously avoid doing anything that would bring disgrace on the Corps, and urged them to be conscientious in carrying out their duties.

He wished each of the students a prosperous time in the Marine Corps and, in closing, pointed out that "hope of reward does more to maintain discipline than fear of punishment."

It was the General's first official visit to Philadelphia since his appointment as Major General Commandant. He was forced to make the best of the short time allotted from his extensive program for that purpose. The day was clear, but the temperature soared up into the "nineties." General Neville wore his "blues," but seemed to be less mindful of the heat than many of the Marines who perspired freely while attired in the cooler khaki.

MARINE BAND STARTS TOUR

Captain Taylor Branson and his Marine Band departed from Washington at midnight, September 14, on their annual concert tour. The first stop will be Wilmington, Del., on the 16th. The following night they will play in Fredericksburg, Pa., and will go from there to Philadelphia.



At opening of Basic School, Philadelphia, Sept. 3, Major General Neville greets Colonel Louis M. Gulick. At right is Colonel J. C. Breckinridge.

This year's tour will be a little more extensive than usual. The itinerary will take the musicians in a large circle, swinging down from Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and Oklahoma to Texas. They will give sixteen concerts in as many cities of the Lone Star State, then they will proceed up through Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, and home.

For the first time since the war they are visiting the Middle West States and are playing Chicago and nearby cities. The press representing the "Windy City" is already heralding the concerts of the famous band.

Some of the larger cities to be visited are: Springfield, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; San Antonio, Houston and Galveston, Texas; New Orleans, La.; Savannah, Georgia, and Richmond, Va. In all they will visit sixty-two cities in the nine weeks they are on the road, and many folks will be able to hear for the first time the band that has become a national institution.

CINDAD DARIO By A. L. Heaten

Here, Devildogs, is an attempt to let you know of a small post in the rain-washed land of Nicaragua. On the Managua-Matagalpa road, about half way between the two cities, you will find a little town called Dario. It's a pretty place. There's a river flowing past it, and unlike the rest of the country, the river banks display their green foliage in the dry season as well as the wet. Brown and green iguanas scamper from tree to tree, and sleepy looking alligators float along with the lazy current. Overhead, the parakeets circle screaming, and the inevitable zopilote drifts about, looking for the latest victim of the black angel in Nicaragua.

On the eastern bank of the river lies the town. Its whitewashed adobe houses seem to glitter in the brilliant sunshine. On the southern end is the plaza, with the great stone church rising magnificently, to inspire the wayward Nicaraguan.

Across the plaza from the church is a two-story building, and above it, Old Glory is floating.

This, then, is the home of Sergeant Kenny and his seven Leathernecks, stationed at this post to feed the hungry Marines enroute between Matagalpa and Managua. We also have to guard the gasoline left here for the trucks. Those trains make many trips during the dry seasons. In rainy periods we must look after the pony express boys. These are the lads who carry the mail from Managua to Matagalpa. They are a hard riding bunch of Marinos, worthy descendants of the heroic riders who car-

ried the mail on our western plains during the building of our Republic. These modern pony express riders stop at Dario and make themselves at home every week.

Our personnel belongs to the Eighth Company of Matagalpa. There is Sergeant Kenny in command; Private William Anderson, one of the best can-openers in Nicaragua, is the cook. Then we have Privates Goodhope, Oliver Nelson, Clarence E. Mater, Jack Joslowski, and A. L. Heaton.

We are all at your service when you stop at this, our post, the best in Nicaragua.

OBSERVATION SQUADRON 9M, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By A. J. Wingless

Hello, everybody! Here we come with zooms, loops, nose dives, and what have you. In other words we are the Observation Squadron 9M, Port au Prince, Haiti.

We have the following staff officers in our little company of 110 men: Major F. T. Evans, commanding officer; Captains Merritt and Medaris, Lieutenants Walker, Cushman, Millard and Wurtz, and Chief Marine Gunner Erdman.

Some of the office personnel are Sergeant Major A. J. Lang, the big noise; First Sergeant Berrick, Sergeant L. Cottwright, and a few more who are called clerks.

We are sorry to say that we have lost quite a few of our boys on the last "Kittery" and on the good ship S. S. "Cristobal." We wish you all luck on your arrival to the United States and for all the new men that joined us on the last "Kittery" we wish you a pleasant stay in Haiti. We also want to remind the fellows that left us not to forget that they are in the States and not in Haiti when they come to a sidewalk.

We are sorry that some of the boys in the States were not with us to help us enjoy our Fourth of July meal. Now, boys, don't get thirsty, for the first thing on the menu was a fruit cocktail. Now ask us if it was spiked. That surely would be telling a secret. We owe the success of the meal to our mess officer, Mr. Erdman, Corporal Smith, our mess sergeant, and to Martens, our first cook.

Corporal Smith and Martens are formerly of Brigade Headquarters. Martens was transferred here to be a nursemaid to a typewriter. Instead he is one of our slum burners. 'Tis rumored that Martens' main reason for being transferred to Aviation was because he wanted to be a pilot. What kind?

Here is something that has had us puzzled for a long time. Ever since Martens was promoted to first cook, you can always see him with a cigar in his mouth. How do you do it, Martens?

Aviation is noted for its famous golf course and the "Big Cheese" of the course is Gunnery Sergeant Berry, better known as "Pop" Berry. Pop is our dashing instructor and all the girls are running after him to teach them how to hit the ball and not the tee. Sorry, Pop, that you cannot have a helper, and how the boys do envy you.

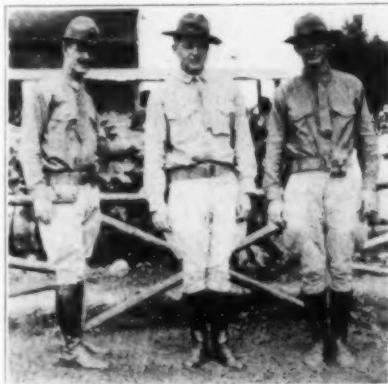
The other morning before chow, the officers and enlisted men had a game of volleyball. At the start, the enlisted men ran away with the officers, but later the officers came up and beat the enlisted men and we would need a rather

large column to put down the score. Haiti is noted for its mangoes and our famous war cry during chow is down on the mangoes, or survey the mangoes, and Smith is better known as "Mangoe" Smith. The latest song here in Haiti is "All we get is mangoes."

We have been wondering what is wrong with Gunnery Sergeant S. A. Williams and his "yellow pearl." It has been resting in front of the guard house lately and the famous cry when Williams went to town was "Lookout for the yellow pearl!" By the way, his car received the name of "yellow pearl" because it is painted half yellow.

Sorry we almost forgot our hospital corps here with us at the field. Dr. Longstreth is the big boss and for helpers he has Ph. Mates "Dusty" Rhodes and Larkins. What a job they have! Dusty and Larkins are always running around for some one to paint.

Sergeant Mahoney and Private Regal are our dashing police sergeants. You



Capt. A. T. Lewis, Lt. M. C. Levie, and Lt. W. H. Troxell on duty at Yali, Nicaragua.

should see the two of them working! Their hardest job is to keep away from work. Don't work too hard, boys!

Our baseball team is getting along wonderfully under the watchful eyes of Lieutenant Walker, who is coach and manager. We hope that in September, when the league starts, the boys will make themselves a name and make Aviation proud of them. Luck to you boys who are on the team.

Well, folks and soaks and fellow Leathernecks, being this is our first time in print for a long time, we will have to quit with the line and let some of you boys who want to be reporters have a chance for a little space in the magazine. So we will now say "Adios" until next month.

First Sergeant I. J. Schneider, discharged August 13, or 14th, 1928, from the Aviation Field, Quantico, Va., who originally came through Parris Island with Co. 853, 1924, is requested to get in touch with his buddy, Thomas H. Miller, 138-35 Lloyd Road, Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

STATION NUMBER SEVENTY-SIX, MARINE DETACHMENT, 55TH CO., YALI, NICARAGUA

By JO

A few words from the most isolated Marine Corps post in the northern area of Nicaragua; Yali, by name. Although in Central America where it is supposed to be hot, you need four blankets at night and an overcoat while on guard. We have no landing field to muss up our front yard, but the fliers have treated us very fine and the mail drops every once in a while. No roads come in to Yali, but one is now under construction going out in the direction of San Rafael. Captain A. T. Lewis is our commanding officer and you can't beat him. The construction of the road is under the supervision of Captain Lewis and must say that it is going to be a "humdinger." Our command is greatly reduced, due to the homeward bound details that have been made up and concentrated in Leon. Second Lieutenant Walter H. Troxell and thirty enlisted men including such well known men as Sergeant John Hoffner and Corporal Charles R. (Jack) Dempsey, left this station the thirty-first of last month to join Captain Stockes' column enroute to Leon. The replacements which were sent came from the fighting 57th Company at Condoga. Corporal John F. Graves and nine privates are the lucky ones. There is only some 20 of the old outfit left. Captain Lewis is C. O. and Second Lieutenant Marshall C. Levie, mess officer and official bandit chaser. Sergeant James C. (Jimmy) Noble is the acting first sergeant and commander of the guard. Corporal "Nick" Tribble is "Jefe" of the galley with Corporal "Calamity" Neal as Police Sergeant. Pfc. (Staff Private) Henry (Wung Lung) Ochs is the acting corral sergeant. There is some talk of the Guardia relieving this outfit and this may be the last news we will be able to send. Still, I don't know, as a radio just came in that "Old Man" Pedron is still active a little north of here.

THE MINUTEMEN ABOARD THE U. S. S. "LEXINGTON"

By Omega White

Having been introduced into the realm of happy fellowship, we regard ourselves as old timers in this column, "The Broadcast." Since last writing of our troubles and realizing that the Chaplain is on furlough we cannot get a pink slip. Even if we did get one, we probably couldn't get a shoulder on which to weep.

The "Lexington" held a ship's ball at the Majestic Ballroom, Long Beach, California, on Monday, August 5th. All hands allowed themselves a good time as was judged by the headaches next a.m. The wonderful part was that there were plenty of girls to hop, skip, and tailspin with. It was noticed by the writer that several of the boys had their Hollywood shebas in tow. You can't blame a fellow for falling for a pretty face when an everlasting chatter is the mainstay—but which is none the less flattering.

The BIG event of the evening was the grand march led by the captain of the ship, Captain Coffenburg. Lieutenant Freeman directed the march, assisted at the dangerous corners by First Sergeant M. C. Richardson, Sergeant W. R. Tyler, Corporal R. Russell, and Private J. E. Weber. At the concluding round of the march, sixty-four couples were counted



Captain F. D. Berrien, U. S. N. (right), and Captain B. M. Coffenbergh, U. S. M. C., inspect the Marine Guard, U. S. S. "Lexington."

abreast in arm and arm formation across the floor. Some ball! We look forward to another equally as successful in the near future.

From the scuttlebutt comes the news that the "Lex" will lose most of her Marines in the next quarter. It surely will be hard to say "so long" for some of the boys, but their term of sea service is completed and others are on the waiting list to fill their vacancies. From here they will deploy to all parts of the globe. Bless them all and may they be equally as successful as they were with the "Lexington."

"Play Bawl!" This from Sergeant Crater. Soon his hopes will be realized—after he has had his round with the "Saratoga" Marines. Sergeant England of the "Saratoga" claims that his men are the best. We'd like to have it out before we go to Bremerton.

The liberty hounds, chow hounds, social celebrities, ambitious go-getters, and "whatchamacallits" have made our detachment what it is today. We hear various tales of woe, ardent romance, and Hollywood conquests—and mostly we hear what our future admiral will do when he arrives in Annapolis.

Bob Forton, the mightiest of our liberty hounds, says that in going ashore for the past two years he has found a relief from the monotonous routine of his strenuous duties. B. P. Beauregard, our demon machine gunner, when asked why he gets up before reveille each morning, replied that he has just that much more time to loaf. D. N. Calloway, the hopeful aspirant of Earl Liedermann, makes it known that he has acquired five hairs on his manly chest since taking up the dumb bell course. Daily, ere and anon, we see Walter Puishes, the future airplane mechanic, placidly squatting on the side cleaners' "front porch" ingenuously probing into the puzzling (so he says) theories of mechanical energy, coefficients of expansion, and so on. Keep it up, Push, it does our old hearts good to see a country lad so enthralled.

What a pleasure it would be to some of the parents of our boys if they could only see them now—Little John and

Junior have grown to the dimensions of mighty men, worthy of wearing the uniform of the oldest fighting organization in the country. The glorious feeling that comes to the breast of a Marine when he wears his eagle, globe, and anchor to the foreign lands where Uncle Sam has interests that must be protected, is recompense for trouble.

Perhaps it would be interesting to some of you landlubbers to know just what the routine life is aboard ship. From all intents and beliefs, we think that the following should suffice to give a fair outline of said routine:

Up all hammocks 0530; shine bright-work 0600; knock off brightwork 0630; guard of the day 0750; colors 0800; quarters for muster and inspection and setting up exercises 0815; gunnery drill 0930. Most of the afternoons are spent in Infantry drill, getting ready for tomorrow's inspection, keeping our lockers in a regulation order, etc. Liberty call at 1630; on Saturdays at 1300. A nice trip is to Mount Lowe from Los Angeles, with Hollywood to be explored—or what have you? Don't some of the East Coast boys wish that they could be out here in the land of eternal summer? You have often heard of the sunny climate of Southern California—you haven't heard anything yet! How would you like to live in the harbor where gentle breezes play day in and day out? A wonderful breeze is ever at your command and the gigantic flight deck offers plenty of opportunity to take in what is called a "flight deck" liberty. On Sundays and holidays, it really seems as though you were on a large boulevard rather than on a ship. On such days between 1500 and 2000 visitors come aboard. Many pleasant acquaintances commence in this manner, and how!

Further rumor is that the "Lexington" is going around the East coast the early part of 1930—we've been waiting for years for this to come true. Many of us could visit our boyhood homes through such a trip, but I am sure all would return to Sunny California.

Trusting this will suffice for the time, we'll sign off as usual—Station "LEX."

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE NEWS

By A E Dubber, Jr.

Says me! It's been some time since you guys have heard from the Institute, but we schoolmarmes are still slinging the old green ink.

We're firing the range; have been, in fact, for the past six weeks. Don't laugh, you line soldiers, because the poorest shots we have are the birds that just came back from playing hide-and-seek with a funny-looking spick called Sandino. No casualties, so far, except that one little boy would stand in the way of debris, when he was supposed to be pulling a target.

There haven't been many changes since this post was last heard from. We lost a permanent fixture when the powers that be sent Col. T. E. Backstrom to the banana country, and a flock of temporary C. O.'s, in rapid succession, led us what we've heard called a merry chase until Col. R. R. Wallace recently arrived on the scene.

A flock of guys just came in from Nicaragua, and seem to be enjoying the sidewalks and lights, to say nothing of beds that can't walk by themselves and chow that was cooked in a galley that knows its own home town. About twenty-four of these ex-mudwallowers are here, but they're so cock-eyed restless that I can't find out who they are.

Don Hyde had his rate changed to Gunnery, and we've got a new top by the name of Henshaw. He seems to be holding down the job all right, judging by what I can see from where I sit.

Gy.-Sgt. Salguero is back in the Academ bunch and he and Higuera, who by the way, is also a gunny, now, have a big time gabbing "gook" every time they get together.

Quite a bunch get paid off this month. Sherman, Rausch, Christiansen, and so many others that I can't begin to name them here. We lose Carl this month; he of the arguments. The one and only Schaumloeffel, formerly of Buffalo, late of Coco Solo, South Boston, Norfolk, or what have you. John Gordon, who has graced our humble outfit with his presence since '17, forfeited his time and went out last month on a special order. A lot of you people should know him; he's been around. The details, for which this post is justly famous, are bigger and better than ever. We bury the Navy, Coast Guard, and the Marine Corps. In other words, we are well acquainted with Arlington. And take it from me, bud, these personally conducted tours of the largest national cemetery are no idle talk. Ask those would-be snappy Gyrenes that come up from Quantico once in a while.

The schools are still holding forth in the usual brilliant style. They've cut out some courses, consolidated others, reorganized the schools, and we now have a better Institute than we did have, and we've always had the best in any of the services. We teach nearly everything from how to make blueprints to bigger and better spuds. And how!

Well, I've said too much, rambled too much, and generally bothered everybody. We'll try to be around from now on, and if you've anything to be done in the educating line, we'd like to have your order.

RESERVATION PATROL, NAVAL STATION, OLONGAPO, P. I.

By R. P. S.

Has anyone ever heard of the Reservation Patrol and Municipal Police of the Naval Station at Olongapo, P. I.? Well, here we are, six of us in all.

Sergeant Frank H. Heaton is in charge. His number one man is W. H. Nelson, better known as "Swede." He hails from Minnesota, but we believe he has lived with Jews most of his life. He leaves us on the next boat. Number two is W. Moore, who hails from Mississippi. His only worry is the chits the California Restaurant sends around on pay day. It is hard to have such an appetite. This worry will soon be dispensed with, however, for he, too, leaves on the next boat. Number three is Virgil Kayker, who originated in Iowa. He is able to walk fairly well without the plow these days, but is having trouble training his moustache. He is on the fence as to whether he will extend or go home on the next boat. Sam Mitoff, better known as "Mr. Sam," from Montana, is number four and is a handy man to have around. He understands the lingo. Last but not least is A. F. Simmerson, who hails from Indiana. As Reservation Labor Foreman, he is certainly a busy man. Come on, Simmie, we need better streets and so on.

SAN DIEGO SEA SCHOOL

By Lewis R. Hollenbeck

Dear Folks: How are things back on the farm? Everything here is OKMNX. Well, Mom and Pop, as you asked me, I will tell you all about the Marines. First comes "boot camp," the joy of the much admired Marines. Here they are called "Socks." Well, the first thing I learned was that I was the dumbest "sock" in boot camp. Next we learned to do squads east and west and then how to sand decks. "This is the way the command halt is executed," says our commander, "Place the hoof that's on the deck beside the one that's in the air and remain motionless." After executing that command for half an hour, the sergeant told me that I was a direct descendant of St. Vitus.

By this time we were ready for the rifle range. We arrived at the range on a Saturday afternoon in September. The first things I found on the range were forty-seven more joints in my body than science explains. Then we started actual firing of the rifle. After the first few shots I fired, the coach told me that I was good. He didn't say what for, but nevertheless I was good. He offered me a vise to put my rifle in, but because I was good, I knew he was only joshing. Next he suggested to the Gunnery Sergeant that he give me a magnet bull's eye and some steel jacket ammunition. The morning before our record "shoot" I found either a horse fly or an eagle (I don't know which) in the chow. Well, then, I couldn't shoot. My rifle did everything but get me down and jump on me. My coach told me that before I was through I would likely put the shells in backwards and shoot myself. I fooled him though, I didn't put 'em in backwards. After making sharpshooter, I was congratulated by Colonel Lay on nothing in particular and given my choice of being a First Louie or just a Sergeant. You know how modest I am. I chose to

be a "buck private" and that's what I am.

Next I'll tell you about our chow. One thing about the Marines, one is always sure of one meal every two days. Now today, being Saturday, we had a combination of beef and rabbit, one beef and one rabbit. Well, tomorrow we have a chicken dinner (corn and lettuce leaves); that is what chickens generally eat, isn't it? Now, yesterday, I was lucky enough to get in on a good old beef dinner. Of course, it was just my luck to get a hunk of the hide, but anyway it was beef. Last Sunday we had a regular chicken dinner. As my share I received two feathers and a bone. But this will give you an idea how our dinners vary from day to day. One day you sit on your throne and the next day you are thrown on your sit. I heard later that the mess sergeant had a nervous breakdown trying to prepare tasty dishes for me. I also learned that chicken I told you about was a sea-gull. When the mess sergeant learned that I knew this, he put his pups up close to his ears and started locomotin'. He hasn't been heard from since. Well, we go on guard soon now. I'll tell you about it next time.

"ROCHESTER" RAMBLINGS

By Chas. H. Talbott

Station R-O-C-K-Y broadcasting from the cross-roads of the world "Old Panama." Several changes and many interesting events have taken place since the Rocky's Sea Soldiers were last on the air.

Saturday morning, August 17th, the U. S. S. "Rochester" was awarded the Gunnery Trophy and the Battle Efficiency Pennant for the fiscal year ending June, 1929. The unveiling of the Gunnery Trophy by Mrs. E. H. Campbell was followed by a short speech by Admiral E. H. Campbell, commander special service squadron, and one by Captain H. A. Baldwin.

Our former Detachment Commander, Captain M. A. Edson, was relieved by Captain F. Whitehead, and soon after departed for the States. The entire detachment sends their best regards to Captain Edson, wishing him the best of

success in his new post. Corporal Porter also departed for Quantico for the football line-up. We all wish you the best of success in the coming season, Porter.

The Rocky fired short range battle practice September 6th, scoring two Navy "E's" out of four—and also with the best average of any gun aboard.

Those who received promotions are as follows: Cpl. Yelanic to Sgt. Pfc. Davis to Cpl. Pvts. Allen, Barnett, Hubbard, Rotzell, Cain, Gerdes, and Hardin to Pfc.

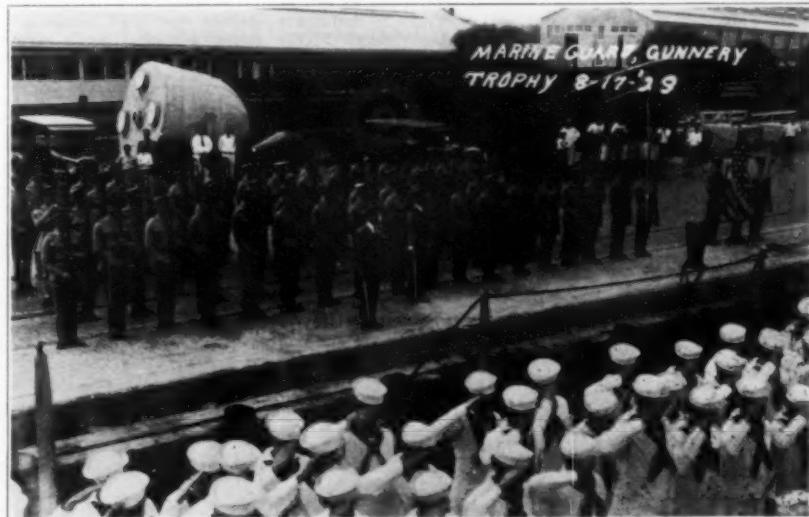
Sgt. Shaffer and Barnes are short-timers, so they say, but it is thought they are just getting ready for a new beginning.

Cpl. Denney Cain, a product of Davis and Elkins College, and a former member of the Marine football squad as well, says when he is elected President he will increase the pay and decrease the duty. Keep it up, Denny, we will elect you.

Loft (the city dude) has been noticed going off in a corner and studying a book on "How to Make Love." Allen says he can't be worried, that he is a short timer. While Davis and Jones are going to try grafting peaches and walnuts, and get a new kind of watermelon as a result. Pfc. Hardin must have been a Chicago gunman the way he trains that gun on the target, scoring four direct hits in twenty-five seconds. Cpl. Schminschke sure knows his onions, too, as gun captain of that crew.

Our last cruise will not be forgotten, as we visited San Jose, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Amapalo, Honduras and San Salvador, collecting wild animals as souvenirs, the most rare being a honey bear belonging to Sgt. Thomas. Others have parrots, squirrels, dogs, and one monkey. Pattison has a parrot that tries to be a dog so much he even barks.

The "Rochester" will get under way for Trinidad and various other ports on the South American coast, in a few days, and upon our return the Marines who have served on board two or more years expect to be relieved by a fresh bunch of boots from the States. By that time we hope to be on the air once more.



U. S. S. "Rochester" Marine Guard during presentation of Gunnery Trophy and Battle Efficiency Pennant, August 17.

COMMUNICATION NOTES, AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING, CHINA

Radio, Peking, is still pursued by hard luck with respect to our high-frequency transmitter. First it was carried past Chinwangtao to Shanghai and then re-shipped to us. Now it has arrived, but it was discovered that no tubes were sent with it. As a consequence we are still unable to get it into operation. However, our two station-built transmitters are putting out very well and we have had good service on the Cavite circuit. The efficiency of this circuit will be greatly increased when we do get the TAF into operation as we will then double our power. The transmitter arrived in very good condition and has been installed and given a thorough test which proves her to be all right in all respects. All that is needed is the tubes and she will go into immediate operation.

The job of painting the towers has been completed without mishap and all aerial material is now in excellent shape. We have erected one new 60-foot receiving mast and hoisted an additional antenna for long wave. Advantage of directional effect was possible to a greater degree than heretofore and with the overhaul of lead-in and battery leads which was accomplished last month we are now able to hear the Cavite are at all times. This gives us an emergency channel to Cavite which was not reliable before.

Summer camp at Pei Tai Ho Beach is in full swing. Radio is keeping three operators at the camp during the summer, the operators being relieved from time to time to allow all operators who wish it a chance to summer on the beach. The first company and detail of operators have returned to Peking and were followed by the second group. The radiomen in this group are Corporal Couts, and Privates Rowe and Drewes. They will be followed later by another detail. In addition one of the communication clerks, Private Carl Bishop, is now at camp.

The Asiatic Fleet is again in northern waters and this, of course, has unloaded additional traffic onto Peking. The station is accustomed to this summer routine, however, and is well prepared to take whatever the Fleet has to offer. This summer finds it a little more strenuous.

ous due to our having three operators at the beach.

Our baseball star, Private Hickman, southpaw pitcher, is continuing his excellent performance on the mound. He has proven to be one of the mainstays of the Peking Marine team which, by the way, is quite the cream of the far-eastern baseball teams. The championship of the North China Baseball League is under their belts for the third straight season. Hickman pitches a beautiful ball and has that ability so rarely found in left-handed pitchers to put the ball exactly where he wishes. To date he has given one base on balls and this in his last game against the Fifteenth Infantry, namely Private Winnett W. Robinson, who returned on the U. S. A. T. "Grant." Robinson thinks he would like to try his next cruise in the Navy, but we believe he will stick to our Corps. We are going to lose another operator, Private Wilson, on the next "Chaumont." No new men have joined the radio detachment recently.

WITH THE "TEXAS" DETACHMENT ON THE EAST COAST

By Lacy Richardson

Time: 5 September, 1929. Place: Casco Bay, Portland, Maine. Place of last writing and date: Enroute from Port au Prince, Haiti, to Hampton Roads, Virginia, June, 1929. Places visited in the interim: Rockland and Belfast, Maine, New York City and Newport, Rhode Island. Inspiration previous to that time: A blond. Thenceforward: A blonde. Residence: Los Angeles, California. Qualifications: Flatters all requirements. Telephone number: Never mind, Perringer! You Battle Fleet boys on the West Coast lay off, see?

So the months pass us by, so goes the "Texas." Here today, tomorrow some place else. On, on, on—the restless Flagship! And like Nicholas Swayne, "What boots it if we fall in love, so be our minds aren't swimmin'?" Let other folks take what they please—we'll cling to ships and wimmin'!" And now we say in our own humble words: "Fer all th' flips o' pig-iron ships, an' all their miz-o-ri, 'tis great to be a soldier, lad, a soldier o' th' sea!"

Abraham Lincoln once had occasion to say: "Now we're engaged in a great

Civil War, to test whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure"—or words to that effect. In dealing with contemporary matters we have only to say "Now we're engaged in a GREAT GUNNERY SEASON, to test whether this gun crew or that gun crew or any gun crew so conceived and so dedicated can make a Navy 'E' when we fire short range battle practice one month hence, off the coast of Virginia."

But in the foregoing there is a slight trace of uncertainty. What we mean to say is this: "With the present routine of training, under the able coaching of Captain T. E. Kendrick, Lieutenant Francis H. Brink, who joined us shortly after our arrival at Hampton Roads last June, and First Sergeant Hans O. Rasmussen, the outcome is inevitable. All eight of the five-inch guns manned by local Leathernecks look forward to the highest score obtainable. (It's an old Marine custom—tradition, eh, what? Nevertheless, it seems to get results.)

The official wisecrack of the detachment now, since the departure of the pride of Georgia, Bobbie Upton, is a new recruit entitled "JAY W. McCARTER." Mack came aboard with the last draft of five men in New York the day before we sailed for Newport. His first step was to warn his gun captain against placing him as rammerman on the gun. "Hey, corporal," he says, "yuh better not make me rammerman on this pistol—I'm afraid I'll ram it over the side." So his gun captain made him rammerman. A few days later the writer had occasion to inquire of him his correct date of birth. This was his answer: "There never was but one person in the world who knew my correct birthday, and that was my mother, and I've lied so much about it off and on that I doubt if even she knows it now." And then he tells us of a little incident that happened years ago back on the farm: "When I was seventeen (or there about—as I said before, I'm not certain as to my age) my mother called me into the kitchen one day and told me to rush down to the store (that's right, THE STORE) and purchase a bag of salt. It was nigh on to dinner time—say a quarter to twelve—and my mother says to me: 'Now hurry, Jay; we want the salt for dinner.' So I grabbed my hat and started. But just as I reached the water tank the weekly freight was pulling out . . . I nabbed it. Six months later I returned home, and, it being the hour to scoff, carried with me the bag of salt. Why not? it was dinner time." No one asked Private McCarter the subsequent happenings. He was duly informed that the fan-tail could be found in the stern of the ship, and the last we knew he was debating whether or not he should accept the fellows' invitation to walk aft until he heard a splash. (Mr. Kipling was right—"A man may hold all sorts of posts if he'll only hold his tongue.")

The prodigal son has returned: Laugh, clown, laugh! Sergeant B. F. Hearn, Jr., who left us in Panama last March to spend a thirty days' furlough with friends and relatives at his home in Waycross, Georgia, at the expiration of which he reported in for duty at the Charleston Navy Yard, not only extended his enlistment for two years, but returned to the "Texas" full steam ahead to serve his sentence. Hearn is quite as skilled as



Marines taking advantage of a sightseeing trip around the Summer Palace near Peiping, China.

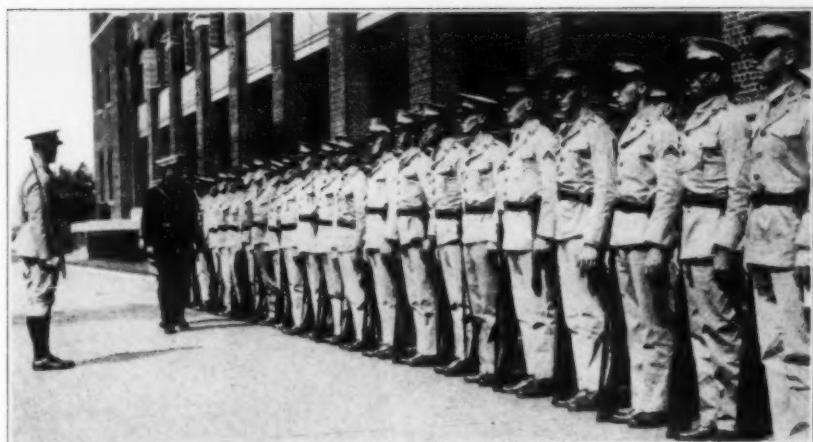
ever in telling Sergeant "Red" Rairden that he, "Red," is the nearest thing to the Graf Zeppelin that this detachment will ever have the privilege to boast of. The other morning he stuck a note under "Red's" plate at the mess table which read: "Well, well, well, Red! Come on and tell us about the rich widow you met on the beach last night." The reaction was awful. Red never let up a chirp . . . he sat silent throughout the meal. (Three ruffles for Hearn.)

There is something funny about the non-coms' mess aboard this pig-iron. Each night in port there is always someone missing for chow, if not two. Today it's Sergeant Jenson or Hogan and tomorrow it's Sergeants Triplett and McDonald; but never all four at one time. We'd really like to know if these Romeos alternate in going some place in particular, or is it just another "old Marine custom?" It's pretty easy to account for Hogan's solitary game at liberty, but of the others it's hard to say. Hogan goes ashore alone that he may have the entire world to himself in mourning his great loss in turning the store-room over to Jenson on the first of September. Now he has no place but a cold deck on which to "cork-off." Therefore the double-bottoms offered every opportunity. He had a nice cot, and whenever he slept too soundly to hear the bugle at mess gear, the boys in the steering-gear room gave him a call for chow. Too bad, Hogan. We feel for you but can't reach you. It's a great game if you don't "week-end."

Corporal Nels F. Nelson has promised to give us the low-down on Prospect Park for our next spasm, but refuses to make any comment now. Prospect Park is a place in Brooklyn where all the battleship Nellies hang out. Of course, we'd never think of turning to Welsh or Burgan for this valuable information. They seldom frequent open pastures. Guess the boys really are in love as they so often harangue the fellows.

This outfit has been having a hard go of it in getting hold of buglers worth the powder and lead required to blow 'em to—well, anyway, good buglers. Since the days of Heitman and Ginn our blowing facilities have been nil to boast of. But now we're all set. The two fellows we have, Trumpeter Talcott and Drummer Ross, are the best that ever came down the pike. Not only good buglers but clean-cut boys; military as the dickens. It is rumored that Drummer Ross is the first enlisted man who has ever saluted the officer of the deck in so military a manner as to cause the officer of the deck to snap to attention before returning the salute, and Trumpeter Talcott is none the less efficient. That's the spirit, boys! Such performance of duty is what the skipper likes, and he's noticed it, too. Keep up the good work.

It has been our pleasure all along to end each article of this column with anouncement of promotions, which only goes to show that (with one exception, the writer, who isn't so good as this matter may suggest) you can't keep good men down. At this writing we have the same pleasure. The following named men who have been promoted to the respective rates below will bear witness to the fact at hand: Privates First Class Dickinson, Gardner, Peters, Ziegler



Major General Neville inspects Guard of Honor at opening of Philadelphia Basic School.

and Richardson, and Privates Olsen and Walston to the rank of corporal; and Privates Aschwanden, Biggerstaff, Burgan, Dankleff, Engesser, Hall, Hollinger, Johnson, Laux, Morgan, Neason, Sheffer, Stanley, Stone, Tames Thomson, Weinreich and Wheeler to that of private first class.

(Now how's for one of you old "Texas" boys who got off in New York last July to tell us a few?)

U. S. S. "CLEVELAND" MARINES VISIT MOBILE

For the first time since the U. S. S. "Denver" was in Mobile for Mardi Gras in February, 1926, Uncle Sam saw fit to send a detachment of Marines here. They arrived aboard the U. S. S. "Cleveland" on August 19 to participate in the American Legion convention here. Let me say that they took Mobile by storm, and the commendable way in which they conducted themselves during their stay in Mobile is a credit to the Marine Corps. I, an ardent admirer of Marines, am so proud of those Leathernecks that it is impossible to refrain from expressing my appreciation and singing praises to them. Once 'twas said "When better men are made, the Marine Corps will get them." How true! The "Cleveland" Detachment is, beyond a doubt, just such a group of better men.

As a local newspaper expressed it, "Almost at the head of the procession marched a detachment of trim Marines from the "Cleveland," to supply the military note to the parade." Truly that was a sight worth seeing; never has a snappier set of Marines paraded anywhere from the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli. However, our Mobile weather was too warm to permit the boys to wear dress blues. As they filed by "in review" I whistled a strain of the Marines Hymn and even Lieutenant O'Day forgot himself to such an extent that he nodded and remarked "Atta girl."

During their three-day stay in Mobile informal parties were given all over the city to help entertain the fellows. "Hubert," the Marinettes' Ford, was converted into a Marine transport.

Seen on the "Cleveland":

Bailey, the baby of the outfit, in whom every other member of the detachment

takes a paternal interest. We don't blame them; we adopted him, too. Didn't we, Baby? Hope he didn't adopt another mother while he was in Texas. Really he has the "making" of a fine Marine if the detachment doesn't spoil him. "He's some sweet baby."

Bozeman, a rebel from Birmingham. He was a first-class fellow, and we hope to see him in Mobile again. How about it, Lewis? From very reliable sources we understand that it is not only the globe and anchor that tickles Mobile girls; his moustache certainly helped a bit.

Kenney, the little music with the big vocabulary. He seemed to enjoy himself in the "motley assemblage" even though he did get liberty only one night. The top sergeant feared Kenney would cramp his style ashore and restricted him—the naughty old top. At any rate it gave Kenney a splendid chance to study for the exam to enter Annapolis. Good luck, Ernest, we hope you pass.

Marx, who boasted that when he kissed 'em, they crawled off and died. The mortality rate among girls took a leap when he hit town. One other young lady is still under observation. It was Marx who looked forward to seeing Port Arthur in the hope of seeing his first real "cow person."

McKinney went round in a daze after he left Mobile and it is general opinion that he lost his heart in Mobile. Coming back, Mac?

Ryan's the name of a wisecracking Irishman who hails from New York. He took great delight in showing visiting femmes around the ship and pointed out the well-known spots of interest on any ship.

Ogburn—when a certain Mobile girl bade him farewell, they turned off the ship's lights. His illuminating, flaming blush lit up the cruiser like a gob on shore leave.

Wilson—the world lost a first-class farmer when he shipped in the Marines. 'Nuff sed.

Arsenault should open a tire service station after his hitch in the Corps is up, for he is an expert tire changer as long as Kenney stands by to direct the work and hold the match.

"Pittsburg," one of the chorus that entertained us one rainy afternoon aboard



Marines find time to go wading in Coco River, Nicaragua. (Photo by Proctor.)

ship. We called him "Pittsburg" so often that we really forgot his name.

Forrest Luce would have been our candidate for a model Marine had he not adopted YoYo as a pastime. (So our Port Arthur scribe informs us.) However, he is nonchalant and stubborn, though some girls seem to like 'em just that way. We witnessed a girl bidding him an osculatory farewell and he didn't seem to resent it, not even a little; in fact, he smiled a bit.

Eddie (what's his last name?) collects globe and anchor pillow tops for his sisters. (Some fellows in the Marine Corps have a host of relatives but we suspect that some of them are adopted.)

Davis, who appropriated a medal to the Marinette's collection of souvenirs.

Others in whom we were interested: Sgt. "Red," with his almost invisible moustache. Kelly, one of the ship's sheiks. McLesky, who did the work of a scullery maid. Labaugh, one of the three Lima (Ohio) beans in the detachment. Levi—judging from his name he must be Swedish, but a good scout, nevertheless. If we have omitted to mention any of our buddies, we are sorry, but shall do better next time.

Our only regret is that the U. S. S. "Cleveland" Leathernecks did not remain in Mobile for a longer time, but Uncle Sam sent them to Texas to give the girls in Port Arthur a break. How we envy those girls! We trust that it was some pleasure for the Marines to be in our city, and we know that it was a pleasure to have them here. Come again—Mobile always extends a welcome to you.

—The Mobile Marinette.

HEADQUARTERS DOPE By TaBar

We missed the last issue—just couldn't get the low-down in time for the press, due to absences from the office.

The A & I line-up is changing slightly during the next few weeks. Major Thomas S. Clarke has been detached from duty as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector at Headquarters and has been ordered to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., for duty. Major D. M. Randall has been ordered to Headquarters for duty as Assistant A & I. Major Randall had the job of building a camp for the Reserves at Quantico this summer, and generally

looking out for them, and he certainly made a good job of it.

Most everybody has been or is going on vacation during the hot spell. Mr. Snell, Chief Clerk, is back from leave, looking fine. He had been away two weeks.

Europe is drawing "our gang." Winnie Brannon has been over there for most two months, and is now back, telling us all she can of what she saw; and we don't think she missed much.

Mr. Ketcham sailed on August 8 for an extended trip, and everything Winnie missed he intends to look into, and we know Mrs. Ketcham and he will have a fine time; this being his second trip in recent years, he'll know "just where to go." We believe he intends to give England and Scotland the once over.

Canada seems the most desirable vacation point for Freddie Moore, so he headed North again this summer, where old man Prohibition hasn't stepped in so strictly. Yes, Edna Bradley has been a hard working girl in Freddie's absence.

Tommie Miller of the File Room just returned from Canada; his trip wasn't all for pleasure, his father being seriously ill.

Waldo Foster and wife advanced the date of celebrating their wedding anniversary to take in a flying trip to Ocean City, Md., with Mr. and Mrs. Browning. He didn't say how long he had been married, not even "how long it seemed."

Briggs, the enlistment paper expert, is throwing out his chest these days. He has bought a home in Takoma Park, Md., and is proud of himself. Congratulations.

Frederick Niner has survived a trip home to the styx; we think they call the water tower where she came from Frostburg. Anyway, she's back very much rested.

Fay Morgenstein is back from a boat trip to Boston. She took a carload of "non-sea-sick" pills with her and claims she enjoyed the trip. Yes, she looks fatter.

"Ken" Hyatt went on a little fishing trip the other day. Next time he is going to inform the "S & S" in advance.

QM. Clerk Barde is busy as a one-armed paper hanger these days, trying to hold down the reins of the Muster Roll Division, and also cover inspection

trips in the absence of QM. Clerk Ledoux, who is on extended leave down South.

The Records Division has two new recruits: Miss Ruby Gillum, vice Chris Bartley, resigned, and Miss Irene Creath, vice Miss Niner, transferred to Insignia Section. Miss Creath came all the way from Iowa to help the wheels of the Government run more smoothly.

Tom Atkinson grabbed himself a job somewhere the other day, and stopped in at the office just long enough to write out a resignation. We wish him luck and hope he makes good.

Bill Ramberg has been busy lately during Bell's absence on reserve training at Quantico. Incidentally Bell claims he was detailed in Quantico on guard duty one evening when he was most certainly expected in Washington; he says that's his story and he is going to stick to it.

Edith Brown took an auto trip with her dad to the Big Boardwalk recently, and reports plenty of water. Kitty Kinear went along and together they held the back seat down nicely.

Gertie Friedman is guiding the destiny of the Adjusted Compensation Section since Chris Bartley resigned. Chris wasn't feeling so good for a long time, and we wish her a speedy and complete recovery.

Mrs. Furniss is back from her annual trip to Michigan; she seems proud to come from there, but she still seems glad to come back to Washington.

What will we do Christmas without Bob O'Toole to act as Santa Claus at our big yearly celebration. Now, ain't that something!!!

A nice big crab took a liking for one of Edith Brown's nice pink toes the other day down at South River. Edith lives, but we can't answer for the crab.

Ruth Smith has been on extended leave; she and hubby have been hitting the high spots in their car the past few months; North, East, South, West.

Miss Hanna of the Pay Department is leaving the Marine Corps, having secured a position in the Government service at Honolulu. We wish her all good luck in her new home. Her vacancy is being filled by Miss Warfield.

Bell wasn't satisfied with pounding the drill grounds at Quantico for two weeks, so he wound up with a week-end trip of 800 miles to Carolina and return, just as a chaser, as it were.

Noble Wilson may be hard as nails on a golf course, but his hands looked like raw meat after rowing his family around the river the other Sunday, but he expects to rejoin them at their vacationing point in a few days for another helping of the same medicine.

Gertrude Friedman is on her vacation trip, including a visit to New York City, steamer to Nova Scotia, and a motor bus ride around the said Nova Scotia. Hope she don't strike any snowstorms.

Margaret McGoldrick is vacationing at her dad's summer place at Stone Harbor on the Jersey shore, where she expects to acquire "beaucoup" summer tan; and "maybe 3 or 4 pounds."

Charlie Browne and his family took a short trip to Colonial Beach recently, for a bit of salt water bathing. Charlie thinks he's boss of his family, but that youngster out ranks him a mile in our opinion.

Charlotte Bacot had a bad attack of laryngitis or something recently; anyway she couldn't talk, so with Freddie Moore away on leave Wilson had things real quiet in his room for a few days.

The Exchange Section is using the adding machine daily. Gallagher went to Connecticut; upon his return Mr. Ledoux honored North Carolina with his presence. Now McCabe is lapping them up in Canada. Question!! How much leave have we left?????

Muster Roll Division is changing personnel almost as rapidly as Records. Latest resignation is that of Mr. Alexander. He aspires to drive a bread wagon or be a policeman or anything that pays more. Mrs. Armstrong is filling his place.

No issue of The Leatherneck would be complete without a story of Sweetie Mix. The other day she went to see "The Cock-Eyed World" at the Fox. When asked for her opinion of the film the darling informed us that she was glad to find out what her husband did before he married. Sharpnack had to spoil it, of course. He wanted to know how she knew that he changed after he married.

Guy Williams reports the completion of his summer home along the Monocacy, and extends an invitation to his many friends to spend a week-end with him. The more the merrier, just so they bring their own chow.

Inasmuch as the Navy Department Ladies' Bowling Team is about 80 per cent Marines, with Irene Scott, Faye Morgenstern, Edith Brown and Mary Edenton on it, the team should clean up in the Ladies' Federal League.

Freddie Moore has a strong entry in the Federal League, as a Navy team. Freddie is proud of himself, having been elected president of the District League, Washington's fastest bowling circuit. Well, Freddie can hold his end of an argument, we all know that.

Another benedict in the Records Division; Virgil Howard, in the Identification Section, has grabbed himself a lifetime partner. Congratulations, Virgil.

Mrs. Armstrong was appointed to a position in the Identification Section, but with a vacancy in the Muster Roll Division, through resignation of Alexander, she moved "over there." It's a busy world these days; here one day, and there the next.

Ruby Gillum has transferred to the Military Histories Section to fill Mrs. Duffy's vacancy, so temporarily Gertie Friedman must struggle along by herself for a while until Miss Niner comes over to help her out next month.

Bill Keller is back from a vacation trip, and looks better than ever.

With the approach of the bowling season, Bill Ramberg may be seen hard at work on forming a league at Headquarters. He says that while the officers have not yet been chosen, alleys have been reserved, the schedule which starts at Convention Hall, 5th and K Streets N. W., on October 1, has been approved as have the constitution and by-laws. Headquarters is sure to have at least a four-team league, a team to represent each department at Headquarters.

MARINE AVIATION NOTES FROM MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

By John P. Yates

Look out below, Leathernecks, the aviators are well up in the air again. Our force is now 195 strong, going strong with the able assistance of our commanding officer, Major Louis M. Bourne, Jr.

Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt was detached to Quantico, Va., for duty with the aircraft squadrons there on August 3rd. Lieutenant Schilt was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his faithful performance of duty in Nicaragua in facing death to remove his brother Marines who were wounded in Qualili. He landed eight times on an emergency field. Reputation has it that he is the best pilot in the Marine Corps. The officers and enlisted men of this post wish him the best of luck.

Lieutenant Sidney R. Williamson was detached to San Diego for duty with the Aircraft Squadrons of the West Coast. He will be missed by the men. Second Lieutenant Fike, from the West Coast, and Second Lieutenant Edward Pugh, from the East Coast, are the relief for Lieutenants Schilt and Williamson.

The Volley Ball League season closed with Squadron VJ-6M as the winner. Squadron VO-7M provided the runner-up. The Officers' team came in third, with Headquarters fourth, and Service Company 3M in the cellar.

The tennis tournament is in full blast with Corporal John Arthur, Staff Sergeant Bolien, Corporal Rauch, and Private First Class Thomas as the remaining contestants. It looks as though Golien and Thomas will be the winners. Tilden and Hunter have nothing on these boys.

The baseball season has started with Headquarters being defeated by Squadron VO-7M by a score of 8-2. Squadron VJ-6M handed Service Company a defeat to the tune of 21-2. Then VJ-6M took Headquarters into camp by a score of 7-2.

The Fokkers and Falcons have been kept busy bringing homeward bound Marines from the hills to sail on the U. S. S. "Henderson." She sailed on August 21st from Corinto.

Our orchestra, "Three Novelty Boys," has been giving us good programs lately,

but it will improve with Gunnery Sergeant Papen at the piano.

News is scarce and the Aviators are forced to make a landing. We will be back next month, that is if we are not sent home.

FROM THE MARINE DETACHMENT, U.S.S. "DENVER," CORINTO, NIC.

By Ye Scribe

Having been allotted a wave length on which to broadcast by The Leatherneck last month, we are again on the air for our regular monthly broadcast. We have news of the detachment this month which should command attention. Bulletins emanating from time to time from Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, in which the scores of individuals attaining high scores in small arms competitions invariably give credit to the high man under the caption "Something to Shoot At" with the score of that individual competitor.

We think that we also have something to shoot at in that we, during the Short Range Battle Practice held on August 6, 1929, qualified two first-class gun captains, nine first-class gun pointers, and a special second-class gun pointer. The Marine Detachment made a 100 per cent qualification with the two 5-inch guns which we man and also an "E" with one of the six pounders of which we man three. We consider this a creditable showing, especially in view of the fact that the crews were composed of men who were new at the game but who now feel that they are old timers.

During the past week we have been firing the Navy small arms course while at Corinto and again a member of this detachment has given us something to "shoot at." Private Julius B. Summers attained a possible score of 150.

As a result of the short range battle practice, thirty-four men were awarded prize money of fifteen dollars, making a total of \$510.00 paid to the Marine detachment alone. The boys surely did make a big liberty in Cristobal, Canal Zone. The ship as a whole made a record of eleven "E's" out of fourteen guns, which is in itself "something to shoot at."

We have been on the go all last month transporting troops from the East coast of Nicaragua to Corinto on the West coast for further transfer to the States



Detachment leaving Nicaraguan Hills for a transport and the U. S.

and Managua. We have formed the opinion that the title of the Special Service Squadron in the case of the "Denver" should be changed to that of "The Nicaraguan Transport Service."

During our stay in Cristobal, our comrades in arms at Coco Sola wanted to know if they came within the purview of Articles 8-11, Marine Corps Manual and Marine Corps Order No. 20, 1929, pertaining to Expeditionary Medals. We agree with them that they should be entitled to one due to the strenuous conditions under which they serve.

Yes, we have nineteen short timers and all you can hear from them is, "Well, it won't be long, now," meaning three months and a butt. Ask the Top, he will explain it to you. Adios on this length.

NEWS FROM THE VIRGIN ISLANDS By Julian C. Stinnett

Friends, gyrenes and bunkies: Lend us your cauliflower while we endeavor to relate the activities of General Neville's devil dogs in the Virgin Islands.

Bowling tournaments were all the rage here during the first part of August. Two of them were held—one for two-man teams and another for quartets of pin-busters. In the first one "Big Boy" Little and "Red" Solomon took first prize, with "Dimples" Mutchler and "Sheik" Geissinger second. The four-man team winners were: First, Solomon, Goulette, Gold and Mutchler; second, Harkey, Zawadski, Pender and Venuti. "Red" Solomon was the outstanding star of both tournaments, with his round-house curve ball. Pvt. Harkey, the "Pennsylvania Kid," excelled for his team in the second affair. Venuti and Goulette were right there with their usual steady game. We were not a little surprised when Sergeant Little stepped in and took first place with Solomon. He excels in so many other things that we couldn't figure him as a pin smasher at all. Durned if he doesn't get his name in these columns some way every month! Give us a break, "Big Boy."

Headquarters Detachment has a new company clown in the person of Trumper Tate (Edward Daniel is the rest of it!), a recent arrival. He seems to be a very nice lad and exceptionally good at wrecking a typewriter. According to Tate, Headquarters Detachment should

be proud of their talented young clerk, as it isn't every day that a "music" can be found who is good for anything in the line of work. That's a rash statement to make in view of the fact that there are just five "musics" here, but in all probability, they will feel more complimented than hurt. Just the same, it wouldn't be a bad idea to take distance when they cast their blinkers on this—one of them is a "box-fighter," and another weighs around 180 pounds. Time to take off!

Corporal Frank C. Mitchell is our new police sergeant. Let's see, we had better say something nice about him. Well, he isn't a bad looking bozo, his two stripes become him very well, and he is an awfully intelligent young man for his size. You ought to see him dance, too! No kidding, he can twirl his feet and twist his torso till you get dizzy just watching him. And he has the nicest side-burns! There, that ought to make him feel good enough to hand us an easy detail now and then!

It is rumored that "Sheik" Geissinger has an ad in the St. Thomas Mail Notes for a private secretary to help him take care of his mail. We knew he was getting letters from his admiring fans all over the country, but didn't think it could be as bad as all that. However, we will have to look into this, and if the "Sheik" really needs a private secretary, then Pvt. Winfree, our intellectual young mail orderly and book-lover, must have some assistance, too.

The newspaper, "St. Croix Avis," published at St. Croix, in a recent article, lamented the fact that the Marine force there was reduced, and said the consensus of opinion favored their return.

"Handsome" McCurry has just returned from St. John after spending three months there. He was forced to leave his moustache, of which he had grown very proud, and for which he had developed a deep, cow-like devotion, behind. Because: privates with less than two years in the service are not allowed to wear a cookie duster here, without a permit from the K. O. S. (That's you, DuBois!) Sorry, Mac, but you know how it is; we have little enough chance with the ladies while you are around, as it is.

A St. Thomas newspaper, the "Eman-

cipator," made very complimentary remarks regarding the Marines, recently. We like to know that the local people feel this way toward the outfit.

That soda-jerkin' fool, Pfc. "Skivvie" Taylor, is up to his old tricks again! It's an old stunt of his, as a salesman in the Post Exchange, to sell someone a package of chewing gum and retain half of it for himself. That stuff will have to stop! We don't mind the gum so much as the snicker he lets out when he takes it. We hope he makes himself kinda sick some of these days, eating so many sweets, and, oh boy, if he does! Will we send flowers? Yes, but we'll keep half of them for ourselves, and let out a big snicker at the same time.

Due to orders from the powers that be in Washington, our post has been reduced and a number of our men who haven't finished their two years here are being transferred to the States via the October 2nd "Kittery." Of course some of the ones going back will have finished their two years, almost, by the time they land in the States. There is a lot of tall guessing, for we don't know just who the "departers" will be. Lots of the oldest men have extended, and others want to. It's kinda hard to leave the old place after all. We've noticed that whenever a bunch gets ready to shove off, they are happy and lively until the last minute before they leave the barracks; then before we lose sight of them for good, it is suddenly very quiet, and they look kinda wistful and pale. It gives a fellow pretty much of a jolt to say good-bye to his buddy and know that you might never see him again.

We now have a new laundry queen! Cpl. Huber—er—I mean, Owen T. Gilbert. Bet he'll wield a wicked cake of soap! Here's luck to him.

On the 16th of September, ex-1st Sgt. Horace E. Lyon received a radio from Headquarters that his rate had been changed to Supply Sergeant, which is just what he has been praying for. He did a highland fling upon reading the happy message, and bought everybody in sight drinks (root beer, coca-cola, etc.) He took off for the QM Department and left Langsdorf to struggle along without him.

Speaking of love-sick people, do you know Corporal Budziek (Edward T.)? He moons around all over the place, with a far-away look on his face, but he'll soon get used to it. It's hard to bear now, Bud, but she'll write often, and you'll get to go back sometime. Bud was on the drill field on P. I., and knows his oats about "squads right and left!"

Langsdorf, Gilbert, Budziek and Mitchell went on liberty last Saturday night, and did some shopping. What I mean, they did! When they came back in they all had white "elephant" hats on, identical ties, blue trousers, etc. Looked like a pair of twins—or whatever you call four alike. Bet the natives got an eye-full, and thought they were seeing double.

77TH CO., 5TH REGIMENT, OCOTAL, NICARAGUA

On August 17th, 1929, the Seventy-seventh Company, Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment, had the honor of furnishing a Mounted Escort for Colonel Robert H. Dunlap, U. S. M. C., from his quarters in Ocotal to the Aviation Field, where they rendered final honors to the

77th Company at Advanced Rifles just prior to rendering honors to Col. R. H. Dunlop on his departure from Ocotal. Sergeant Riggs, on extreme left line, was recently commended for courage under fire with the 52nd Horse Platoon at Cujelita, Nic. (Photo by "Pewee" Miller.)



Commanding Officer of the Eleventh Regiment and the Northern Area, Nuevo Segovia, Nicaragua, by "Advancing Rifles" in true cavalry style. (See snapshot.) Only horses were used for the escort, and most of the men were of the old Fifty-second Company Horse Platoon, which had been the pride of the Eleventh Regiment. The escort was commanded by Captain Murl Corbett, U. S. M. C., commanding 77th Company, which is the new mounted company of the Northern Area; the 52nd Company having been returned to the States as a part of the Eleventh Regiment. Unfortunately, due to the late arrival of the planes which were to take the Colonel south, no one had any film left when the final honors were actually rendered, and the accompanying picture was made while the troop was awaiting the arrival of the planes. The Eleventh Regiment Band is at ease in the background, which was filled with Corsairs and Falcons from Managua, when the honors were actually rendered. Though the planes were not more than fifty yards from the right flank of the platoon, the line was maintained straight and unbroken despite the roar of the motors; though some of the horses did show a disposition to "bolt" as the planes, one after another, "zoomed the field" above the troop, before taking off for Managua.

After acknowledging the salute, and before embarking in the plane, Colonel Dunlap told the "Horse Marines," in a few well-chosen and sincere words, how much he appreciated the long hard hours they had put in on the trail and in the mud and rain, during the past year and a half; how proud he was of what they had accomplished; and how much he hated to leave Ocotal, and have his regiment broken up. He expressed the hope that these men might all serve under him again; and that those who remained would carry on and maintain the high standards set by the old 52nd Company, both horse and mule platoons.

As stated, the 77th Company is the new mounted company of the Northern Area, and practically all of the old 52nd Company has returned to the States for a well-earned rest. Sergeant Riggs was one of the last to go, leaving for Managua about September 1st; but not before he had helped instruct some of the new men in the mysteries of saddling and riding these native animals.

Nowdays, the 77th Company is being put through a course of intensive instruction in mounted work of all kinds, beginning with "Monkey Drill" with blankets and surcings, and including the nomenclature, care and handling of animals, packing mules, and the preservation of animals and equipment, as well as field tactics and problems. The troop is fortunate in having an ex-cavalryman, Corporal Barker, as drill and riding instructor; and several well-tried non-coms who know their stuff on the trails in Nicaragua, and how to pack this pesky native mule. Our Skipper, Captain Corbett, is an old "Horse Marine" from the 44th Mounted Company of Santo Domingo fame, and pretty well knows what a mounted man needs to get by in the hills in the tropics. And everyone is taking the drill and instruction seriously and making good progress. In the meantime, we are always ready for emergency patrols against the bandits and have already made several. In fact, Miguel



Marine Detachment at Yali, Nicaragua; Captain A. T. Lewis, commanding.

Angel Ortez's group of fifty bandits were undoubtedly lying in ambush for our mule platoon, at Las Cabullas Mountain on August 29th, when Captain Hakala's Guardia column unexpectedly hit them on their left flank at about 8:30 a. m. that morning. We had been chasing them all night, and just halted for breakfast, when we heard the firing. We hurriedly swallowed our hash and coffee, and hit the trail again, arriving in San Lucas shortly thereafter, to find that the Guardia had made an excellent contact, and dispersed the bandits in all directions, killing probably ten and wounding four or five seriously.

Just now, the bandit activities seem to have slackened or ceased, and we are making good use of the interval to harden our seats and learn all the tricks of the trade so far as mounted duty in the tropics is concerned. And, if these bandits don't beat it, or give up the game, you'll hear more of us later. First Sergeant Christian, of the Bromoderos fight, is our "Top Kick," and we have Gunnery Sergeants Allen and Stafford with us, too. But Allen, after twenty-nine years service, looks after our property and equipment and keeps the home fires burning in our absence, instead of hitting the trail with us. Our Company officers are First Lieut. E. E. Shaughnessy and Second Lieuts. C. B. Graham and M. L. Dawson and Marine Gunner Martin Micken. You see, we are a machine gun company, and rate seven officers all told, which helps a lot on the O. D. roster in Ocotal. Gunner Micken is soon going to put the range in commission again, so those of us whose qualification has run out can earn our five bucks per month again. That's about all the news at this time, but will send more later.—"Caballo Primero."

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA By Bacardi

Dear Folks at Home: Not much news this month—things have been sort of slow, and nothing new. Several of the boys got in trouble—but they know who they are, and a lesson is a lesson.

A new set of quarters are being built and will be ready for occupancy in about two months. Schilling and Ritchie, with the help of a police party now and then hope to have it up in "jig" time.

Last boat saw many medicals leaving. What is this Marine Corps coming to? The doctor sent one man back to duty with instructions that he was to stay off his feet as much as possible. Bunk fatigue or aviation is the only thing we

can see for him. Shades of Tim Riordan —what a kick he would have received from such a note. We lost ten men and eight were medicals—some record.

Chappell's Emporium has received several more square rods of paint since last writing, and he is in hopes that it will be finished sometime.

The "Sacramento" has arrived in our midst, and incidentally we had to furnish a place for the gobs to sleep. Red Barry and Caleb are now corporals. Congratulations.

We will lose 1st Sgt. Van Horn this boat. He will go to Quantico. Many of the old timers at Guantanamo will miss Van, for he has been here a long time. Many best wishes in your new post old Topper.

NAVAL TORPEDO STATION MARINES, NEWPORT, R. I.

By P. J. Dubbeldeman

"Hey, music! forget the little girl back home and answer the telephone."

Trumpeter (whose mail is addressed Mr.), Nelson W. Beck lays the sweet scented letter gently to one side and answers the telephone.

"The Commanding Officer's aboard," he announces very solemnly.

Now that everybody is aboard, even acting Corporal Trapp, we may as well start: It's been a long time since the Torpedo Station has been on the air; perhaps it's the first time, for all the writer knows. We are operating here on a frequency of a day on and a day off, by special permission of the Federal Radio Commission, and to be real frank with you, ED, it's not so hot, but then we're not here to "beef" this time. Our beloved canteen steward, Corporal Harry "wu wu" Begg, at one time an ambitious scribe for your well-known periodical, while serving with the Sixth Regiment, somewhere in China (mind now this is only a rumor, he told me this himself), thought it would be "just wonderful" if we dropped "The Leatherneck" a few social notes from here.

Maj. J. L. Doxey, also of China fame, hands out the restriction. Ask Corporal Gullette, the only man in the outfit who has papers to prove that he isn't crazy. First Lieutenant C. W. Martyr, and Second Lieutenant C. E. Fox are the remaining two-thirds of our commissioned personnel. First Sergeant James W. Scott and QM. Sergeant Milton R. Scott are the two most popular Staff N. C. O.'s that we have (they are the only two).

(Continued on page 44)

THE LEATHERNECK

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ANOTHER evidence of the feeling all former Marines have toward their Corps is contained in a letter recently received by Colonel R. R. Wallace, Commanding Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., from Mr. G. C. Bradford a former member of the Corps and now business man of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Bradford served in the Marine Corps twenty-five years ago taking part in the Panama expedition of 1904 in a battalion commanded by Major John A. Lejeune. Mr. Bradford called at the Washington Barracks recently to pay his respects to Col. Wallace, who was a member of the same expedition. An excerpt of the letter follows:

"It was good indeed to meet one of the officers of our old battalion, because twenty-five years is really a very long time. We all enjoyed the music rendered by the world's best military band; it was like old days and created a desire to hear again some of the wonderful old melodies and marches that used to thrill we rookies back in 1903 when we used to head down Pennsylvania Avenue, every button tight, head and eyes to the front, proud to be a member of so wonderful an organization as Uncle Sam's Marines. The spirit still lives within me, and even to this day when I see a Marine on the street, recollections that are fond and pleasant present themselves. . . ."

This is the spirit that makes the Marine Corps what it is; this letter is published, not because it is anything unusual, but because we believe that it is the unanimous expression of all those who have followed our Colors to the four corners of the earth.

The National Matches

THE smoke from the National Matches of 1929 has cleared away, and is now just another page of shooting records of this country. While our rifle team did not take first honors, it made a very creditable showing, and we have every reason to feel proud of its record. The Marine Team has an enviable record, beginning as far back as 1911, when we won first honors. Since that year our team has been a contender for the championship in every National Match, having won first place many times, and coming out second or third in practically all other years.

The victory of our pistol team at the matches this year gives us a feeling of considerable satisfaction. For three consecutive years the Marines have held the lead in this match, which is emblematic of the championship for pistol teams of the country. The competition this year was one that held unusual interest, because of the small margin which separated the leading teams throughout the match. Due to the unusual skill and ability to score heavily at times when points were needed most, our team emerged the victors.

As individual shots, the Marines this year also gave a good account of themselves. The records may not show that we have as many first places to our credit as we had last year, at which time our shooters took first honors in an unusually large percentage of the National Matches. However, we won our share of the matches, and placed high in practically all. In many of the matches this year the Marines were tied for first place, but due to the rules established for deciding ties, we were compelled to give way to others who finished their scores in such manner that we were "outranked." That, however,

does not detract from the excellent ability shown by our shooters. With the season now closed for this year, we are looking forward to next year with renewed hopes and a strong determination for success.

Many of our readers who have not had the opportunity of visiting the site of the National Rifle and Pistol Matches of the United States may be interested to know something of the location, size, and manner in which the National Matches are conducted.

Camp Perry is located about thirty-five miles southeast of Toledo, Ohio, on the border of Lake Erie. Due to the natural flatness of the terrain in that section of Ohio, the range is ideally located. This rifle range is easily converted into a landing field for aeroplanes. The range is often used for that purpose.

It is the largest rifle range in the United States; and probably the largest in the world, and is adapted for firing all small arms used by our military forces. The range is owned by the State of Ohio, who uses it as a training camp for its National Guard during the spring and summer months. The rifle and pistol team representing the Infantry also trains there. During the time of the National Matches the range is turned over to the War Department for its supervision.

The National Matches are divided into three distinct periods. The first of these is the Small Arms Firing School, to which all competitors, with the exception of the regular service entrants, are compelled to attend. The period of this school is for one week. It is conducted by Army officers from the regular service, and its curriculum follows very closely the Army training regulations.

The second period of the matches is devoted to that part of the program sponsored by the National Rifle Association. This period lasts throughout the second week. During this time all the individual matches, with two exceptions, are fired; also many of the team matches are held. It is during this week that the famous President's Match is fired. Among some of the important matches are The Leach Cup Match, The Wimbledon Cup Match, The N. R. A. Rapid Fire Championship Match, The Marine Corps Cup Match, The Navy Match, all of which are individual competitions. Three important rifle team matches are The Enlisted Men's Match, Roumanian A. E. F. Match, and The Herrick Trophy Match. There are several individual, as well as team pistol matches held during this period.

The third, and final week, of the National Matches is devoted to the four matches over which the War Department has entire supervision. These are The National Individual Rifle Matches, The National Individual Pistol Match, The National Pistol Team Match, and The National Rifle Team Match. These matches are symbolic of the championship of the United States for the particular year in which they are fired.

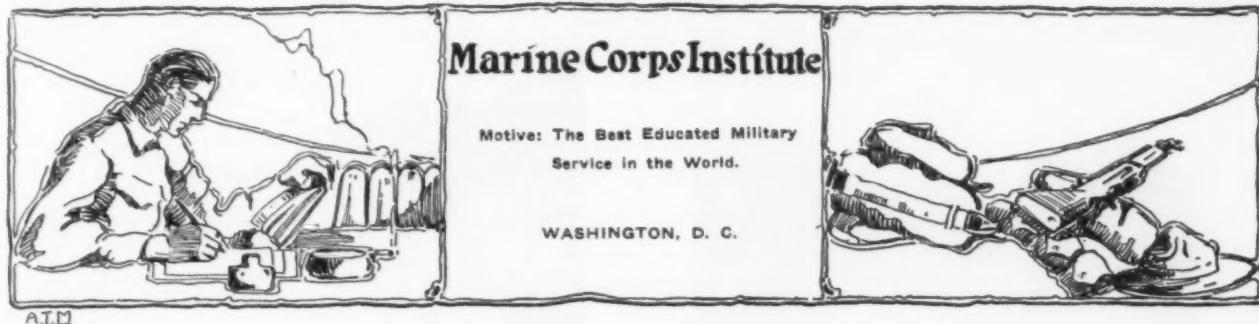
It is evident from the increased number of competitors which come to Camp Perry each year that this form of sport is gaining more popularity every year. There is a steady growth in the interest taken in rifle and pistol shooting, as is evident by these matches. The value of these competitions to the national defense cannot be overestimated. The United States has always had superior marksmen in every war in which it has been engaged; and the National Matches lend a great incentive to the shooters, both young and old, in carrying forward the tradition of expert marksmanship in this country.

Change of Address

FROM time to time we receive letters from readers who state that they have not been receiving *The Leatherneck* and occasionally inferring that we are at fault. Sometimes the fault does lie with us; but not often, for investigation usually brings to light the fact that the subscriber has made a change of address and failed to notify us.

We do our utmost to see that every subscriber receives his *Leatherneck* every month. Change sheets from all the larger posts are carefully checked to keep our circulation files up-to-date, but often when transfers are frequent we lose track of a subscriber for several months and he necessarily loses his copies of *The Leatherneck*. The point that most of us forget is that second-class mail can not legally be forwarded and, if uncalled for, is destroyed at the post office to which it is addressed. With the cooperation of mail orderlies throughout the service we are able to reduce this to a minimum, but still it occasionally will happen that some of our more nomadic subscribers lose out on an issue or two of *The Leatherneck*.

If you fail to receive your copy let us know at once and we will see to it that you do get one. If you change your address let us know your new location and *The Leatherneck* will follow you wherever you are stationed.



ATM

Monthly Report for August, 1929

Total number individuals enrolled	5,480
Total number enrolled since last report	188
Total number disenrolled since last report	549
Number examination papers received during period	2,322
Total number graduates to date	4,253

OPPORTUNITY FOR EVERY MARINE

Aviation Engines Course

The aviation industry is speedily growing into one of the foremost of the industrial groups for which the United States is noted. Contrary to general belief among those who are not connected with the industry, the United States is leading the world in civil aeronautic developments. The production of aircraft in the United States during 1928 was 4,500 and this was a much larger number than in any other country. This country had a greater total of mileage in airplanes flown than all of the European countries together, in 1928; the mileage total was about 70,000,000. Germany leads in passengers carried, but the United States leads in all other forms of air traffic.

When aviation is mentioned, the layman immediately thinks, usually, of merely the flying end of the business. He does not visualize the vast amount of work which must take place on the ground to design, manufacture and maintain the airplanes in service. Flying is only about 10% of the entire business—there must be about 10 men on the ground to one in the air, to serve the industry properly.

These ground men are specialists. Some are welders; some are sheet metal workers; fabric men, field maintenance men—and others specialize on the airplane engine, relative to its overhaul, installation and maintenance. The field of airplane engines is vast—the surface has hardly been scratched, in their development. An enormous amount of research work is going on daily by the Army, Navy, and private and governmental institutions.

The Aviation Engines course offered by the Marine Corps Institute will give a man who actually studies the course a very

good working knowledge of airplane engines. There have been inserted in the course lately a number of books descriptive of the latest practice in overhaul and maintenance of the very latest types of air and water-cooled airplane engines, including the Wright and Pratt & Whitney radial air-cooled engines, and the Curtiss and Packard water-cooler engines. There have been books also inserted in the course descriptive of the latest types of accessories such as the famous Stromberg carburetor and the Scintilla magneto. After a thorough study of this course, a man should be fully equipped to follow through with actual airplane engine work, even though he has not done the work before. Naturally so, part of a correspondence school course is based on theory—and so is the practical course offered by technical schools. Theory is a positively necessary part of any airplane engine course. There are many working parts of an engine of which a man must have a thorough knowledge, although he cannot actually see them at work.

The instructors of the M. C. I. are glad to offer any possible assistance they can to a man who enrolls in this course. They will be glad to answer any questions relative to airplanes and engines that the student may wish to ask, aside from the regular course. If the instructor cannot answer the question through his knowledge due to experience, then he will get the information from other sources. One of our instructors is an airplane and engine mechanic of several years actual experience, a licensed mechanic, and a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers; his services are at the disposal of any Marine who cares to take advantage of them.

The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I AM A GRAMMAR SCHOOL GRADUATE AND WISH TO ENROLL IN THE STANDARD HIGH SCHOOL COURSE.

Rank	Name	Organization	Place
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The clubhouse, situated at Cobb Island



A view of the pier from the clubhouse

The Army, Navy and Marine Corps ROD AND GUN CLUB

REALIZING the need of a real exclusive Hunting Lodge, a beautiful tract of land, with three and one-half acres of waterfront, bordering on the Potomac and Wicomico Rivers, at Cobb Island, Md., has been organized and fully equipped. Only Army, Navy and Marine Corps Officers—active, reserve, or retired—are eligible.

The premises, one and one-half hours of driving from Washington, D. C., has ample harbor facilities for motor boats all the year round. Fresh, sparkling drinking water is obtained from our private artesian well.

In its entirety, this Lodge surpasses anything within a radius of three hundred miles for scenic splendor and facilities for bathing, boating, and duck hunting.

Motor boats are available for all purposes, and for duck hunting, seven modern duck blinds are scattered on the Potomac and Wicomico Rivers. Live decoys and an expert game supervisor and boatsman are at your service. Members are assured of having a pleasant and successful outing.

The Lodge with its 275 feet of veranda, affording views on three sides of the house, is one of the most restful places one could desire. A fine reception room with radio, piano, and card tables awaits your presence. A spacious dining room with a cheery fireplace is open to serve food at all times. The sleeping rooms are cozy and cheerful. Electric lights are provided throughout the Lodge.

Membership No. 1—Fees (to be considered) are \$400.00 a membership for five years, to include: 6 trips per season to duck blinds, fishing privileges, crabbing, bathing, tennis, and croquet. Service of motor boat and attendant, for fishing, \$1.50 per person (minimum charge for boat and attendant, \$5.00), beds and board a la carte. Reimbursement will be made of this membership fee in cases where officers are ordered away or die before the expiration of five years.

Membership No. 2.—\$150.00 per year. Membership includes: 8 trips to duck blinds per season, fishing privileges all year, bathing, tennis, crabbing, and other sports and amusements; beds and board a la carte, motor boat service with attendant for fishing same as No. 1 membership.

Membership No. 3.—\$100.00 per year. Membership includes: 3 trips to duck blinds, fishing privileges, crabbing, tennis, and bathing, etc. Beds and board a la carte. Motor boat and attendant for fishing same as membership No. 1.

Any of the above memberships includes full privileges of the club house. Special boating parties can be arranged, and prices quoted per person or party for these trips.

Members of the club will be permitted to entertain guests at all times at reasonable rates to be determined upon later.

Historically, it is an old land mark, one of the first grants from King George III of England.

The premises will be officially opened on November 1. Officers wishing to join should communicate with Captain J. M. Pearce, Q.M. Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., at once, as the membership is limited. Additional information can be obtained from the resident manager, H. F. Billings.

The Lodge is easily reached from Washington. Drive out Good Hope Road, Anacostia, proceed to Waldorf, to La Plata, turn around hotel at La Plata and follow State Road to Cobb Island sign. Turn right and proceed to long wooden bridge and cross into Cobb Island. Follow special signs to the Lodge.

It is one and one-half hours of delightful driving on wide, concrete roads.

Address all mail to Army, Navy and Marine Corps Rod and Gun Club, Rock Point, Cobb Island, Md.



"Brings that morning smile!"

"Not a scratch in a million."

Old Gold
DOUBLE EDGE
Blades

For Sale at Your Post Exchange

LUCKY PRODUCTS, INC., 35 Prospect Street, Newark, N. J.

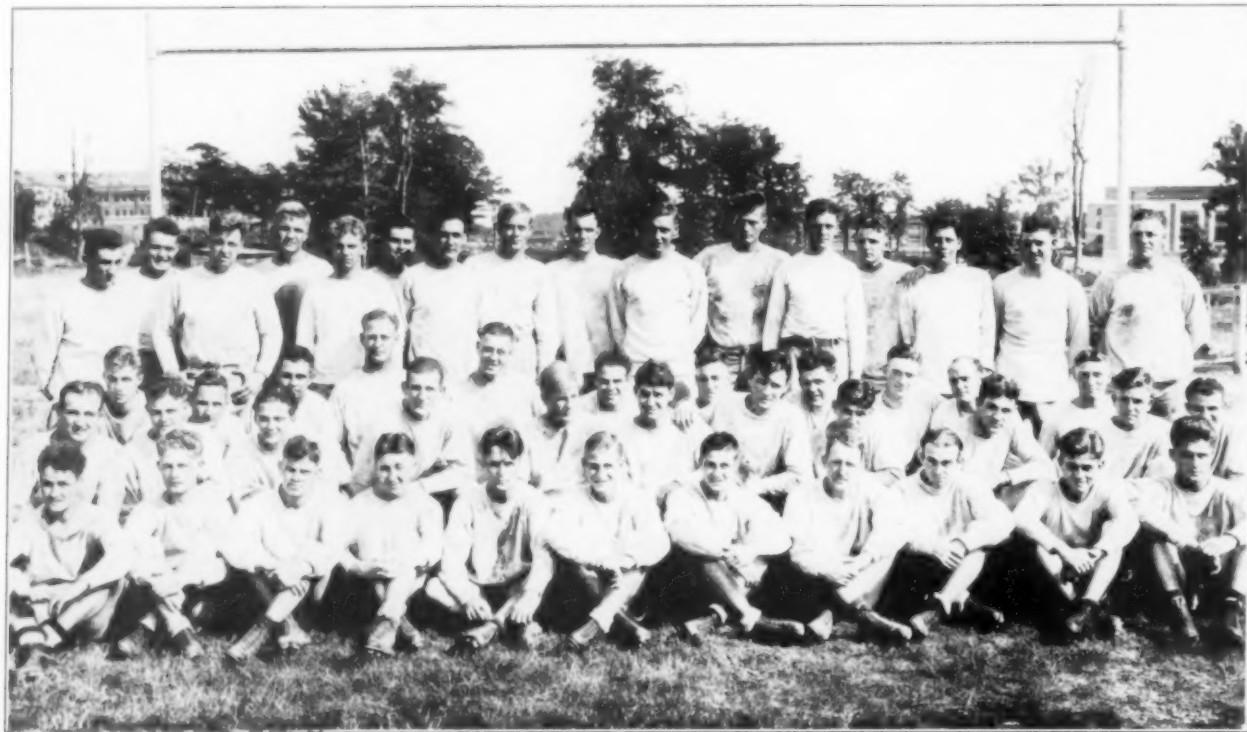
—and now it's here—the long hoped for—never found ('til now) perfect shaving tool. A blade that gives first and always, that shaving comfort so valued by everyone who shaves. One test is worth all of our promises.



Quarters for Marines who do duty in the historic old Quaker City—Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, Pa.



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF MARINE DETACHMENT U. S. S. "GEORGE WASHINGTON," 1918
 This ship carried President Wilson to Brest, France, on December 4, 1918. (1) Major D. H. Miller, (2) Lieut. L. F. Peifer, (3) 1st Sgt. J. T. Homer, (4) Gy. Sgt. J. L. Prater, (5) Sgt. L. Kemper, (6) Sgt. P. Hansen, (7) Sgt. B. V. Clemens, (8) Cpl. J. P. Olsen, (9) Cpl. G. E. Barron, (10) Cpl. W. A. C. Henderson, (11) Cpl. C. E. Fruit, (12) Cpl. H. L. Conrad, (13) Cpl. E. J. Jansen, (14) Cpl. R. C. Hasbrouck.



This season's aggregation of candidates for the Marine Corps Football Team. Photo taken early in September when the warm weather would not permit the wearing of football togs.

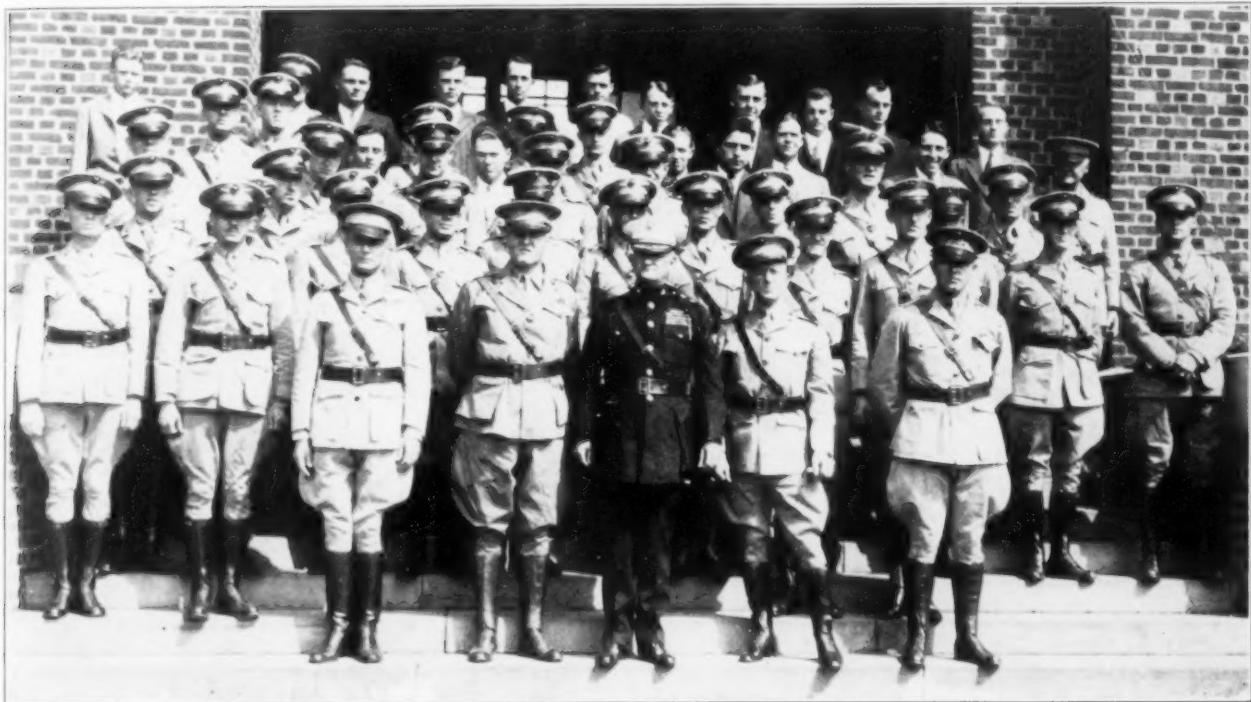


The 1929 Edition of the San Diego Marine Corps Base Football Aggregation for the season of 1929. Coach Blewett (on extreme right) is c

October, 1929

THE LEATHERNECK

Thirty-one



The Major General Commandant at opening of Basic School, Philadelphia. Front row, left to right: Major A. D. Rorex, Col. L. M. Gulick, General Neville, Col. J. C. Breckenridge, and Capt. E. W. Skinner.



(Extreme right) is confident of completing a highly successful season. Accounts of all games are to be furnished the readers of *The Leatherneck*.



Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Lexington." Capt. B. M. Coffenbergh, commanding; 2nd Lt. C. R. Freeman, Junior officer.



MARINE CORPS FOOTBALL TEAM, SCHOOL OF APPLICATION, ANNAPOLIS, MD., 1904

Back row: White, Hogan, Sanderson, Small. 2nd row: Lewis, Burchfield, Bisler. 3rd row: Coyle, Ushur, Willis, Cole, Larned, Hoadley. 4th row: Crist (standing), Conner, Rossell, Moses, Stokes, Burch. (Photo furnished through courtesy of Hon. Wm. Radford Coyle, former Marine officer and now a member of Congress from the State of Pennsylvania.)

"I was fired twice before I woke up"



Liked Mechanical Things Even as a Boy

As a boy it was always Edward T. Adams' great ambition to study engineering at a technical school. But the prospect wasn't very bright. It was difficult enough to make both ends meet in the Adams household without laying money aside to send a boy to college.



Worked as Waiter to Get Education

As Edward T. Adams grew older his desire for a good education became stronger, and by working in the afternoons and at nights he finally saved enough money to enter college. Once there he worked as a dish-washer, waiter and tutor to pay his way through.



Finds It Hard to Hold a Job

After graduation, he started out confidently to get a position and was somewhat surprised when employers did not seem any too eager to put him on the payroll. As a matter of fact, he lost two jobs in less than a year before he saw the need of special training.



Asks His Friends About I. C. S.

"Just about that time," writes Mr. Adams, "I heard about the International Correspondence Schools and I asked some of my friends about it. I was surprised to find how many college men had taken a course with this school to get practical training. So I decided to enroll too."



Finds Just the Help He Needed

"The minute I started on the course I could see that it was the very thing I needed. It gave me a practical knowledge of engineering that I could otherwise have obtained only by long and tedious years of shop work. It really marked the turning point in my life."



Now Mechanical Engineer With Big Concern

Today Edward T. Adams is the Mechanical Engineer in charge of mechanical supervision for the Fairbanks Company at Binghamton, N. Y., and a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He has also patented a number of inventions.

Every mail brings letters from students and graduates of the International Correspondence Schools telling of promotions and increases in salary due directly to spare-time study. We offer you today the same sincere service and the same specialized training that have meant so much to so many other men in the last thirty-eight years. Just mark and mail this coupon and full particulars telling how you can prepare for success in the work of your choice will come to you by return mail.

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The International Correspondence Schools are the oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world.

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- Surveying & Mapping
- Plumbing & Heating
- Radio
- Steam Engineering
- Architect
- Contractor's Blue Prints
- Architectural Draftsman
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- Chemistry
- Pharmacy
- Automobile Work
- Aviation Engines
- Navigation
- Agriculture & Poultry
- Mathematics

AROUND GALLEY FIRES
By "Doc" Clifford
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

The talk around the galley during the last month has been more or less monopolized with the news that the President's Cup is to be locked up by the Navy and there will be no competition this year. It has been generally thought in all sports that where a

cup has been placed for service competition, and the previous winners fail through any reason to meet their opponents, that they forfeit the trophy. Perchance these ideas of mine concerning this matter are old-fashioned and no longer considered in sportsmanship as being essential. Nevertheless, I hope that the time may come when the Navy will feel able to concentrate sufficient effort to show some resistance to the Marines when they come to claim the return of the President's Cup to the place where it can be taken down and competed for against all comers. Both Walt Munson in "Our Navy" and R. O. Ayers in "The Leatherneck" make excellent references to the subject in their September cartoons.

Speaking of "Our Navy," the two September issues are a fine tribute to the desire of the editorial staff to make it the one and only magazine for that branch of the service. Each number is packed from cover to cover with articles and news of greatest interest and is being read by the folks at home quite as much as by their boys in the service. Copied from its last issue was the following interesting portion of a report from the U. S. S. "Maryland" on the visit for entertaining purposes of Miss Ruth Mix, daughter of the famous Tom of movie fame. McElroy evidently made quite a hit evidently in his showing off a Marine's ability to do things.

Miss Mix gave an exhibition of rope throwing and spinning that has made her father the hero of many a "westerner" demonstrating that she is "just a chip off the old block," so to speak. As an added feature to the splendid entertainments presented by the cast of the Rodeo Review, Miss Mix was wont to thrill several of the men in a far different way. Walking aft to the quarter deck Miss Mix started spinning her rope, taking in one Marine Private, McElroy. They were photographed with the rope spinning in a circle. "Mac" wanted a try at the rope spinning stunt, Miss Mix consented, the following morning, the Seattle Daily carried a good sized cut, showing Mac doing the rope act with Miss Mix as his interested onlooker.

Pensacola reports the arrival of several aspiring aviators at the station, including Gy. Sgt. H. B. Jordan, Sergeant Neal G. Williams, Cpl. Stuart C. Stetson (son of the famous John B.). Chaplain Rantz, the editor of the Air Station News certainly keeps the Post well supplied with news, notes, and live information. The last number reveals the fact that he is also a real fighter for he speaks of the fast and furious sport of fencing with foils and sabers being revived on the Station, winding up the announcements by saying, "If you are interested, see Freimuth, or hand in your name to the Chaplain at his office in the Chapel."

Quite a number of newspapers throughout the country carried a photoprint with article describing the splendidly arranged and perfectly accomplished hike of the Mississippi's sturdiest men to the top of Mount Ranier. The Seattle papers gave it big publicity and it will be of greater interest to the large number of Marines who know Chaplain Witherspoon to learn that he was the chief party responsible for the expedition. The Chaplain is always on the lookout for the "extraordinary" to interest, educate, and make pleasant the men to whom he ministers. Athletics have always been his glory, but the lure of an automobile had been so strong at his last post that more than one person joined me in wondering if he really was able to reach the top of Ranier without some assistance. Perhaps his yeoman will vouchsafe this information.

I heard a song at a Kiwanian gathering recently which I feel would make a good one for the "Poem of the Month."

Keep on lookin' for the bright, bright skies,

Keep on hopin' that the sun'll rise;
Keep on singing when the whole world sighs,

And you'll get there in the morning.

Keep on sowin' when you've missed the crops,

Keep on dancin' when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops
And you'll get there in the morning.

Keep on trustin' in the cause of right,
Keep on lookin' to the dawn of light,
Keep on fightin' till you've won the fight,
And you'll get there in the morning.

I pass it on to you and also to Miss Lou Wylie, for "Out O' the Brig" and only twenty-five, she has plenty of days ahead yet if she "keeps on lookin'."

Quantico has a delightful summer camp on the shores of the Potomac at which quite a number of young people have spent many hours. During July and August, Camp Neville entertained the Junior Marines from Washington, a group of Boy Scouts and a splendid contingent of De Molay members from States ranging from Massachusetts to Kansas. Captain Staley in addition to his other heavy duties with the Marine Reserve had charge of the various camps, each of which bear witness to the fact that no person in the Corps could excell the work of the Captain in this capacity. This is always true of Staley. Give him

a job and he puts all that he has into it and the best successes invariably follow.

Away at the back of the water tanks on Quantico's hillsides almost hidden from sight is another camp. Just a clearing in the denseness of the woods beautifully planned and placed is the permanent home and camp of the Boy Scouts of the Post. On the night of my visit, an examination on knot-making was rigidly conducted by Chaplain Casey and the scout officers. Some of the boys displayed a splendid knowledge of the intricate work required in successfully placing the little known knots which are used by experts. The camp possessed a log cabin which when completed will form not only a fine shelter as at present but will also supply them with a real club and assembly hall.

While in Norfolk recently I ran across D. S. Smith, of the old 47th Company; Dennis P. Claypool and William House of the 6th M. G. Company, also L. R. Beasley who was attached to the 20th Company and was an orderly to our popular Medico of the 3rd Battalion, Dr. Hook, who is now at Brooklyn Navy Hospital. I also met Turner Clark in Bradenton, Florida. Turner was a Sergeant and had spent "fifty months to the minute" in Haiti where he was a lieutenant in the Gendarmerie and on the A & I with Major Drum most of that time. Corporal F. R. Smith greeted me on Sunday last at a meeting at which I spoke in the lovely hall of the American Legion, also in Bradenton. Smith has recently returned from China and is busy with his family making the lovely guava jelly for which Palma Sola is famous.

THE ANCHOR WATCH

Old Navy traditions and customs, and routines, which have long been discarded and forgotten, sometimes find their way into the present fiber of daily maritime routine.

The "anchor watch" which was mustered aboard old sailing men-o-war a hundred years ago, is still mustered aboard modern warships, but for a different purpose. A watch for modern battleship anchors weighing 15 and 20 tons, and anchor chains weighing approximately 400 pounds per foot, is no longer necessary, yet the anchor watch is still mustered in at sundown every evening in port.

The anchor watch on board naval vessels is required to be ready throughout the night for a sudden emergency call and gets its name from the custom both in the merchant ships and Naval vessels of days gone by, when particular attention had to be paid to the ground tackle, riding lights, and the anchor chains. The anchor cables then were made of hemp rope, and the riding lights, in which oil was burned, required careful attention. It was the custom then, after all hands had turned in for the anchor watch to watch well the cables lest the ship drag her anchor, or the cable part. The anchor watch of today has other duties to perform, but the name is still retained and the word passed each night for the "Anchor Watch to lay aft for muster!"

(L. J. G.)

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

S. Marine Corps band for a beautifully played concert; to the Little Corporal who so gallantly acted as our aide and conducted the sightseeing tours; and to a very small and very friendly little white dog that greeted us with lavish affection on both of our visits to the Marine Barracks at Washington. Then there is Norfolk, and Lt. Drake, U. S. M. C., who invited us to the Labor Day smoker we herewith again assure of our appreciation of his thoughtfulness; to Lieutenants Hartsell and Monahan who helped make our stay at Norfolk pleasant we say "thank you" and hope they will not forget their promise to give us a chance to reciprocate when they are over New York way; and last but not least to the fourteen sailors and Marines who put on the gloves and gave us a very handsome exhibition of service boxing.

After any trip one always returns with a few outstanding impressions and as we subside into our normal routine we find that amongst the ones that we have garnered is that with Major Brewster's hand at the helm a bright season is ahead for the Marine Corps football team; that the crepe myrtle in bloom around the Washington barracks made us terribly homesick for New Orleans; that there isn't a better trained, better looking or more talented bunch of men gotten together than in the Marine Corps Band; that we envy the Commandant the lovely old brick house that is his home; and that if Lt. Twining is able to carry out his plans for the Leatherneck this fall that it will break an altitude record for excellency in service magazines; that the men stationed at Norfolk all seemed to be exceedingly happy; that Capt. Barto (U. S. S. "Nevada") was extremely proud of his man, Powell, who licked Cardenzia in the 175-pound class; and that the reason we meet so many uninteresting and unattractive men out of the Marine Corps is because just as soon as they are old enough to know what it's all about all the desirable and possible ones make a bee-line for that branch of the service; and what will linger very long in our memory—the sound of the Marine Corps hymn played by the world's best band as we stood

beneath the shade of the beautiful trees that flank the Marine Barracks at Washington; again, we give thanks.

Watch out for Norfolk! We learned while down there that they are tired of not seeing themselves in print oftener in the Leatherneck, and that they are not only going to appoint themselves a special correspondent to keep us advised as to their doings, they are planning smokers, making football schedules, and getting ready in general to create a lot of interesting reading, and put themselves handsomely on the map.

We hate to say it, but we don't like the new slogan the Navy seems to have adopted. "He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," don't belong in the service in sports or any other way.

For a few seconds we stood at the tomb of our Unknown Soldier, in Arlington. White sunlight poured a glittering libation upon the snowy marble. The fresh, sweet summer wind rustled the leaves above him. From the grassy knoll on which he rests we could see, almost visibly pulsating in the clear waves of air that danced between, Washington, the very heart of the country he died serving. It was only for a minute that we stood there, yet we came away as one who has stood at a sanctuary and renewed faith, for so long as that tomb is preserved in its serenic beauty, so long as automobiles wind over endless hill and valley roads bringing weary, dusty people to stand for a few minutes, as we stood, beside him, the Reds can thunder and threaten, the Pacifists can bleat and weep, our Country will pursue her own great way majestically forward for there is yet Patriotism.

SOUVENIR

By Lou Wylie

My treasure is no withered flower close pressed between a thick book's pages, Nor letters yellowing to wordless dust, Nor is it hope that keeps alight a slender taper
Before an altar that is thick with rust. But the gray glint a cruiser makes on the horizon,
And the soft hint of tropic lands that in a warm wind lingers,
These bind you in my memory though but trifles,
Who hold Adventure's coin between your fingers.

And now, just in case any Marines were born in October, it might be good for them to remember that men born in this month are liable to be forgetful, some of them having been known to leave the overcoat in hock until an actual frost, or orders from headquarters reminded them to take it out. They are also known to be extremely superstitious, never wanting to be the third man on any match, and often horning in on a party in order to obviate the necessity of thirteen people sitting down to a dinner. They are of extremely acquisitive disposition, often accumulating large collections of monkeys, cockatoos, henna-colored dogs and any number of people to whom they promise to make allotments. They have frequently been

known to garner cigarette lighters, clothes markers, buttons, blanco, and cigarettes in an absent-minded way that they at times have found very hard to explain. They are also very forgetful, often not remembering to make a telephone call until they have all the poker chips in front of them, or until the waiter appears with the check, and some of them have at times been known to forget that they were married. This latter, however, happens rarely and then generally when they are stationed in China, or the tropics, and have failed to bring their families along to act as a constant reminder. They make excellent husbands whenever they remember that they are married, which is generally when their collection of livestock has grown to such proportions they are commanded to get rid of it, at which time friend wife is generally surprised to receive via express, collect, the aforementioned assortment of monkeys, cockatoos, etc., with probably a live alligator and an ant bear added by way of variety. They are fluent talkers, and in many cases have made use of their oratorical powers to such an extent that their shipmates have dubbed them "sea lawyers," which, however, we think is a little far fetched as most of their monologues are delivered in front of the soda fountain, and they are rarely if ever seen at a bar, due to the fact that it is so much less expensive to empty the barracks fire extinguishers. October's sons will live to a ripe old age, provided they enlist in the service early in life and remain until they are retired, otherwise they are likely to starve to death.

THE RODNEY LAYS OFF

The British drink bill for 1928 was \$1,500,000,000. However, men in the British navy prefer money to grog, judging from the H. M. S. Rodney.

It may sound alarming to prohibitionists to hear that Great Britain spent one and one-half billion dollars for booze; but the British Tar cannot be blamed for its size. The fact that the British Navy is really temperate is attested to by a report recently compiled on the H. M. S. Rodney during fleet exercises in the Mediterranean.

Figures published in the N. Y. Times regarding this great battleship shows that of a total of 962 petty officers and "lower deck ratings" entitled in the British Navy to draw a daily ration of rum, 693 voluntarily gave it up, preferring instead to receive three pence per day as "savings." This is a startling change from conditions a few years ago when there was not a single naval vessel on which even ten per cent of the crew took the money allowance. The British tar is taking to tea in quantity. Fruit drinks, and sodas at newly installed soda fountains are making a great hit. They are sold at a penny per glass (two cents U. S. C.) and it looks like the British Jackie is going strong in "laying off the stuff."

Of course, there will be facetious remarks made about the situation and many jokes about the lady-like attitude of the British may be cracked at mess, but the obvious reason for the sudden change in drinking habits can be attributed more to economy than to any moral sense.

SPORTS

MARINES LOSE NO TIME IN GETTING STARTED AT QUANTICO

When Head Coach Tom Keady gave the command of "line up!" to the forty-five restless football candidates at Quantico on the afternoon of September 3rd, the fight for fame was really on. The field immediately took on a strictly business air. It reminded one much of a college campus. Commands were given, men ran in various directions, going



Sgt. John G. McDonald, in his 3rd year with the squad, is one of the hopes for 1929. It was only a matter of an hour or so before they got going in a way that only Marines can.

Following his usual unique system, Keady did not make a preliminary talk to the men before starting them to practicing. He lets them get down to formations, running and kicking and corrects their errors as he sees them.

The men were divided into three groups and worked separately in different places on the field. Lieutenants Bailey and O'Neil and Sergeant Duncan had charge of the groups and Keady got into a position where he could observe them all.

The men reported on the field in shorts due to the hot weather prevailing at Quantico. These togs proved very comfortable and served their purpose well until the boys could get limbered up a bit and the weather permitted the donning of their regular outfits.

No eliminations have been made from the candidates at this writing, but Keady reports that he will have things shaped up within the next few days where he can pick the 1929 eleven along with his usual number of "seconds."

On October 11th, the squad will journey to Charleston, W. Va., for the first game of the season with the New River State College of Montgomery, W. Va., on October 12th. Keady expects a hard fight from New River, and since it is the first time they have ever appeared on the Marines' schedule, he hopes to have a squad ready to meet the competition.

QUANTICO POST TEAM ENDS SUCCESSFUL SEASON

The Quantico Post team wound up its successful season on August 17, by defeating the Washington Police in a see-saw game that was brought to a happy ending by Eddie Gorman when he poled one of Cox's fast ones to right center for a homer with Moon Munari on base at the time. This was in the last inning. There was one out at the time and the Marines needed two runs to win. The score was 14 to 13. The game was a free hitting contest with Freeman also hitting a homer for the Marines, while Hoffman, the visiting catcher, helped himself to two home runs. Gorman scored five times in as many trips to the plate.

The Quantico team finished its season with a standing of 18 won and 6 lost.

"Zeke" Bailey, the coach of the team and former All-Marine catching and hitting star, led the batters with a good batting average of .450 for the season. Eddie Gorman, Buck Freeman, and Cather also batted well above .300. Freeman led the team in home runs, contributing eight during the season.

The batting and pitching records of the team are as follows:

	AB	R	H	HR	3B	2B	Avg.
Bailey	88	21	40	2	2	7	.455
Gorman	83	33	32	1	3	7	.385
Cather	81	11	30	0	0	5	.370
Freeman	93	28	33	8	3	5	.356
Leifer	14	0	5	1	0	1	.351
Moore	3	1	1	0	0	0	.333
Howell	85	20	26	4	2	3	.306
Smith	41	6	11	1	0	0	.267
Kidd	34	10	9	1	3	1	.265
Casey	24	3	6	0	0	2	.250
Werner	88	20	21	1	1	3	.239
Munari	82	18	18	1	3	0	.222
Levy	10	1	2	0	0	0	.200
Tolan	25	5	5	0	0	0	.200
Vitek	21	5	4	1	1	0	.190
Potts	6	0	1	0	0	0	.166
Ahearn	9	1	1	0	0	0	.111
Cowart	9	0	1	0	0	0	.111

Pitchers' Averages

	Won	Lost	Average
Potts	2	0	1.000
Cowart	1	0	1.000
Kidd	4	1	.800
Smith	7	3	.700
Vitek	3	2	.600

Edward J. Meer, who was recently paid off, would like to hear from some of his former buddies. His address is 337 Gifford Street, Syracuse, New York.

PRE-SEASON FOOTBALL DOPE ABOUT BIG TEAM PLAYERS

By Cpl. R. O. Ayers

The first scrimmage of the Marine team with the University of Maryland was pronounced by Coach Keady as being the best initial scrimmage that any of his Marine teams have had. So all those who have harbored trepidations of this year's team can kind of ease off and look forward to a good season.

The team had only a very few plays, which made things pretty simple for Maryland's defense. Nevertheless, in spite of the lack of a variety these few plays were worked repeatedly for good yardage. Both the individual play and the team coordination were excellent for such an early date in the season. These early season results show that the team has some fine material who have played good football before and need only the team practice to get going in the well known machine-like style.

It is pretty early in the season to start mentioning stars, but there are some players who show a lot of promise. Over half of the team is new men. Some of the old players are Lieutenant O'Neil, MacDonald, Shumway, Carney, Snively, Long, Beatty, Fitzgerald and a few others. These are all old war horses and we know what can be expected of them.

Some of the new players who have shown good stuff are Glick at end, Farrell in the same position, Billingsley and the Poppleman boys in the backfield. Gann at guard, Sittton at center, Horse-collar Pierce, who played on the strong Parris Island teams of a couple of years back, in the backfield, and Standley at guard.

MacDonald of the old guards is due to be discharged in October, but has consented to finish out the season. Aside from his outstanding football ability Mac also is near the top of the average column of the Grub Destroyers League.

The game scheduled with New River on October 12 will give us some dope on what our squad can do in actual competition.

Other games in October are: Davis and Elkins College at Fairmont, W. Va., on the 19th, and St. Xavier College at Cincinnati, on the 26th.

Lt. David F. O'Neil, captain 1929 Squad.



SAN DIEGO MARINE SQUAD FACES TOUGH GRID SCHEDULE

By Don Haislet

Completing a month of intensified football training, during which several new football candidates have been developed into promising material, Coach Johnny Blewett of San Diego Marine base cut his squad to about 25 men the first of September. That is the approximate number he intends to take into his first battle, which takes place September 22 at Kezar Stadium, San Francisco, against the Olympic Club of that city.

Losing 10 of the biggest and best players to Quantico about the first of August was a blow to the coach, who had arranged a tough schedule for 1929, but there remained to the San Diego Marines a handful of men who played on the 1928 team, and it is around this nucleus that the present squad has been built. Fundamentals, work with the tackling dummy and outline of plays, took almost the entire time of the coach during August, when more than 100 candidates were tried out for the squad. During the balance of the time remaining before the opener, the coach will concentrate on perfection of plays and the development of outstanding ability among individuals along particular lines of play.

The photos will give an idea of the personnel of the squad. The large group shows the squad shortly before it was cut. Coach Blewett is shown in a characteristic pose, explaining the intricacies of the game. Donnelly, one of the outstanding kickers of the squad, who will be used extensively for this purpose this year, is shown making a place kick, the ball being held by "Bob" Rose. Both were outstanding men of the 1928 San Diego eleven. The fourth photo might be called the "gathering of the clan," as it shows the coaching personnel at San Diego. On the left is Lieut. Wm. D. Saunders, former Quantico football star, who is assisting with the coaching this year; "Nig" Clark, former Cleveland Indian baseball catcher, coach of the baseball and soccer football teams; "Pim" and "Johnnie" Blewett, and Lieut. "Barney" Watchman, former athletic officer at San Diego, who now is on leave of absence and who was succeeded by Lieut. "Bob" Hunt. Jim Blewett is football coach for Manual Arts High School at Los Angeles, and assisted his brother, John, for a few days at the opening of the season.

The schedule as completed thus far is as follows:

Sept. 22—Olympic Club, Kezar Stadium, San Francisco, Cal.

Oct. 13—Submarine Divisions, San Diego, Calif.

Oct. 20—U. S. Army, 9th Corps Area, Coliseum, Los Angeles, Cal.

Nov. 3—Los Angeles Fire Dept., Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, Cal.

Nov. 24—Naval Training Station, Navy Field, San Diego, Cal.

Besides these five big games will be an Armistice Day game with some ship's

team to be played at Navy Field, San Diego, and three other games to be arranged for as the season progresses. The athletic council at San Diego recently decided to limit the number of games scheduled to nine. The Olympic Club game, of course, is one of the hardest of the year, as most of the members of that eleven are All-American players. The Army game, the service classic of the west coast, is to be an even contest and will see the Leathernecks fighting desperately for the west coast service title. In the Fire Department game, the Gyrenes meet the Firemen, who are under the direction of Blewett's brother, "Bill." Of course, the naval training station game always draws a large crowd in San Diego and will be one of the hard-fought engagements of the season.

won by the sea soldiers. The teams of ten men each lined up for this match, and the first four finished as follows: Marines, 2785; Navy, 2768; Coast Guard, 2754; Marines (second team), 2732. Massachusetts State, a second Navy team a Coast Guard team and three civilian teams trailed the winners.

Matches won by the Marines and the winners are: HAYDEN: Capt. Lienhard, Lts. Presnell, Cutts and Whaling; 1st Sgt. Tillman, Gy. Sgt. Zsiga, Gy. Sgt. Bailey, Sgt. Penley, and Cpl. Hessler and Laine. SERGEANTS: Lt. Cutts, Sgts. Bailey and Penley, and Cpl. Laine. M. C. LONG RANGE: Cpl. Lawrence and Pvt. Midgley. NEIDNER: Cpl. J. C. Cochrane. POWELL: 1st Lt. Gilman. EDWARDS: Cpl. Hessler. CUMMINGS: 1st Lt. Van Orden. ELDREDGE: Gy. Sgt. Blade. WOODMAN: Lt. Hohn. PHELAN: Sgt King. WOOD: Sgt. Crow. COAST ARTILLERY: Cpl. Hessler. ARTILLERY (pistol): Capt. Lienhard, Lt. Whaling, Sgts. Bailey and Huff. PRATT (pistol): Lt. Whaling.

The Navy took four, as follows: ARMY ORDNANCE: Ensign Pyne and GM1cl. Lewis. MILITARY ORDER WORLD WAR: Ensign Pyne. LOMBARD: Ensign S. A. Shephard. HAMLEN: Lt. (JG) Wolleson.

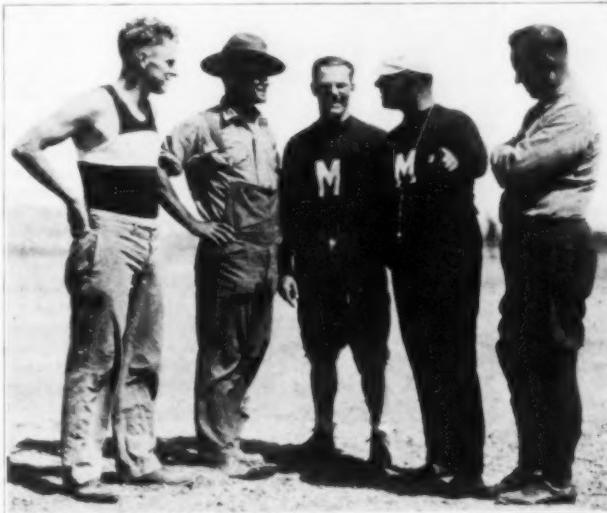
The three matches annexed by the Coast Guard were: ARMY AND NAVY CLUB: Seaman 1cl. Cobb, Ensign Linholm, Radio Mate Simonson, GM2ndel. Roell. DOLBEARE: Ensign Linholm. RATIGAN: Coxwain Catron.

The rifle matches were fired at various ranges, from 200 to 1000 yards, and were usually closely contested. One of the outstanding performances of the meet was the winning of the Dolbeare match by Ensign Linholm of the Coast Guard. He placed 48 of his shots in the bull's-eye at 600 yards before going out of the "black" and broke the record for the Wakefield range at that distance. The former record was forty-seven bull's-eyes.

Another outstanding performance was that made by Lt. R. M. Cutts, Jr., in the Hayden match. This officer made 288 out of a possible 300, the highest score made by any of the 100 participants in the match.

Prominent among the winners were Corporal Victor Hessler, who won the Coast Artillery match by making the highest aggregate score in six matches, and Corporal C. I. Laine, a newcomer with the team, who won places in a half dozen matches and promises to show well at Camp Perry.

Among the winners will be found the names of several shooting veterans, most of whom show no signs of weakening in the art of "holding and squeezing." The Coast Guard, for a new team, made a remarkably good showing. Ch. Marine Gunner H. Baptist, of the Marines, is their coach and he is assisted by Sgt. L. H. Seiler of the Marines. Major Julian C. Smith has good reason to be proud of his team and so has the Marine Corps.



Lt. W. D. Saunders, "Nig" Clarke, Jim Blewett, John Blewett, and Lt. M. Watchman.

All in all, 1929 holds possibilities for the San Diego Marine base never before offered, in view of the high class teams to be met, and Blewett is confident of a highly successful season, despite the loss of his strongest men early in the year.

MARINES WIN SHOOTING HONORS AT WAKEFIELD

Hitting the bull's-eyes with the same frequency as in former years, the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol team won first honors in the annual rifle matches, recently concluded at Wakefield, Mass. Out of the twenty-one matches in which they participated, the crack shots of the Corps won fourteen, while the Navy won four and the Coast Guard three.

The big Hayden Trophy match for riflemen was among their victories, and they also won first honors in the Artillery and Pratt matches for pistol experts. Thus they annexed principal honors of the competition by their skill in the use of both types of firearms.

By their victory in the Hayden Match the Marines won their second leg on the new trophy of that name, which will come permanently into the possession of the team which wins it seven times. The first Hayden trophy has already been

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Vallejo, Calif.—Jimmy Lombard, ex-Marine and former All-Service featherweight champion of the Asiatic Fleet, Orient, and Far East, kayoed Joe Gomer in the third round of a four-round bout at the Sports Auditorium. Both boys are junior lightweights. Jimmy's bout was the feature of the card, handing the Mexican boy a neat beating before stenciling the K. O.

Vallejo, Calif., 1 August.—Ernie Lundgren of Santa Rosa won the decision over Tony Compos of Vallejo, four rounds at the Sports Auditorium here. Compos is a former Leatherneck and will long be remembered for his great battles on the coast and in the islands some few years ago.

Wilmington, Calif., 31 July.—Tommy Lyons, ex-Marine of Denver, Colo., won the decision from Bob Martin of San Francisco, Calif., after four hard rounds. They are both welterweights. Smiling Irish Tommy served at the Marine Barracks, San Diego, where he won the featherweight championship of the Eleventh Naval District four years ago. Tommy will also be remembered for his great ring battles around the U. S. Battle Fleet, 1926-1927 while a member of the Marine Guard, U.S.S. "New Mexico."

"Shanghai has ordered a carload of macaroni from Canadian wheat by a Lethbridge firm. The shipment will be the first of its kind to the Orient."

This sign was later seen in a window of a Chinese restaurant at Shanghai, China: "40 Yards of Macaroni for 10c."

Richard Halliburton swam the Panama Canal, forty-six miles, by easy stages in 1928. The Government forced him to pay a tonnage tax at Gatun Lock.

Oakland, Calif., 31 July.—Benny Hill, former Marine of Los Angeles, won from Max Baer of San Jose in four rounds. The men are lightweights. Hill formerly served at San Diego, Mare Island, and Pearl Harbor, T. H. At that time he boxed as a middleweight. He was honorably discharged in 1924 at the Marine Base, San Diego.

Ethlyn Claire, Wampas baby star of 1929, joined the Marines August 1, as an honorary member of the 307th United States Marine Corps Reserve.

San Rafael, Calif., 1 August.—Bob Martin of Fairfax, Calif., kayoed Marine Eldred of Mare Island in the first round of a four-round bout. The men are welterweights.

San Rafael, Calif., 1 August.—Frank Conway, of San Francisco, won the decision from "Young Marine" Rabbe of Mare Island after six hard, fast rounds of clever boxing. They are junior lightweights.

National Hall, San Francisco, 4 September, 1929.—Bernie Grand of San Francisco, won from Marine George Darnilla of Mare Island Navy Yard in four rounds by a decision.

MARINES HELP LANDING OF GRAF ZEP AT LOS ANGELES

By Don Haislet

Under command of Capt. C. W. LeGette, assisted by First Lieut. Ralph C. Albruger and Second Lieut. Robert A. Olson, a detail of 127 Marines were sent from the San Diego base to Mines Field, Inglewood, California, August 24, with about 300 sailors from the naval training station, to assist in the handling and guarding of the Graf Zeppelin, which landed there Aug. 26 on its "round the world" trip. The photographs shown herewith are snap shots taken at the field and will give some idea of the



Graf Zeppelin anchored to mooring mast at Hines Field, Los Angeles.

enormous size of the big airship, which measures 776 feet in length.

A model camp was established at the field, the Marines occupying about 40 tents while 86 were used to house the naval contingent. Besides the quarters, a hospital tent, battalion headquarters, officers' quarters, mess tents and galley and a post exchange tent were erected for the four days that the detachment remained in camp. The work of establishing the camp was done rapidly, the special train arriving at the field at 2 p. m. and all the men being assigned to quarters by 7 that evening, during which time dinner and supper were served.

The Graf arrived over Mines Field at exactly 2:00 a. m. Monday, August 26, but did not land until 5:30 a. m., Dr. Eckener waiting until that hour to secure perfect landing conditions, which prevailed. There was practically no wind and the air was heavy with moisture, and as soon as the grappling ropes were tossed to the waiting Marines and sailors, the giant air liner settled gently to the ground.

The take-off, however, was not accomplished so easily. Through an error in calculation of distance, the ship attempted to rise so close to the high tension electric lines that the lives of the passengers and thousands who witnessed the take-off were imperiled for a few minutes, and in raising the nose of the big dirigible to clear the wires, the tail of the Zep scraped the ground for sev-

eral hundred feet and slightly damaged the rudder, although not seriously enough to cause the ship to land again. The ground crew, of course, could do nothing to avert the threatened disaster, but by excellent maneuvering, the pilot of the huge ship was able to avoid the tragedy, and the Zeppelin swung around and flew over the field before taking off for Lakehurst.

The Marines and sailors were held at the camp for a day following the departure of the airship at midnight Tuesday, and arrived at the San Diego base Wednesday, August 28.

LEVEY ATTRIBUTES SUCCESS TO MARINE CORPS ATHLETICS

In a letter to Major Brewster, athletic officer of the Marine Corps, Jimmy Levey stated that he owed the Corps a great deal for his berth with the St. Louis baseball team.

"Have been getting along fine," he writes concerning his playing with the Tulsa Club, "and have my heart set on going up, and can attribute a large part of my success to date to you, and am very grateful.

"Will never forget what you have done for me, Major, and words cannot express my thanks to you. Your letters of advice while on the New England trip and your backing up of my playing, etc., will always be remembered by me no matter where I go. . . .

"Will never in my life forget the time that I spent in the Corps and everything that I have gained and hope to attain is due to the training I received there. There will never be any regrets for me of the time I spent there, and wouldn't take a million dollars for what I have learned from it, and if it had to be gone all over again would gladly be back on the job."

QUANTICO FOOTBALL TEAM TO PLAY FIREMEN OF BALTIMORE

By Edward A. Callan, Sgt. Maj., U. S. Marine Corps, Retired.

Major General Smedley D. Butler, Commanding General at Quantico, and Mayor William F. Broening of Baltimore, Md., have through their representatives, respectively, arranged for a game to be played at the Baltimore Stadium on the afternoon of Saturday, November 16th, between the football teams of the Baltimore City Fire Department's Firemen and the Quantico Post's team of Marines.

Mr. Charles A. Jording, president of the Baltimore City Fire Commissioners, accompanied by Doctor John J. McGinity, fire commissioner, and Mr. P. W. Wilkinson, secretary to the fire board, motored to Quantico, but recently and enroute while passing through Washington they were joined by Major D. L. S. Brewster, officer in charge of Corps athletics. Arriving at Quantico the party were in conference with General Butler, who agreed to allow the post team to engage in the scrimmage which is now officially scheduled for the 16th of November. The City of Baltimore is enthused at the prospect of having the husky team from Quantico meet their fire-eating firemen's team, and it is a safe bet that the Baltimore Stadium will seat a record breaking attendance on the 16th of November, especially when the mayor of such a big city as Balti-

more promises to root tooth and nail for his home team. That Mayor Broening has the citizens with him is but putting it mildly and in addition the fact that Major General Smedley D. Butler will personally head the Marine contingent of rooters from Quantico is an inspiration to any person who will be so lucky as to witness this coming big event. Major General Smedley D. Butler and Mayor William F. Broening, of Baltimore, are friends of years standing. Each one of them are ready boosters for everything that pertains to the furtherance of clean sport. Those residing in these parts who are now in a reserve or retired status or now in civil life having been formerly on active duty in the Corps should attend this game. It will be one long to be remembered.

MARINE CORPS BASEBALL TEAM PRESENTED WITH WATCH CHARMS

"Upon the conclusion of the Marine Corps baseball schedule on 12 June, 1929, the jewelry firm of Herbst and Klein of Norfolk, Va., presented to the individual players, manager, coach and athletic officer engraved, gold baseball watch charms in recognition of their outstanding success on the diamond this year.

The donation was consummated through the interest of Mr. J. B. Seymour, a representative of the above firm who will be remembered as an ex-Marine.

Mr. Seymour, while in the service played on various Marine Corps baseball teams.

It is regrettable that the baseballs arrived after the team had disbanded, whereby it became necessary to forward them to the recipients. This precluded the possibility of making the presentation a formal one and entitled to the publicity to which it was entitled.

DISKS FROM CAMP PERRY

The Marine Corps rifle and pistol team, finishing third in the events fired at Camp Perry, Ohio, made a creditable showing. The U. S. Infantry team was first with a score of 2775; Engineers, second, 2752; Marines, third, 2741; Coast Guard, fourth, 2709; Navy, fifth, 2698; Cavalry, sixth, 2656; Organized Reserves, seventh, 2651.

For the third consecutive year the 1st Regiment, USMC, won the Rumbold Trophy in the regimental championship match, scoring 553 out of 600.

A summary of some of the other matches is as follows: Leech Cup Match (individual), won by Sergeant Carl J. Cagle, USMC. Wimbledon Cup Match (individual), won by P. J. Roberts, Washington N. G. 600-yard Any Rifle Match, won by G. N. Upshaw, California civilian. Camp Perry Instructors' Trophy Match (individual), won by L. J. Price, Washington civilian; Sergeant Harvey R. King, USMC, second. NRA Individual Pistol and Revolver Championship Match, won by H. W. Hill, St. Louis, Mo., police; Gy-Sgt. Melvin T. Huff, USMC, third. NRA Rapid Fire Championship Match (individual), won by M. L. Moore, Infantry team. Marine Corps Cup Match (individual), won by R. W. Ballard, Colorado civilian; Capt. Jacob Lienhard, USMC, third. The Scott Match (individual), Cpl. Aldwin B. Lawrence, USMC, third. The Wright Memorial (individual), won by member of Michigan N. G. team; Marines took

second and third places. The President's Match (individual), won by Ensign C. E. Coffin, U. S. N. Chemical Warfare Match (individual), won by R. G. Hansen, Utah civilian. Navy Match (individual), won by Ensign D. L. McDonald, USN.; Marines took second place. United Service Match (trophy awarded to 20 high competitors from any service team squad, National Guard and Civilian, in the President's Match—the aggregate of the twenty competitors considered as team score), won by Marine Corps team. Enlisted Men's Team Match, won by U. S. Navy team; Marines second. The A. E. F. Roumanian



"Bob" Rose holding ball; John Donnelly kicking. Two promising players on the 1929 San Diego team.

Trophy Match (team of six), won by the Infantry team; Marines, second. Rapid-fire Pistol Match (individual), won by 1st Lieut. R. T. Presnell, USMC.; Capt. J. Lienhard, USMC, second. Herrick Trophy Match (8-man team), course: 15 shots for record per man at each range, 600, 900 and 1,000 yards, won by Marine Corps team. Members' Match (individual), won by L. A. Springle, U. S. Cavalry. The Crowell Match, won by Cpl. S. Hicks, U. S. Infantry.

On September 9th, the Marines won and retained the gold cup emblematic of the National Pistol Team Championship. In winning this event for the third consecutive year, the Marines shot a score of 1286, defeating thirty-three other competing teams. Individual scores of the team were: Lieutenant R. T. Presnell, 263; Lieutenant William J. Whaling, 265; Lieutenant Lewis A. Hohn, 248; Gy-Sgt. Henry M. Bailey, 251; 1st Sergeant Melvin T. Huff, 259.

The National Individual Championship, carrying with it the Daniel Boone Trophy, was won by Sergeant Jens B. Jensen, U. S. Cavalry. Sergeant Paugh, U. S. Infantry, and Captain J. Lienhard, USMC, were second and third respectively, with the same score, 281, as the winner, but Jensen was able to keep most of his shots in the inner circle of the bull's eye.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Marine George Danilla of the Mare Island Marines won from Sailor Anderson of Goat Island, Naval Station, 12th Naval District, San Francisco, in the first round of a six-round bout at the Vallejo Boxing Arena, on September 6th, 1929, by a knockout.

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Vallejo Boxing Arena, 6 September, 1929.—Marine Claude Emory of Mare Island knocked out Battling Jones, tough colored welter of Oakland, California, in the second round of a four-round bout here tonight.

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On Monday, August 12th, Glen Huckaby (138), former Marine, evened the score with Willie Norwood, 145 lbs., in an eight-round semi-final at Birmingham, Ala. Huckaby's wicked left hook gave him the margin. In their meeting two weeks ago, Norwood was officially awarded the verdict, although "The News" and many of the fans present gave the nod to the ex-Marine.

* * * * *

The following day, Huckaby journeyed to Fort Benning, where he took on "Doubtin" Thomas, 137 lbs., for six rounds. Huckaby informs us that Thomas' commanding officer was the third man in the ring and the fight ended in a draw.

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George Danilla, Mare Island Marine, won the decision in a four-round set-to from Bernie Grand, light-heavyweight.

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In one of the weekly bouts at Vallejo during the past month, Marine Emory took the three-round opener from Sailor Red Vickeroy.

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On another card, Marine Rex Gannon gave a good pasting to Sailor "Frenchy" Alamon in what was supposed to settle the service lightweight championship of Mare Island. The referee stopped the slaughter in the third canto.

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Marine Rex Gannon was given the nod over Marine Johnny Lombard in two previous close contests for the lightweight championship of the Marine Barracks. Lombard will be remembered as the former champ of the 16th Naval District.

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Louis Brunelle, former Marine back, has signed as player-coach for the Northerns, Washington, D. C.

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The Illinois State Athletic Commission has just issued an order requiring promoters to have two stretchers at the ringside to remove knockout victims.

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Marines of the U. S. S. "Pittsburgh" recently won the Asiatic Fleet championships and were awarded gold medals with the congratulations of the Admiral Commanding.

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Pfc. Thomas W. Spurgeon took first place in the 100-yard backstroke feature. This Marine, together with Pvt. Clarence Wales, Jr., Pvt. Howard E. Biggar, and Pvt. John Glatki, also won the four-man four hundred yard relay.

PVT. E. B. FOGLEMAN LEADS SERVICE LEAGUE
By Don Haislet

Pvt. E. B. Fogelman of the San Diego Marine Corps base led the 11th Naval District summer service baseball league with a batting average of .409 for the season just closed. He now is attached to the athletic squad as rubber for the football team, awaiting the opening of the spring baseball season shortly after the first of the year.



E. B. Fogelman has two years in the Marine Corps, during both of which he has distinguished himself as an outfielder. Playing in the 1928 season with the Sixth Regiment at Tientsin, he finished fourth in the batting order in the North China League, and went through the season without an error. At San Diego this last year, his errors were few and any ball going into "Fogey's" field was considered "in the well."

Prior to his Marine Corps service, he spent four years in the Navy, where he was centerfielder for three years. He filled this position with the Pacific fleet team in Panama in 1923, and later with the U. S. S. "Arizona." He is "big time" material, and has a baseball record of which he is justly proud.

"SAMMY" BRAUNSTEIN K. O.'S TWO OPPONENTS

"Sammy" Braunstein, well known Marine boxer and former lightweight champion of the Marine Corps, is coming to the limelight again. In two late fights at the Coliseum in San Diego, he took his opponents for a nice sleeping trip early in the matches. He knocked out Pete Palmas of San Diego in the second round at the Coliseum in July, and early in August he met Clarence Elliott, colored fighter from Los Angeles, who had won nine straight matches, knocking him out in the first two minutes of the first round. He now is being billed regularly at the Coliseum, where he is appearing in semi-finals, and is making a great name for himself locally.



"Sammy" Braunstein has seven years in the Marine Corps, and has been fighting all the time. He fought in Quantico, Philadelphia and other East coast cities, and while he was a member of the mail guard he fought at Spokane, Wash., and Great Falls, Mont. As a member of the Fourth

Regiment at Shanghai, he was a popular boxer. He got his start as an amateur in New York City, his home.

MARINE WINS CHAMPIONSHIP IN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Donald M. Beeson, San Diego Marine Corps Base, was the champion singles tennis star of the 11th Naval District in 1929. He is shown receiving the congratulations of Colonel Harry R. Lay, commanding officer of the San Diego base, immediately after his final game in which he vanquished his opponent, Gee, of the Naval Air Station.

Beeson was one of three participants in the tournament who went through the season undefeated in singles, and championship matches were arranged for the trio. On Saturday, August 24, Beeson



Col. Harry R. Lay congratulates Pvt. Donald M. Beeson, champion singles tennis player, 11th Naval District, San Diego, Calif., Sept. 11.

defeated Willis of the Naval Operating base, 6-3, 6-0, 6-0, and on Monday following he beat Gee with scores of 6-2, 6-0, 6-2, to definitely establish his championship.

In the doubles division of the tournament, the finals found the Naval Hospital, Marine Base and Naval Air Station tied for first place, victory attended the efforts of Naval Air, which took that division of the race. Beeson is recognized as the outstanding service tennis star, and one of the foremost netsters in San Diego.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONS AT PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

Second Lieutenant J. S. E. Young, U. S. M. C., won the Singles Championship, and he and Lieutenant (jg) J. H. Griffin, U. S. N., won the Doubles Championship in the Pensacola Tennis Tournament held recently on the Municipal Courts at Bay View Park. The doubles team won with comparative ease, but the singles matches were another story, though the result was never seriously in doubt. Mr. Stewart, of Pensacola, the runner-up, made a game bid for the championship in the first set of the finals, which he won. But Lieutenant Young's stamina and experience were too much for him after that and the next three sets went to the Navy. Lieutenant Young was No. 2 man in the tennis rating at the Naval Academy and Captain of the tennis team in his senior year.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Chatford, the promising colt for which J. L. Johnson paid \$25,000, was sold at auction about a year ago by Charles Leonard, owner of the Newtondale stable, for \$450.

Walter Johnson's fast ball, timed by a scientific apparatus in 1913, was found to travel 123 feet a second, which is about 102 miles an hour.

Joseph Kent of Rochester, N. Y., recently drove a golf ball into the cockpit of an airplane while it was flying over a golf course at Ocean City, Md. By virtue of the plane's interception the drive is believed the longest on record.

Jack Rex, former sergeant of Marines, and lightweight boxer, after serving ten years in the Corps, joined the Philadelphia police force in 1924. Jack used to be on the U. S. S. "Florida." He fought them all and was known as the tough Marine from the "Gator" ship.

At Camaguey, Cuba, 1921, Corporal Post of the 7th Regiment Marines won the welterweight boxing championship of the West Indies by stopping Ponce De Leon of Cuba in two rounds.

At Parris Island, S. C., 1920, Marine Joe Hissem won the middleweight championship of the Marine Corps from Battling Marine Curley. Hissem later fought the lightweight champion of Cuba at Camaguey in 1921. He won the decision but there was no title at stake.

Battling Curley fought all over the United States while he was a member of the Roving Marines.

Those who served with the North Atlantic fleet during the dark days of 1917-18, will remember the "Fighting Mick," Sergeant H. E. Coyne, of the U. S. S. "Melville," flagship of the mine forces in European waters. Coyne won the welterweight boxing championship of the Allied Sea Forces afloat, 1919.

Paddy O'Brien, fighting Marine middleweight and pride of the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "North Dakota," was a badly beaten Leatherneck at the end of the second round in his bout with Sailor Murphy of the U. S. S. "Olympia." At the end of the second round the Marine remarked to his buddies: "Well, fellows, the Irish should win this one, and don't any of you guys throw in that towel—it's dirty—find a clean one!"

The manager of the San Francisco Seals announces that he has signed "Chuck" Auby, crack third sacker for the Mare Island Marines. It is also rumored that some of Auby's teammates are also to get tryouts in the Pacific Coast League—"Rube" Seaton, "Tex" White, and Shortstop Surrett.

Earl Smith, shortstop for the Birmingham Barons—Southern Association champs for 1929—played ball for the Norfolk Navy Yard Marines and the Guantanamo Bay Marines during his enlistment in the Corps, 1921-1925.

October, 1929

THE LEATHERNECK

Forty-one

SHORTS ON SPORTS

E. K. Roberts of Ventura, Cal., established a new world record of 257 hits for 1,293 score at the United States archery tournament recently held at Santa Barbara.

Major Gen. Abner Doubleday, who originated the game of baseball, laid out the first playing field at Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1839.

Leo Ostenberg, who used to cavort around third base for the Mare Island Marines a few years back, is now going like wildfire for the Wichita team of the Western League. "Ostey" is playing third sack for the Wichita team, hitting the ball at a terrific rate, while in the field he is one of the best infielders in the league.

Ostenberg started out with the Hollywood team of the Coast League this season and will finish the last month with the Hollywood aggregation.

Clarence Ross of New York nosed out Frank Pritchard of Buffalo in the last hundred yards of the three-mile swim to set a new world's record for the distance of 1 h. 14 m. 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. on the final day of the Canadian National Exhibition.

One of the features of the big league season has been the pitching of Ed Morris with the Boston Red Sox. Morris did duty with the Marines at Pensacola, Florida, in 1919, and last season was easily the pitching "find" of the season, turning in eighteen victories and fifteen losses for an eighth place club.

Ty Cobb was the batting champion of the American League in twelve seasons, Honus Wagner in the National eight seasons and Hornsby, so far, in seven years.

Promoters of bull fights in San Sebastian, Spain, tired of the sameness of the sport, have now placed the toreador on a motorcycle.

The famous English Derby at Epsom Downs has been won four times by Americans—Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois, 1881; W. C. Whitney's Volodyovski, 1901; Richard Croker's Orby, 1907, and H. B. Duryea's Durbar II, 1914.

The record number of errors made in a single game by a big league team is attributed to the White Sox, who perpetrated twelve muffs against the Tigers in 1903.

Maurice Thompson, California archer, once broke twenty-eight out of thirty-six glass balls tossed in the air—a feat hardly to be equaled by the best rifle shots.

Leo Ostenberger, who served in the Marine Corps from 1922 to 1926, was obtained from the Portland team of the Pacific Coast League by the Wichita Western League Club. Ostenberger played with Hollywood last season, participating in sixty-one games and batting .294.

PEKING MARINES WIN BASEBALL TROPHY FOR THIRD TIME

For the third consecutive time the Peking Marines came through and copped the cup offered by the North China Star. This gives the team permanent possession of the trophy and the championship of North China.

The Peking boys, coached by Lieutenant Waller, made a creditable showing, and clinched the race when there were still four games left to finish out the season.

One of their more recent achievements was to take the Army for two straight falls, 5 to 1, and 10 to 3. Brown, pitching for Peking, wasn't at all generous with hits, and the soldiers were able to garner only three, which netted the single run. Porter, the big Gyrene who



North China Star baseball trophy, which the Peking Marines have won for the third time, giving them permanent possession.

holds down first base, gave a practical demonstration of what the well-fed ball player should do with the stick. He bumped out a couple of doubles and a single, and what can be more perfect than a perfect day in the field? Credit him with twelve put-outs, one assist and no errors. In fact, no errors were made by any of the Peking bunch.

In the second game the hit-hungry Marines devoured everything the soldier twirlers offered. They cracked out seventeen safeties to score ten runs. It was a wild game of home runs and errors. Each club made four boots, and the Leathernecks put out three circuit clouts, Moore, Hrisko, and Cushman. Long was the big stick artist. He collected four hits out of five trips to the plate, scoring two runs.

Lieutenant Waller is to be congratulated on the success of his team, even if it is exactly as we expected.

This year's pennant will be the twelfth in the National League by Chicago. The others were in 1876, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1885, 1886, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1910 and 1918.

"YOUNG" AMATO TRANSFERRED FOR EAST COAST DISCHARGE

By Don Haislet

Completing a four-year cruise which is filled with successful boxing matches, "Young" Amato, out of the ring James Amato, was transferred to Quantico from the San Diego base last month for discharge on the east coast. The picture shows him in his fighting pose, which has stood him in good stead on many occasions during his cruise.

Amato gained his first fame as a light-weight boxer while attached to the Sixth Regiment at Tientsin. Later he was transferred to the Fourth at Shanghai, and never failed to give the fans at the service smokers a lot of excitement during his events. His press notices indicate that he is an aggressive, able boxer, usually fighting on the offensive and always anxious to "mix it up" with his opponents.

On the trip home from China aboard the "Henderson" early this year, Amato won the semi-final bout of the regular home-coming smoker from Hasfield of the "Henderson," and after coming to San Diego he won two of his fights at the Coliseum and fought "Mickey" Green to a draw at a base smoker. In a previous mix with Green, Amato lost the bout on a called foul.

Throughout his service, he has maintained an excellent physical condition and has shown himself to be a fighter well above the average in his class.

SERGEANT MAJOR ALLEN COMPLETES 30 YEARS

Sergeant Major Wheeling J. Allen, U. S. Marine Corps, was retired on pension Wednesday, August 15, at the completion

of 30 years of service in the Marine Corps. His promotion as sergeant major came shortly before his discharge with full honors.

A battalion parade was formed in his honor at the Marine Corps base in San Diego the day of his retirement, and all officers of the base attended. He was congratulated by the commanding officer and others, and the ceremonies paid tribute to his excellent military career.

Sgt. Maj. W. J. Allen A letter from Maj. Gen. Commandant W. C. Neville, commenting upon Allen's retirement, said, in part: "You have served your country long and faithfully in a manner which has reflected credit to yourself and to the Corps, and it is my sincere hope that the coming years may bring you much happiness."



**SAT ON A HOT STOVE?**

A diplomatic attache found his work piling up in neglect, due to his endless social engagements. Finally he resolved to cut them all out until he was cleared up. That very day a French lady of great charm insisted that he attend her small dinner that night.

"No, Madame, I am very sorry; I can have no more social engagements. I have burned my bridges behind me."

"Ah, Monsieur, I am so sorry! But I could lend you a pair of Henri's, no?"

—Boston Transcript.

James: "How did you like Venice?"

Archibald: "I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded!"—The Humorist.

"What's this big volume?"

"Oh, that's 'Songs the Soldiers and Sailors sing'."

"And what's this little pamphlet?"

"That's the expurgated edition."

—Recruiter.

Farmer: "When's the next train north?"

Station Agent: "In an hour."

Farmer: "When is the next train south?"

Station Agent: "Fifty minutes."

Farmer: "All right, Mirandy, we can get across the tracks now."

—Mountaineer.

Inquisitive Old Lady: "Where did those large rocks come from?"

Tired Guide: "The glaciers brought them down."

"But where are the glaciers?"

"They have gone back after more rocks."—Hurty-Peck.

Inspecting the ranks of his company, the captain found one private standing stiffly at attention.

"Hey, you," he said, "you're at ease."

"I am not, sir," the recruit retorted snappily. "I never tease anybody."

—Am. Legion.

"When Mike arrived home in San Pedro, he fell on his face and kissed the pavement of our native city."

"Emotion?"

"No, banana skin."—Salvo.

AN UNFAIR EXCHANGE

A young college couple who had just recently been married had received lots of nice wedding presents after establishing their home in the suburbs. One morning in the mail they received two theater tickets together with a note which read: "Guess who sent these?"

At the duly appointed time the young couple went to the theater, returning late in the evening. To their astonishment everything in the house of any value had been carried away. On a large bare table in the dining room they found this note: "Now you know."—Hurty-Peck.

The stately old aristocrat was approached somewhat cockily by a rich and vulgar young man, who announced: "I say, sir, I am thinking of marrying one of your girls. Have I your permission?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Which one interests you? The maid or the cook?"—Transcript.



"What! You say Bill died of aeroplane poison? How much?"

Stillson Wrench Steve: "One drop."

An exchange says a wagon maker who had been dumb for years picked up a hub and spoke. Yes, and a blind carpenter on the same day reached out for a plane and saw; a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt; a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.

—Granite Service.

TAKE A HARP WITH HER?

It was their first airplane ride, and the young woman of the party felt quite nervous.

"You will bring us back safely, won't you?" she said to the pilot, with a rather faint smile, as they were about to start.

"Of course I will, miss," he assured her, touching his leather helmet. "I've never left anybody up there yet."

—Boston Transcript.

Hick—"Does your wife do all her own washing?"

Heck—"Yep, all but her back."

—N. T. S.

Cop—"Sam, you say here that you are a prize fighter."

Sam—"Yassah, boss, ahs fighting the prize ah married last year."—N. T. S.

Sergeant (posting guard): "Understand? You halt him three times, and then, if he don't halt, shoot."

Recruit: "Yes, sir, but how many times do I shoot if he halts the first time?"—Fifth Corps News.

"I believe that you should have an alienist examine your son."

"Not me. An American doctor is good enough for me."—Hurty-Peck.

At a certain post they were standing by to receive the American Minister, Mr. MacMurray. All the bright work was shined and the outfit was drilled in true Marine style. No detail was overlooked even to the private on watch.

His orders were explicit. "When you see his car standing in, call out the guard for the American Minister."

But this is how he did it: "Call out the guard! The American Preacher!"

—Bamboo Breezes.

Traffic Cop: "But, my dear lady, why didn't you signal?"

Female Driver: "There is no signal for what I wanted to do."—Punch.

"You're scared to fight."

"I ain't; but me mother'll lick me."

"An' how'll she know?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."—Wash. Star.

INCREDIBLE

Who hasn't been so mystified at times as even to disbelieve the evidence of his own eyes?

Some whippet races had been held in a Lancashire town, and in consequence the third-class coaches of the local trains were crowded.

An old lady put her head out of the car window to obtain a better view of the scenery. Hearing a bark, she looked along the train and saw a dog's head projecting from one of the coaches.

Shutting the window with a bang and an exclamation of disgust, she stalked to the opposite side of the coach, when, upon looking out, the first thing that met her gaze was a dog's tail wagging violently from an adjacent compartment.

Banging the window closed, she said, emphatically, "I don't believe it!"

—Kablegram.

"Say, stupid, why all the stuttering in your sleep?"

"Well, I was having an argument about whether a doctor doctoring another doctor, doctored the doctor as the doctor wanted the doctor to doctor him or whether he doctored the doctor just as he wanted to doctor a doctor who needed doctoring by a doctor who made a business of doctoring doctors but I woke up before I finished the argument."

—Fifth Corps News.

The man in the street paused and looked hard at the other shuffling along in the gutter. His second glance assured him.

"Do you know your sandwich-boards are turned the wrong way about?" he asked.

The man who was employed to advertise in the street turned and regarded his interrogator dispassionately:

"Of course I know it," he returned, with scathing directness. "You don't suppose I'm going to work in me lunch-hour, do you?"—Ballast.

The local pawnbroker was aroused at 4 a. m. by a telephone call.

"What time is it?" asked a voice.

"What do you mean by ringing me up at this unearthly hour to ask the time?" cried the pawnbroker.

"Well, you've got my watch," came over the wire.—Recruiter.



Drill Instructor: "Where does the bullet leave the rifle?"
Recruit: "In me ands."

Recently there was a distinct earthquake shock which disturbed a small western city and rocked the municipal building so that the councilmen, then in session, left without the usual ceremonies.

The clerk, a man of rules and regulations, was hard put to give his minutes the proper official tone. Finally he evolved this masterpiece: "On motion of the city hall, the council adjourned."

—Exchange.

DE-SHEKELER BOASTS OF SKILL

The other day while we were taking on fuel at a local "hash-joint" (it can scarcely be given the dignified name of "restaurant") a powdered, painted, bare-legged, short-skirted specimen of the Sorority that parallels the coast-wise movements of the Fleet, breezed in and hit up the proprietor for a job. On being informed that there already was a waitress who had been on the same job for several months, she promptly offered to work for four dollars per week less.

"How could you make a living on such a salary?" the man asked.

"I can't, stupid, but as long as the ships are in and the sailors come ashore, I don't need much more than just a place to flop and some place to eat steady."

"Gee," said the man, "you must have sex appeal."

"Baby, when it comes to roping in the sailors' shekels, I have it, they, them and those!"—Cub.



Fair Visitor: "Aren't you the young man I've seen in the Moving Pictures?"

Private John Kilburt: "Yessa lady no moocha guda bizzines sinst deesa talkem out loud moffies coma disa countree."

A live man pays 25 cents for a shave; a dead one \$5.

A wool coat costs \$25; a wooden one \$100.

Taxi for a theater is \$1.50; to the cemetery it is \$5.50.

A hired man plants corn for 25 cents an hour, but for planting you he gets four times that much.

For fifty cents you can fill your hide with home brew, but the embalmer gets \$15.

It's cheaper to live.—Yarn.

"I think," said the choirmaster, "that we can do much better than that—just a little better than that. Let us take that verse again, and let us make it quite plain that the first line is 'Weak and sinful though we be,' and not 'We can sing full though we be'."

—Christian Register.

IMPUDENCE

Impudence is not to be encouraged, but when properly used may be a drastic cure for excessive dignity.

This is the story of a super six-cylinder car that had broken down on a hill.

The owner of a car about the size of a perambulator stopped and asked:

"What's your trouble? I'll tow you to the top of the hill."

The owner of the big car smiled condescendingly, and said:

"All right. But if you try to take me to the top of the hill with that toy it is at your own risk."

The small car towed the big one up.

At the summit the owner of the six-cylinder asked:

"What is all the smoke coming from the back of your car?"

"That?" was the answer. "Well, would you believe it! I've had my brakes on all the time."—Kablegram.

An Irishman brought before a New York police judge on a charge of vagrancy, was thus questioned:

"What trade do you follow?"

"Sure, yer honor, I'm a sailor," Pat made answer.

"What—you a seafaring man? I doubt whether you were ever at sea in your life," exclaimed the irate justice.

"Shure, and does yer honor think I came over from Ireland in a wagon?" grinned Pat.—Fifth Corps News.

The squad of recruits had been taken out to the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yards and fired. Not a hit. They were moved up to 200 yards. Not a hit. They tried it at 100. Not a hit.

"Tenshun!" the sergeant bawled. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance."—Army and Navy Journal.

An American Tar was being shown over some old fortifications by a British Tommy. Coming to an old cannon, the Tommy smiled and remarked, "Here's a piece that we captured at Bunker Hill," and the Tar, God bless him, came right back with, "Well, the joke is on you old-timer, because you got the cannon but we got Bunker Hill."

—U. S. Service Mag.



She: "Two months after you sail you will have forgotten my name."

Marine: "Very likely—I don't know it now."

Poor Patient (wearily): "I say, doctor, don't you think it would be a good idea if I were to pack up and go to some place where the climate is warmer?"

Harassed Medical Man: "Good heavens! Isn't that just what I've been trying to prevent?"—Recruiter.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 15)

and never hesitates to add his share in this respect. But this trip was an exception. From August the 11th when we pulled out of Jersey City until we cleared Penn Station on the 25th, all hands showed every sign of having enjoyed a glorious adventure. Our time at the range was short but even with this handicap the butts were kept busy with surprising results. On Wednesday, the 14th, we were designated our positions with the 10th Regiment for the march to Camp George G. Meade via Washington. To the old Marine this was a new experience as only the sick, lame, and lazy were known to ride. Hike till you drop was the old cry. This was our first taste of artillery and surely not a pleasant one. The march was without notable events and we arrived at Camp Meade on the evening of August 15th, tired but happy.

All hands were immediately put to work pitching tents and the numerous duties necessary to the making of camp. Sergeant Dean with his detail did remarkable work on the tents, as did Corporal Gilmartin in putting up the wiring for lights which resulted in our having illumination the first night, whereas the regulars were not so fortunate.

On Friday morning we were given our first introduction in the fundamentals of field artillery, the French 75's; such as forming gun squads and the duties pertaining to the various positions of the cannoneers.

Each day we accompanied the regulars to the range, and observed the different operations and firing until August 22nd, when we fired for the first time, resulting in two direct hits by the gun crews of No. 3 and 4 guns. To gunners, Corporals Gilmartin and Anderson is this credited. First Lieutenant Frank V. McKinless and Lieutenant Howard W. Houck were the officers who directed the firing during the plotting of these problems.

Too much cannot be said in admiration for the manner in which the regulars of the 10th Regiment cooperated in assisting the Reserves during this period of training. They showed a spirit that would do justice to any outfit in the Corps.

Next to pay day, a good Marine will always be found first on deck when chow call is sounded. In this respect we were no exceptions. Sergeant Wood surely lived up to his reputation, with the rest of the outfit a good second. In this respect we were justified, for if ever an outfit had a good Mess Sergeant, it is the 10th Regiment.

Work and drill were but a part of our day's occupation. All hands enjoyed liberty in Baltimore and the nearby towns.

On Wednesday, the 22nd, a smoker was held in which the 304th Company took a generous part. In addition to local talent from the various outfits, entertainers from Washington added greatly to the entertainment of the evening. (Details of this smoker will be found in another article of this section.)

A baseball team was formed which aided greatly in filling in the idle hours. Sergeant Dempsey proved himself an able manager.

THE LEATHERNECK

To Major Underhill and his staff we are deeply indebted for our two weeks of interesting work and instruction.

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 25)

We all get on together like a big family, sort of calm and peaceful, you know what I mean, when it calms down we pick up the pieces. The curfew used to ring at nine o'clock in Newport, but it woke too many of the boys up, so that has been discontinued. As a result thereof, MacLaughlin, our own heavyweight, who has put some of the local pugilists gently to sleep, was chased off a sidewalk the other night. It was five minutes after eight, and a law-abiding citizen had forgotten to take in his walk. That is the story that Mac tells. You don't suppose that it might have been some infuriated husband do you? Sergeant Charlie Ryerson, our respected poultry expert, is looking more like a "Rhode Island Red" every day. Charlie maintains that he has got the only turkey in captivity that referees prize fights. That's one thing Mr. Ripley has never featured. Sergeant Jim Moore still insists there is no justice, and so on down the line, everybody has his troubles. A lot of the boys are getting paid off here, but those of us who are staying are still cheering for the new "pay bill." We could go on like this forever, write enough about each man, perhaps, to fill a book. But what thanks do you get for it all? A dirty look. Well, so long, see you at the Navy-Marine game. What's that? The Navy won't play us? Well, I suppose football is a little rough, but how about a "bridge" tournament? We wouldn't have to play for keeps. Nevertheless, what is it the French say? Oh, yes, I remember. Aufwiedersehen.

**MARINE BARRACKS, SUB. BASE.
COCO SOLO, CANAL ZONE
By C. G. Rander**

Well, boys, here we are again. The Marines stationed at this post say that they like to see Coco Solo mentioned in "The Leatherneck," so I'll continue to write a little foolishness as long as it is accepted.

Seems like every day is field day down here now. It rains so heavily that we have to go to chow in canoes—almost. The rain comes right in the barracks and we have to keep a permanent detail in charge of quarters to keep the decks mopped dry.

Oh, yes, it's about time I said something about our superb office force. When it comes to efficiency, why we are in a class by ourselves. Our 1st Sergeant, Ford E. Wilkins, recently put in a requisition to the QM depot for an adding machine, and he was politely informed by return mail that an adding machine was not necessary at a post gifted with such an "intelligent office force." I guess the QM knows his stuff all right. We knew we didn't need it, we just requested it for devilment (Oh, yeah!).

Our "super-sleuth" and "fingerprint" expert, Sgt. Seneca Swimme, has been transferred back to the States, and since then a lot of crimes remain unsolved here. We all wish "Cenecée" the best of luck, and hope he behaves himself, at

October, 1929

least until his warrant has been confirmed. The Gobs here say they are glad he has gone, 'cause now they can take their laundry out the gate without a pass from Congress.

ROSTER FOR PROMOTION

The Non-commissioned Officers' Promotion Board at its semi-annual meeting considered the records of the enlisted men who were recommended for promotion and selected the following candidates for appointment to the grades indicated and in order named. Those whose names remained on the list selected by the Board of January 22, 1929, have been placed on the top of this list:

For Sergeant Major

First Sergeant David Sanford, First Sergeant George B. Karchner, First Sergeant Charles Zirwes, First Sergeant Francis B. Cashman, First Sergeant Ralph N. Henshaw, First Sergeant William F. Fritzsche, Gunnery Sergeant Reynolds C. Cox, First Sergeant Pius Straub, First Sergeant Bennie C. Atkinson.

For First Sergeant

Sergeant George T. Green, Sergeant Herman R. Lindberg, Sergeant William E. Mitchell, Sergeant Lee L. Saxton, Sergeant William T. Mitchell, Sergeant Dorsey D. Pierce, Gunnery Sergeant Edward Bald, Sergeant Charles Larsen, Sergeant J. Fred Turpin, Sergeant Walter A. Sira, Sergeant Harvey R. King, Sergeant Irving Fine, Sergeant Claude X. Sartorius, Sergeant Robert G. Crawford, Sergeant Theodore Knapp, Sergeant James C. Noble, Sergeant Thomas W. P. Murphy, Sergeant Warren S. Russell, Sergeant Edward G. Matson, Sergeant Glendell L. Fitzgerald, Sergeant Albert S. Borek, *Sergeant Russell E. Nall.

*These men were recommended for promotion to Gunnery Sergeant but were placed on the list for promotion to First Sergeant should they desire promotion to that grade.

For Gunnery Sergeant

Sergeant Harry M. Towle, Ordnance; Staff Sergeant George J. Nowack, Corral; Sergeant Earl Casper, Mechanical; Sergeant John Owen, Ordnance; Sergeant Robert Stultz, Ordnance; Sergeant John T. Kerlin, Ordnance; Sergeant Raymond C. Waits, Engineer and Post Maintenance; Sergeant Robert F. McCoy, Ordnance; Sergeant Carl J. Cagle, Ordnance; Sergeant Elmer L. Vannice, Ordnance; Sergeant James R. Tucker, Ordnance; Sergeant Carlos Martinez, Ordnance; Gy. Sgt. (SW) David E. Cruikshank, Ordnance; Sergeant Basil O. Thomason, Ordnance; Sergeant Lloyd A. Bogart, Ordnance; Corporal Walter F. Hansen, Communications; Corporal Homer P. Stenerson, Communications.

For Staff Sergeant

Sergeant John W. Mace, Construction Foreman; Sergeant Rudolph L. Angus, Motor Mechanic; Sergeant Edwin D. Curry, Stenographer; Sergeant Clarence D. Slayton, Song Leader; Sergeant George L. Carter, Auto Mechanic; Sergeant Chancy M. Edwards, Auto Mechanic; Sergeant Nicholas M. Grieco, Stenographer; Sergeant James D. Gay, Clerk-Stenographer; Corporal David A. Passmore, Motor Mechanic; Corporal Fred H. Kelsey, Clerical; Sergeant Raymond B. Quinn, Clerical.

BOOKS—PASSING IN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

By FRANK HUNT RENTFROW

Our Bamboo War

DOLLARS FOR BULLETS, by Harold Norman Denny (Lincoln Mac Veagh, The Dial Press), \$4.00.

Harold Norman Denny, a prominent New York journalist, certainly started something when he penned his latest volume, *Dollars For Bullets*. No work of a controversial nature, in which two factions or issues are involved, can escape condemnation. In this instance Mr. Denny has been accused of everything from propagandism to treason, and with more injustice, an ignorance of his subject. On the contrary, Mr. Denny has been meticulous in his selection of information. He has delved through many volumes and records, and has taken advantage of the time he spent in Nicaragua to collect invaluable data. What is more, he is impartial, and he has sketched a comprehensive account of the connections Central American republics have with the United States.

To a layman who understands little about the mysterious complications in international diplomacy, *Dollars for Bullets* is an educating book. It is written in a simple, understandable fashion. Mr. Denny traces, above all things, the story of the projected canal in Nicaragua, and its powerful influence over international relations. More than one country has cast eyes on the potential waterway that will carry travelers from one sea to the other. Not only has the Panama Canal reached its capacity, but the Nicaraguan Canal will offer a still shorter route. The idea is not new. Actual work was begun at Greytown in 1887, and was abandoned because of insufficient funds.

The history of Nicaragua is told, not in cold manner of mechanical historians, but in the human-interest fashion of a journalist. The chaotic turmoil of a turbulent people, the machinations and intrigues of shrewd politicians, the simple faith of the peasant, and the intolerance of other classes are all presented. There is a touch of pathos and humor in the histrionic revolutions.

Of particular interest to service men is Mr. Denny's account of the Marine occupation of Nicaragua. This he defends emphatically. He says:

"The Marines did a much better job of their war with Sandino and the desperadoes who took advantage of the disorder which he produced to prosecute their private depredations than they received credit for in the United States."

"There was a general inability to understand why several thousand Marines with airplanes, machine guns and mountain artillery could not more quickly eliminate an obscure little guerrilla chief and his ragged band of

Indians. To one who knew the difficulties of the country in which the Marines were operating, the difficulties which were of enormous advantage to the native warriors who knew every hidden trail; to one who knew the bravery and the ferocity of Sandino's men, there could be only admiration for the fortitude and dogged courage of the Marines and wonder that their losses were not more extensive than they were.

"There was hardly a contact between the Marines and the rebels which did not produce outstanding feats of valor; too many instances of heroism and self-sacrifice to catalogue here. The aviation unit, under command of Major Howell through all the heavy fighting, performed with such efficiency, energy and intelligence over country so hazardous that a motor failure meant probable death, than one wondered

how the ground forces could have mastered the situation in time for the elections without aid from the air."

Of the elections themselves, Dr. Denny says: "American Marines, under the leadership of an American Army general endowed with dictatorial powers, have just conducted Nicaragua's presidential election, and incidentally have given that country the first free, fair, and honest ballot in its history."

There is a splendid description of the battle of Ocotal, the siege, and the subsequent relief by the air force. One chapter is devoted as a sort of biography of Sandino.

All in all, *Dollars for Bullets* is a powerful explanation of the situation that exists today, and has existed for some time, in the Republic of Nicaragua.

Wings Above the Pole

FLYING THE ARCTIC, by Captain George H. Wilkins (G. B. Putnam's Sons).

Our greatest romances today are apparently built on stories of the air. It is no longer the earthworm who spins the silk to weave tales of daring, but the butterfly on flashing wings.

Captain George H. Wilkins gives a vivid account of his exploration of the northlands. While the diction lacks a certain sense of drama, and the ability of suspense, the captain has written a remarkably interesting volume.

The expedition encountered many difficulties. The first, as is usual in such instances, was financial. This was overcome by the generosity of public benefactors, mostly citizens of Detroit, Michigan, and the North American Newspaper Alliance.

Hardships, lack of cooperation, accidents to the personnel of the expedition and to the planes, all were obstacles almost impossible to overcome. Few men would have tried, let alone achieved, and



the captain is very modest concerning his own efforts.

Perhaps at times too technical, he sketches the story that will go down in indelible print amongst those of other adventurous pioneers. Not the least difficulty was in the beginning.

"For three years," he writes, "we have battled against a variety of conditions; against apathy, against over-enthusiasm, against tragedy, fear, superstition, derision and distrust, yet perhaps these were the goads needed to stimulate our faith.

"We begged for money, bought machines, flew them and smashed them, rebuilt them and smashed ourselves. My crooked arm and Eielson's missing finger are mute evidence of trials endured. But we saw the job to be done. No man drove us to it, but there is no harder task-master than the 'will do it'."

In recognition of Captain Wilkin's heroic flight from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen he was knighted by the King of England. Sir Hubert Wilkins is now his real title.

THE GAZETTE

Major General Wendell C. Neville
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. E. B. Manwaring.
Lt. Col. A. E. Randall.
Maj. Walter H. Sitz.
Capt. Frank S. Flack.
1st Lt. Herbert P. Becker.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Thos. M. Clinton.
Lt. Col. Arthur Racicot.
Maj. Wm. G. Hawthorne.
Capt. Wm. F. McDonnell.
1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler.

MARINE CORPS ORDERS

AUGUST 15, 1929.
No changes were announced.

AUGUST 16, 1929.
No changes were announced.

AUGUST 17, 1929.
No changes were announced.

AUGUST 19, 1929.
No changes were announced.

AUGUST 20, 1929.
Brig. Gen. Charles L. McCawley, retired as of August 24, 1929.

Lt. Col. Frederick A. Barker, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Asiatic Station, via USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco on or about September 23, 1929.
1st Lt. Irving E. Odgers, on arrival United States, assigned to duty at Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California.

1st Lt. Robert H. Rhoads, detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

1st Lt. Willard R. Enk, about October 20, 1929, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Recruiting District of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

AUGUST 21, 1929.

Major Alfred A. Cunningham, on discharge Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain Roy C. Swink, detached MB, NOB, Key West, Florida, to Garde d'Haiti, via USS "Kittery," sailing Hampton Roads, September 18. Captain Donald Spicer, on September 12, 1929, detached 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to Garde d'Haiti.

Captain Samuel C. Cumming, on September 12, 1929, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., via USS "Kittery," sailing Hampton Roads, Sept. 18.

Captain Walter Sweet, detached MB, NS, Thomas, V. I., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y. 1st Lt. Edwin J. Farrell, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, via USS "Henderson," sailing Quantico September 14.

1st Lt. Ralph W. Culpepper, detached Garde d'Haiti, to MB, Parris Island, S. C. 1st Lt. William E. Maxwell, detached Garde d'Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

1st Lt. John M. Greer, detached MB, NA, An-

napolis, Maryland, to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via USS "Kittery," sailing Hampton Roads September 18, 1929.

AUGUST 22, 1929.

Captain James E. Davis, when directed by CG, MS, Quantico, Va., detached that station to AS, Second Brigade, Managua, Nicaragua, via the USS "Henderson," sailing from Quantico, Va., on or about September 14th.

2nd Lt. Thomas J. McQuade, when directed by CG, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that station to AS, Second Brigade, Managua, Nicaragua, via the USS "Henderson," sailing from Quantico, Va., on or about September 14th.

1st Lt. Leo Sullivan, when directed by the Comdt. NYD, New York, N. Y., detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," sailing from Quantico, Va., on or about September 14th.

1st Lt. Paul B. Watson, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Kenneth W. Benner, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Cornell, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Department of the Pacific.

AUGUST 23, 1929.

Col. James M. Huey, on reporting relief, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Maj. Arthur J. White, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

Capt. Robert H. Pepper, on arrival in the United States, ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty.

1st Lt. Samuel A. Milliken, on reporting relief detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

2nd Lt. Wilbur S. Brown, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MD, USS "Saratoga."

2nd Lt. Verne J. McCaul, on reporting relief, detached MD, USS "Saratoga," to Aircraft Squadrons, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Louis C. Plain, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

AUGUST 24, 1929.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 25, 1929.

Captain William F. Becker, detached MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington, to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 24th.

Captain Curtis W. Legette, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

Captain Eugene L. Mullaly, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

Captain Jess A. Nelson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report on September 7th.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

Captain Thad T. Taylor, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

1st Lt. William D. Onley, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

1st Lt. Harold C. Roberts, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Leslie H. Wellman, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 24th.

2nd Lt. Robert A. Olson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

2nd Lt. Edward T. Peters, detached MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington, to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 24th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Daniel Loomis, detached Department of the Pacific to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 24th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Fred Lueders, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Patrol Squadron 3M, NS, Guam, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

Mar. Gnr. Fred O. Brown, detached Department of the Pacific to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 24th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Eugene B. Mimms, detached Department of the Pacific to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 24th.

Chf. Pay Clk. Malcolm E. Richardson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about September 28th.

AUGUST 27, 1929.

No changes were announced.

AUGUST 28, 1929.

Lt.-Col. Robert B. Farquharson, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to

duty as Naval Attaché, American Legation, Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

1st Lt. Augustus H. Fricke, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NS, Lakehurst, N. J., to report September 6th.

AUGUST 29, 1929.

Captain Chaplain G. Hicks, on August 28th detached MD, USS "Arkansas," to MB, Norfolk, NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain John C. Wemple, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. William Ulrich, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. George E. Monson, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. James S. Monahan, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MD, USS "Salt Lake City," to report on board on September 15th.

2nd Lt. Thomas D. Marks, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Richard F. Ross, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Weir, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Frank C. Croft, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Max W. Schaeffer, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

AUGUST 30, 1929.

Captain Clifton B. Cates, assigned to duty with the MD, USS "Pittsburgh."

Captain Clarence M. Ruffner, assigned to duty with the MD, AL, Peking, China.

Captain John F. Talbot, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif., for treatment.

1st Lt. John B. Weaver, detached USS "California" to USS "New Mexico."

AUGUST 31, 1929.

Captain James D. Colomy, assigned to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Oliver C. Hine, AQM, detached MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Frank G. Dailey, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on September 12th.

2nd Lt. John R. Lanigan, on September 12th detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on September 12th.

2nd Lt. Archie E. O'Neil, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on September 12th.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1929.

No changes were announced.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1929.

Major David M. Randall, AA&I, detailed as an Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

Captain Frank B. Geotge, upon arrival in the Department of the Pacific ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. William S. Fellers, upon arrival in the Department of the Pacific ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Harry B. Liversedge, upon arrival in the Department of the Pacific ordered to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Randolph MCC. Pate, upon arrival in the Department of the Pacific ordered to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Harold E. Rosecrans, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington.

2nd Lt. Ion M. Bethel, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington.

2nd Lt. Archie B. Gerard, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington.

2nd Lt. Andrew J. Matthesen, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington.

2nd Lt. Robert G. Ballance, on September 16th detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Charles Popp, on September 16th detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. James O. Brauer, assigned to duty with AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Zebulon C. Hopkins, commissioned a second lieutenant and ordered to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than Sept. 9th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Henry Baptist, on September 15th detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William S. Robinson, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Washington.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1929.

Captain Gus L. Gloeckner, AQM, on or about September 15th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the SS "President Madison," sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on or about September 27th.

2nd Lt. William A. Hamilton, on expiration present leave of absence detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Asiatic Station via the USS "Sapelo," sailing from San Pedro, Calif., on or about October 1st.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1929.

No changes were announced.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1929.

Captain William Mills, AQM, detached Asiatic Station to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Monroe S. Swanson, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1929.

No changes were announced.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1929.

Lt.-Col. Chandler Campbell, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Charles E. Rice, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Ralph R. Robinson, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Albert R. Bourne, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. William W. Davies, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Lawrence R. Kline, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Francis M. Wulbern, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Joseph L. Moody, on September 25th detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about November 1st.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Ludolf F. Jensen, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1929.

Major John A. Gray, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Arnold C. Larsen, on Oct. 1st detached MD, RS, NYD, Phila., Pa., to Asiatic Station via USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about November 1st.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Charles H. Burton, on October 1st detached MD, NP, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about November 1st.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1929.

Brig. Gen. Cyrus S. Radford, appointed the Quartermaster of the Marine Corps, with the rank of Brigadier General.

Captain Richard O. Sanderson, APM, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Frederick D. Herbausch, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS "Vega," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about September 14th.

The following named first lieutenants assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China:

Charles D. Baylis, William F. Brown, Charles S. Finch, Paul A. Lesser, Arthur T. Mason.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1929.

No changes were announced.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1929.

Brig. Gen. Harry Lee, on October 1st detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Major Howard W. Stone, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about November 1st.

1st Lt. Merrill B. Twining, detached MB, Wash. D. C., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. William W. Paca, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China.

2nd Lt. Luther A. Brown, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China.

2nd Lt. Alfred R. Pekey, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China.

2nd Lt. Joseph W. Earshaw, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China.

2nd Lt. Lenard B. Cresswell, assigned to duty with the Fourth Regiment, China.

2nd Lt. Max D. Schaeffer, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about Sept. 24th.

2nd Lt. Jack P. Juhan, on Sept. 16th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about Sept. 27.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1929.

Colonel Theodore E. Backstrom, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

SCHAAF, Harry V., at Denver, 8-29-29, for MB, Parris Island.

STANFORD, Clarence F., at Seattle, 8-29-29, for MB, Mare Island.

PRIMM, John W., at Quantico, 9-1-29, for MN, Quantico.

LA BREE, Nelson D., at Detroit, 8-30-29, for HR, for West Coast.

ABRAMS, George H., at New London, 9-4-29, for MB, New London.

DUNCAN, John C., at New York, 9-3-29, for MB, Quantico.

DYER, Robert L., at St. Paul, 8-27-29, for MB, San Diego.

MOORE, Raymond W., at Los Angeles, 8-26-29, for MB, San Diego.
 MORRIS, Albert W., at Portsmouth, 9-2-29, for MD, Portsmouth, N. H.
 KLUG, Nickolas F., at Buffalo, 8-29-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 BURTON, Beryl C., at Kansas City, 8-30-29, for MB, Philadelphia.
 HAYNES, Alfred M., at Dayton, 8-30-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 KENT, Guy E., at Indianapolis, 8-30-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 DODGE, Allen M., at Vallejo, 8-26-29, for MB, Mare Island.
 KOVER, James, at San Francisco, 8-29-29, for MB, San Diego.
 WILSON, Alva B., at Los Angeles, 8-22-29, for MB, San Diego.
 BISSETT, Ollie, at Annapolis, 8-20-29, for MB, Annapolis.
 PHELPS, William M., at Shanghai, China, 8-2-29, for 4th Regt., Shanghai.
 ROLLINS, Norman O., at Memphis, 8-24-29, for Aviation, San Diego.
 MCCLAIN, Wm. B., at San Diego, 8-22-29, for MCB, San Diego.
 WILSON, Robert L., at Managua, 8-17-29, for 11th Regiment, Managua, Nic.
 CRAMER, William M., at Chicago, 8-26-29, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 LONG, Albert M., at MB, Parris Island, S. C., 8-25-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 STEVENS, Earl E., at San Diego, 8-21-29, for MCB, San Diego.
 BALL, Marvin T., at MB, Quantico, 8-25-29, for MB, Quantico.
 GRAFRIED, Frederick, at NAS, Lakehurst, 8-26-29, for NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.
 MCCLAY, Irvin F., at Haiti, 6-1-29, for Cape Haitien, Haiti.
 ROBERTS, Joseph K., at Haiti, 8-10-29, for Constab. Det., Haiti.
 ROWE, Edward F., at MB, Quantico, 8-25-29, for MB, Quantico.
 GABRIEL, Reginald L., at Los Angeles, 8-20-29, for MCB, San Diego.
 WARD, John Evert, at San Diego, 8-20-29, for MD, RS, DB, San Diego.
 JONES, Ernest M., at MB, New York, 8-24-29, for MB, NYd, New York.
 FLOYD, Paul, at Fairmont, W. Va., 8-20-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 SINGLETON, Hermon, at Philadelphia, 8-23-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 ROGERSON, Burleigh W., at Quantico, Va., 8-23-29, for MCB, Quantico.
 GREGORY, Roy R., at Los Angeles, 8-17-29, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
 HASLOCK, Harold R., at Los Angeles, 8-17-29, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
 WEBSTER, Raymond F., at San Francisco, 8-16-29, for MCB, San Diego.
 ANDERSON, Adolph, at Shanghai, 8-1-29, for 4th Regt., Shanghai, China.
 SMITH, Ike Salley, at MB, Quantico, 8-22-29, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 ANTHONY, Henry B., at Philadelphia, 8-20-29, for D. of S., Philadelphia, Pa.
 McCLOSKEY, Thomas Edw., at Washington, D. C., 8-21-29, for Hdqrs, Mc. Washington, D. C.
 WOOD, Eugene Carle, at Cincinnati, 8-19-29, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 HOTTE, Arthur S., at New Orleans, 8-18-29, for Hdqrs, SRA, New Orleans.
 CAIN, Byron B., at Washington, D. C., 8-20-29, for Hdqrs, USMC, Washington, D. C.
 WILSON, John Joseph, at Boston, 8-20-29, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
 KITSINGER, Leonard L., at Denver, 8-14-29, for Rctg. Dist., Denver, Colo.
 ADAMS, James S., at San Diego, 8-13-29, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
 EDMISTON, Oscar H., at Los Angeles, 8-15-29, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
 SKODA, Stephen, at San Diego, 8-13-29, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
 TUCKER, Jack, at NOP, Charleston, W. Va., 8-19-29, for AL, Peking, China.
 WINGO, Howard Hutson, at MB, Quantico, 8-20-29, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 FEBTRESS, Eugene R., at Washington, D. C., 8-17-29, for SRD, New Orleans, La.
 COLLINS, Reuben Clark, at Philadelphia, Pa., 8-19-29, for MB, NY, Philadelphia, Pa.
 GERHART, Harry Meyer, at MB, Quantico, 8-18-29, for MCB, Quantico, Va.
 GRANT, Walter C., at NP, Portsmouth, 8-18-29, for NP, NY, Portsmouth, N. H.
 PIPEL, Joseph J., at MB, Portsmouth, 8-19-29, for NP, NY, Portsmouth, N. H.
 RIDDELL, Lewis G., at MB, Quantico, 8-17-29, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 BARTH, Adam J., at St. Paul, 8-15-29, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
 CATO, John Franklin, at Denver, 8-13-29, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 DOWNING, John L., at Jackson, Miss., 8-15-29, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 RICE, William Sterling, at MB, Washington, D. C., 8-17-29, for MB, Washington.
 WEIGAND, William Henry, at MB, Quantico, 8-16-29, for MB, Quantico, Va.
 BROSSEAU, Oswald, at Parris Island, 8-11-29, for MB, Parris Island.

KLINE, Oscar C., at Philadelphia, 8-12-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.
 MARCUS, Bernard, at Great Lakes, 8-12-29, for MB, Great Lakes.
 O'CONNOR, Allen, at Quantico, 8-11-29, for MB, Quantico.
 WILLIAMS, Robert L., at Parris Island, 8-10-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 JONES, Alfred E., at Philadelphia, 8-10-29, for APM, Philadelphia.
 WEBB, Percy, at Philadelphia, 8-10-29, for DS, Philadelphia.
 BLACKWOOD, George W., at Oklahoma City, 8-10-29, for HR, for China.
 PECK, Edward B., at Charlotte, 8-10-29, for MB, Quantico.
 GIBSON, George C., at Quantico, 8-10-29, for MB, Quantico.
 BOZELL, Howard H., at Indianapolis, 8-9-29, for MB, S. Charleston, W. Va.
 BEARDSLEY, Edward J., at San Francisco, 8-6-29, for MB, San Diego.
 WALLS, Roy V., at Vallejo, 8-6-29, for NOB, Hampton Roads.
 TOBIN, Patrick H., at Quantico, 8-8-29, for MB, Quantico.
 DECREASE, Nicholas H., at Philadelphia, 8-8-29, for Rctg., Philadelphia.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Capt. Roscoe Arnett—Spanish.
 Capt. Jesse Johnston Burks—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
 Capt. Samuel Calvin Cumming—French.
 1st Lt. John Albert McShane—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
 2nd Lt. Saville Trice Clark—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
 2nd Lt. Kenneth Hall Cornell—Spanish.
 2nd Lt. Ward Elliott Dickey—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
 2nd Lt. Thomas Cothran Perrin—Bookkeeping and Accounting.
 Gy. Sgt. Ralph McCallum—Accountancy and CPA Coaching.
 Sgt. Laurence Andrew Dumond—Salesmanship.
 Sgt. David William Martin—Poultry Farming.
 Sgt. Elmer George Plaisted—Railroad Station Agent's.
 Sgt. Carl Merwin Schaumloeffel—Railroad Engineering.
 Corp. Paul Henry Taft—Good English.
 Corp. Frank Paul Urednick—Automobile Electric Equipment.
 Corp. John Philip Valencia—Motor Boat Running.
 Pvt. Victor John Bartoszek—Civil Service General Clerical.
 Pvt. Frederick Clyde Cleghorn—Automobile Electric Equipment.
 Pvt. Walter Raymond Hiles—Spanish.
 Pvt. Laurence Juniper—Aeroplane Engines.
 Pvt. Loyal "A" Macey—Spanish.
 Pvt. Wilbur Henry Miller—Business Correspondence.
 Pvt. John Owen—Civil Service General Clerical.
 Pvt. Jacob Summey Rameur—Complete Automobile.
 Pvt. George Thomas Ramsey—Civil Service Railway Postal Clerk.
 Pvt. John Wasick—Automobile Mechanic's.
 Tpr. Pedro Edwin Wagnon—Spanish.

DEATHS

BERRY, Oscar C., Pvt., died August 11, 1929, of disease, in China. Next of kin: Dr. Andrew E. Berry, father, Lookeba, Okla.
 KEYES, John E., Sgt., died August 9, 1929, as result of automobile accident near Stafford Court House, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Ed Smith, mother, Terry, Miss.
 LAWSON, Norman L., Pvt., died August 18, 1929, of disease, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Belle Wittle, mother, Box 23, Pardesville, Wisconsin.
 LEAKE, Robert W., Sst., died August 30, 1929, of injuries received when thrown from a horse, at Managua, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Anita Leake, wife, c/o Commanding Officer, Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, U. S. Marine Corps, Managua, Nicaragua.
 MYCHALEK, Simon, Staff Sgt., died August 26, 1929, of disease, at Philadelphia, Pa. No next of kin given.
 PATTERSON, Hugh L., Pvt., died August 9, 1929, of injuries received in automobile accident near Stafford Court House, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Luella Patterson, mother, Route B, Hamlin, Texas.
 PECH, Robert W., Pvt., died August 9, 1929, of disease, at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Fred W. Pech, father, Fairfield, Iowa.
 WILCOX, Edward, Sgt. Maj., died August 23, 1929, of disease, at Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Rose Wilcox, wife, 335 Florida Ave., Vallejo, California.
 OSPREY, Thomas, QM. Set. (retired), died July 24, 1929, of disease, at Dumont, N. J. Next of kin: Jean B. Osprey, wife, 3 Ontario Street, Dumont, N. J.
 MALLERY, Sterling B., Pvt., VMCR (inactive), died July 23, 1929, from electrocution (acci-

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dental), at Shalenville Loop, Ohio. Next of kin: Miss Undine Mallory, sister, 4720 Northcott Ave., Donners Grove, Ill.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Sailed Honolulu 30 August for San Diego. Due San Diego 6 Sept., leave 7 Sept.; arrive San Francisco (via San Pedro) 9 Sept., leave 10 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 23 Sept.; arrive San Francisco 23 Sept., leave 24 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 25 Sept., leave 26 Sept.; arrive San Diego 27 Sept., leave 28 Sept.; arrive Honolulu 5 Oct., leave 7 Oct.; arrive Guam 18 Oct., leave 19 Oct.; arrive Manila 24 October.

HENDERSON—Arrived Quantico 2 September. Scheduled to leave Quantico 14 Sept.; arrive Hampton Roads 15 Sept., leave 18 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 23 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive Canal Zone 26 Sept., leave 28 Sept.; arrive Corinto 30 Sept., leave 2 Oct.; arrive San Diego 10 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 14 October. Will probably sail from San Francisco 1 November for Asiatic Station via San Pedro, San Diego, Honolulu and Guam.

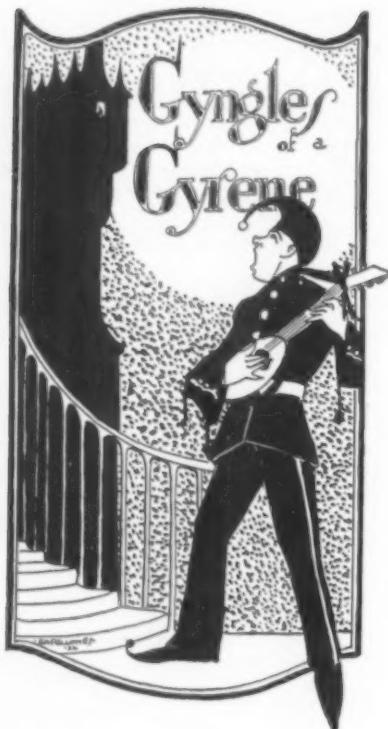
KITTERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 4 September. Will leave Hampton Roads 18 September for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 23 Sept., leave 24 Sept.; arrive Port au Prince 25 Sept., leave 26 Sept.; arrive Cape Hatteras 27 Sept., leave 28 Sept.; arrive San Juan 30 Sept.; arrive St. Thomas 1 Oct., leave 2 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 7 Oct. Will leave Hampton Roads 23 October for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 28 Oct., leave 29 Oct.; arrive Port au Prince 30 Oct., leave 31 Oct.; arrive Cape Hatteras 1 Nov., leave 2 Nov.; arrive San Juan 4 Nov., leave 4 Nov.; arrive St. Thomas 5 Nov., leave 6 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 11 November.

NITRO—Arrived Puget Sound 31 August. Scheduled to leave Puget Sound 9 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 12 Sept., leave 21 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 22 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive San Diego 24 Sept., leave 25 Sept.; arrive Corinto 3 Oct., leave 3 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 6 Oct., leave 9 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 14 October. Will leave Hampton Roads about 2 November for the West Coast.

SALINAS—Sailed Norfolk Yard 3 Sept. for Key West, due Key West 7 Sept., leave 7 Sept.; arrive Harbor Island 11 Sept., leave 13 Sept.; arrive Charleston 19 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive Hampton Roads 25 Sept.

SAPELO—Sailed Newport 30 August for Colon, C. Z. Due Colon 7 Sept., leave 8 Sept.; arrive Corinto 10 Sept., leave 10 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 19 Sept., leave 1 Oct.; arrive Manila 30 Oct., leave 12 November; arrive San Pedro 9 Dec., leave 11 Dec.; arrive Corinto 21 Dec., leave 21 Dec.; arrive Canal Zone 24 Dec., leave 8 Jan.; arrive Guantanamo 11 Jan., leave 13 Jan.; arrive Port Arthur 19 Jan., leave 21 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 29 January.

VEGA—Sailed Boston Yard 4 Sept. for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 6 Sept. Will leave Hampton Roads 14 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 18 Sept., leave 18 Sept.; arrive Canal Zone 21 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive Corinto 26 Sept., leave 26 Sept.; arrive San Diego 5 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 9 Oct., leave 11 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 12 Oct., leave 21 Oct.; arrive Puget Sound 24 Oct., leave 1 November; arrive Mare Island 4 November.



LAND LEGS

By Madelon

Cruisers in the roadways,
Troopers on the highways,
China lacquered red with blood of men,
Armored cars to Peking,
Leathernecks to Peking,
Gyrenes marching Peking streets again.

Caravans from Honan,
Derelicts from Shanghai
Watching for the blazing dragon's sign,
Coolies in the compounds,
Mandarins in hiding,
Gyrenes on the Peking-Hankow Line.
Red fire over Hong-Kong,
Yunnanese at Canton,
Loess padded under runner's feet,
Ancient lamas seeking
Purple wall of Peking,
Gyrenes tramping down Hata-men Street.

Where's the road to Louie's?
Where's the Flower of China?
Where's the Boxer crowd of fighting men?
Come on, Bears and Dragons,
What the hell do we care
Gyrenes on the Peking job again.

VIA DOLOROSA!

By O'Kanogan

Four punchers rode into Laredo
Enroute to a big pay day spree;
There was Happy and bullheaded Irish,
Don Miguel Fernandez—and me.

Says Happy, "I'm dry as a camel;"
Says Irish, "I'm drawing five cards;"
Don Miguel sang "Ah, Carmencita,"
But I looked quite stern at my pards.
Says I, "All this hellin' and drinkin',
It don't get you nowhere but broke,
So lay off this folly and gamblin',"
Right sober and honest I spoke.

"We will play us some nice two-bit limit,
We will buy us a couple of drinks,
We will give all the girlies our blessin',
And ride back with money that clinks.
"We will have us a large, handsome evenin',
But not throw our money too free."
And Happy and Irish says, "Sartin,"
Don Miguel Fernandez says, "Si."
Four headaches rode out of Laredo,
Four punchers were broke from a spree;
There was Happy and bullheaded Irish,
Don Miguel Fernandez—and me.

—Chicago Tribune.

BIRDMEN'S CHANTEY

By The Mad Major

Nor snow nor rain nor wind nor night
Can stay the pilot in his flight,
But a leaden slug in his petrol tank
Bids fair for a bed that's cold and dank.

A fouled spark plug or a frozen stick
Is all that it takes to turn the trick;
Then a mucky hole and a tin bouquet
For the bloke who "staggers" west today.

The doughboy wears a steel chapeau
And he parks his slats where the mushrooms grow,
But the flying man just holds his breath
While the skies rain brimstone, hell and death.

No bomb-proof dugout or sheltering trench—
(His crest is a skull and a Stillson wrench)—

No friendly barrage nor iron shield,
And the whole dam' sky is his battle-field.

Old Son, when my guns go paralyzed,
And I crash this crate that fools devised,
Carve, for my headstone, a comely wench
Holding a skull and a Stillson wrench.

BALLADE OF THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

By Shafto Dene

Comes a rumor from distant lands
Borne on the rhythm of marching feet,
Trumpeted far in shrill commands—
Never was music half so sweet
As the brazen strains the hills repeat
Singing adventure elsewhere.
What though the end be vulture meat?

Some must go where the bugles blare.

Whence the lure of these alien strands
Parched and burnt in the desert heat,
Wearied with leagues of crunching sands,
Little to drink and less to eat
And a savage foe when sabers meet?

Richer in tasks of peace than there,
Who would rot in a market street?
Some must go where the bugles blare.

Sanctuary the borderlands
Sought by all who would flee deceit,
Flourishing rank where Mammon stands
Swollen with opulent conceit
Of a tawdry name that time will cheat.
Death is the end that all will share;
Some may wait in a chimney-seat,
Some must go where the bugles blare.

L'ENVOI

Maidens and ladies fair, entreat
To know not why their vows are air.
Suffice that your charms have found
defeat,
Some must go where the bugles blare.

ROLL A ROCK DOWN

By Henry Herbert Knibbs

Oh, out in the West where the riders are ready,
They sing an old song and they tell an old tale;
Its moral is plain—Take it easy! Go steady!
While riding your horse on the Malibu Trail.

It's a high rocky trail with its switchbacks and doubles;
It's steep at the start and it's worse at the end;
It's risky and rough and it's shot full of troubles
From Shifty—that's shale—up to Powder Cut Bend.

Old-timers will tell you the Rangers who made it,
Packed in and packed out with a stiff upper lip,
Not loving the game, but they stuck and they played it,
With a thousand foot drop if a pony should slip.

Oh, the day it was wet and the sky it was cloudy,
The trail was as slick as an oil rigger's pants,
When Johnny McCabe, on his pony, Old Rowdy,
Came ridin'—where walkin' was takin' a chance.

"Oh, Roll a rock down!" Picks and shovels was clangin'
And Rowdy was steppin' that easy and light,
When the edge it give way and McCabe was left hangin'
Clean over the rim—and with nothin' in sight.

I shook out a noose; bein' crowded for throwin'
I flipped a fair loop for a rope that was wet—
It caught just as Johnny let loose and was goin'—
And burned through my fingers—it's burnin' them yet!

For Johnny McCabe never knuckled to danger;
My pardner in camp, on the range, or in town;
And he slid into Glory, a true Forest Ranger,
With "Hell! I'm a-goin'! Just roll a rock down!"

I ride and I look where the shadows are creepin'
And light from my saddle—McCabe was my friend—
To roll a rock down where a Ranger is sleepin'
Aside of his horse, below Powder Cut Bend.

I've sung you my song and I've told you my story,
And all that I ask when I'm done with the show,
Is, just roll a rock down when I slide into Glory,
And say that I went like a Ranger should go.

THE WINGED MASCOT

(Continued from page 9)

held his breath as the field glided away beneath him, and the mining buildings became rapidly smaller. Safe! Not until the altimeter registered two thousand feet, did he level off, and swerve toward the south.

Taking his usual course, he headed between two mountain ranges for fifty miles, then zooming for altitude pointed directly over a grey-peaked ridge, and plunged over a valley that led southeast along the Staked Plain. The grey monoplane was flying swiftly now, but not with its usual buoyancy. A glance at his gas gauge showed that he was using up fuel at a reckless rate.

"Well, let it burn!" he thought angrily, "if Bradley wants to cart machinery by airplane, he can pay accordingly. I'd like to know what in time he's plannin'?"

As the speed increased and the wind from the slip-stream became disagreeable, Limpie warily fluttered down to the lower part of the wheel, and clutched all his scraggly claws around the slippery metal. Head pointing toward the whirling propeller, he hung on, and hardly made a motion.

Suddenly Lynn Gibson started violently, and leaned forward in his seat. Something cold was pressing at the back of his neck! Then a scrap of white paper was thrust into his hand from across the twenty-inch space between the two cockpits. Gibson stared at the scribbled words.

"Approach Red Gulch from northern end. Land near red-stone ledges."

Gibson crunched the message absently, and nodded without turning his head. He felt dazed, bewildered. What ailed Bradley? Couldn't he deliver a simple message without backing it up with a gun? Maybe he'd gone dippy; he'd acted nervous of late, and some of the men had refused to obey his orders. . . . Suddenly Gibson realized what it all meant. This cargo of opals was not intended for El Paso! Steel Bradley was planning to land the treasure at Red Gulch, and make off with it!

Gibson pressed his right foot hard on the rudder bar, and banked the plane so as to make the north end of the valley. He was thinking rapidly now, and his

eyes flicked calculatingly over the instrument board. The altimeter said three thousand, and the airspeed registered 100. That meant he'd be there in about an hour's time.

The cold metal was no longer pressed against his neck, but Gibson knew without looking around that the ugly muzzle was still pointing in his direction.

"Well, it isn't my funeral," he thought. "They can't blame me if their own Super flies th' coop with all th' gems."

But as Gibson pondered over the matter, he grew angry. It made him hot to think of letting Steel Bradley get away with anything so easily as that. No, he didn't propose to be made a fool of by that man! He must queer him somehow, but what could he do? He had a gun, but the holster was buttoned deeply beneath his flying coat. He knew if he began any funny motions he'd get an ugly reminder from those watchful eyes in the rear. No, that wouldn't do!

Cautiously he pointed the plane downward. Sometimes he'd seen groups of cowboys driving herds of cattle across the plains. There might be a chance to signal someone on the ground; or, if necessary, he could pretend he had engine trouble. No use. Today the plains seemed all deserted. Rapidly he was nearing Red Gulch now. As he got lower, he saw hills and mountainsides coated with evergreens; patches of arid land, with long brass browning in the sun; thickets of mesquite, and here and there an adobe hut. Soon he glimpsed red ledges, bleak and forbidding. He couldn't put it off any longer. Distrustfully he put the plane into a wide spiraling glide, and searched for a safe landing place.

Each second now be expected to feel the cold steel at his neck; still, the man must have some sense. As the ship glided nearer to earth, Gibson finally spied a fairly level spot; it was where he had landed some months before. Grimly he shut off the power, and glided downward. It was hard to figure with that heavy load. For an instant he was tempted to let the plane smash; in the mix-up he could probably get the best of Steel Bradley. . . . But no! He thought too much of that plane to smash her up intentionally. Besides, he might need it. Already he felt the tail slumping too low. Hardly time to correct it, when the landing wheels bumped the ground. The fresh breeze that he'd headed into helped some, but the heavy

weight caused the ship to taxie for some distance.

The plane had barely stopped, when he felt the cold muzzle of the six-gun against his neck again, and Steel Bradley's snarling voice grated over his shoulder.

"Yuh just sit tight, fer awhile. Don't move. If yuh do, I'll plug yuh!"

With every nerve alert, Gibson sat motionless, and wondered what the Super would do next. All was quiet in the rear cockpit. Was he waiting for someone?

A few moments of suspense, and Gibson heard the pounding of hoof-beats, and the slapping of leather. Three men on lathered ponies galloped up alongside, and slid from their saddles. One rider was leading an extra horse saddled and bridled. It was all plain to Gibson now. Steel Bradley was one of this band of cut-throats!

The strangers were evil-looking ruffians, in cowboy garb, each with a heavy Colt's in his holster, and a rifle slung at his saddle. They greeted Bradley noisily, as though well acquainted, and Gibson noted with a start that one of the horsemen was the air pilot who had applied for a job at the same time he had been hired by the All America, Inc.!

"All right, boys," Bradley ordered confidently, "load up this kale, an' we'll git goin'!"

Gibson noted that the opals were all placed in the saddle-bags of two horses — white one reserved for the Super, and a spotted one ridden by the leader of the gang. The heavy boxes containing "Tools and supplies" were tossed to a nearby ledge, and camouflaged with bushes. The small box was left in the forward cockpit, and Gibson wondered if it had been over-looked. Steel Bradley finally came back and leaned over the edge of the fuselage, revolver in one hand, a pint bottle of whisky in the other.

"Here's luck, and a merry ride t' hell for th' All-America, Inc.," he chuckled hoarsely, as he pulled the cork out with his teeth, and drank half the contents of the flask. "An' now I'll fix this ship so she'll stay anchored," he said grimly. With a pair of cutting pliers he deliberately severed all the wire controls leading to the pilot's seat.

The leader of the gang began to get uneasy. He gripped Steel Bradley by the arm. "C'mon," he urged. "It's a long jaunt t' Mesquite. Let's git started."



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The Super shook his arm free from the horseman, and glared a moment at Gibson. "Say, young feller," he blinked rapidly, "you an' me ain't never been very good friends, have we?" He poked the muzzle of his gun into the airmen's face with an oath. "Well, I've crippled your plane, now I'll fix you! Unbuckle that strap, an' lie down on th' floor!"

Gibson slowly unbuckled the safety belt. Out of the tail of his eye he was calculating the distance to that gun in Bradley's hand. Suddenly his own hand shot out; the gun was slashed aside, even as it roared. He seized Bradley's wrist, and savagely turned it until he felt the bones crunch. As the weapon dropped, he grabbed for it, but before he could straighten, two guns pointed over the edge of the fuselage. One roared, and Gibson felt a numbing pain in his right arm.

The gang worked in sullen silence, as they threw Gibson to the floor of the cockpit, and bound him hand and foot. He heard Steel Bradley cursing, then a sound as though a box-cover were being pried off, then the clattering of horse's hoofs. They'd gone!

Listlessly he turned his head, and twisted his cramped legs as he glanced about the dismantled cockpit. His eyes bulged as he saw a rattlesnake crawling toward him. He knew now the meaning of the small box. Steel Bradley had deliberately left him to die a horrible death! With hands and feet tied, there was no chance to escape in that small space.

He had wondered why Steel Bradley had spared his life. Now he knew! It had been spared in order to torture him! He was familiar with poisonous snakes. They were a joke if one had proper remedies and applied them at once. But now he would be helpless—a bite from that snake meant a slow, painful death! Cold sweat stood out in tiny drops on Gibson's forehead and under lip, as he watched with fascinated eyes the slow movements of the deadly rattler. Instinctively he drew his legs up under him, and that was a bad blunder; the snake apparently considered it an assault, and at once coiled ready to strike. With cold, dull eyes staring steadily it glided nearer its victim.

Rendered desperate by the close proximity of the reptile, Gibson frantically twitched his knees farther away. Instantly the rattler prepared to battle with its hated opponent. Gibson could

see the muscular contraction, saw the great coils form in a tight circle, and shut his eyes. It was coming! And when it struck, he'd be done! His hands were tied; he couldn't even reach to suck the poison from the wound . . .

It seemed hours to Lynn Gibson as he waited with held breath for those deadly fangs to strike. Then he heard a sudden flapping of wings, and the scream of an angry bird. It was Limpie! Wings outspread, the plucky road-runner was defying the rattler.

Ordinarily it would have been only play for the clever road-runner to tease the rattlesnake, and either nip its eyes out, or cut its head off with sharp beak and claws.

But Limpie was laboring under difficulties. His broken legs had never healed as nature had intended; both were bent at awkward angles, leaving the claws only half available. But though disabled, Limpie had all the courage of his race. For generations back, road-runners had been taught to look with contempt upon all snakes, and with hatred upon rattlers.

Limpie must have realized his handicap, but knew that his loved master was in danger, and depending upon him for help. With wings outspread like a shield, the bird cleverly foiled every attempt of the rattler to advance. Time and again the big snake hurled itself against the intrepid cuckoo, only to bury its fangs in a bristling bunch of feathers and soon the poison fangs were empty of their deadly fluid. Limpie, with all the cunning of his kind, must have known this fact—knew that all he needed to avoid now was the deadly embrace of the muscular coils.

The fight had been an agonizing ordeal for Gibson. Desperately he had tried to loosen his bonds. If only his hands were free to help the bird. Once he managed to reach out and kick the snake as it seemed about to coil around Limpie's head. The bird seemed to know that his master was trying to help him. He screamed, ruffled his feathers, and flew recklessly at the neck of the frenzied reptile. If he'd had the use of his claws as in olden times, he'd made short work of the rattler. But when he tried to fasten into the slimy neck, it slipped from his grasp.

Gibson kept tugging frantically at his cords. He remembered that Steel Bradley had done most of the tying, and the

man had been under the influence of liquor. Doubtless the angry Super had depended upon the rattler to get in its fiendish work quickly; he wouldn't need to tie his victim very securely. At any rate, Gibson felt the cords on his wrist slipping. With a final wrench, he pulled his hands free. His right arm felt numb, and blood was streaming over his wrist, but he could use his hand.

It took only a second to reach over to the tool-box at one side of the narrow cockpit and clench a heavy iron wrench. Lurching over to the combatants, he brushed the surprised Limpie aside, and with a determined crunch brought the wrench down upon the head of the rattler. A slash from his pocket-knife and Gibson's legs were free. Disgustedly he stooped and seizing the squirming reptile, hurled it over the edge of the fuselage to the ground. Then he lifted the tired road-runner in his arms, and patted him as though he were a human being.

"Some battler!" he muttered proudly. "No legs to stand on, and you fought like a tiger!" With a fond grin he sat the bird upon the control wheel. "Now for Bradley and his gang!" he cried angrily.

A quick glance about the disabled plane showed him that Steel Bradley hadn't done as much damage as he'd planned. Cut wires were easily mended with the emergency supply in the toolbox. In half an hour the plane was safe to operate.

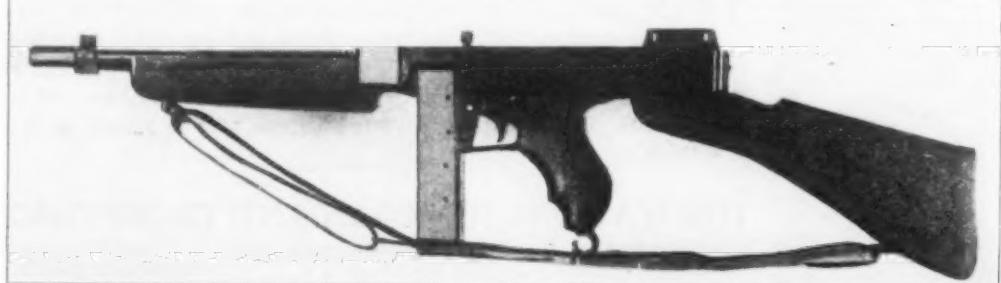
Now when ready to start, Gibson wondered what he could do. He had a six-gun, but the bandits were heavily armed. Four against one was not so good! To be sure he could go back and get the sheriff, but it galled him to think that Steel Bradley had made a goat of him; he'd do the job himself! Suddenly he thought of a bold scheme. Risky, and it had but a slim chance for success.

Pushing over the switch, he threw in the starter, and the prop caught at once. With a touch of the throttle the plane roared along the level space, then quickly lifted, and headed South. He remembered the horsemen had gone in that direction, although they had said something about Mesquite which lay in a northerly direction. He knew that had been a blind!

With eyes alert, he flew low, keeping between the two ranges of hills. Straight ahead, the gulch cut a narrow path for miles, with a fringe of evergreens on the timbered slopes, and a

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trail winding through its center. He knew it was unlikely that the bandits had taken to the hills. They'd expected no pursuit; naturally they'd take the easiest course. He smiled grimly as he gave the ship the full gun, and watched the airspeed climb—100; 125. He'd soon overtake them at that speed. Sure enough, a few minutes later he spied a cloud of dust—then distinguished four horsemen.

Apparently they had heard the roar of the airplane. Frantically they spurred their mounts, and headed for a deep cut in the ledge, just ahead.

Deliberately, Gibson dipped the plane, and sheered close to the ground. With landing-wheels almost touching the furrows of the rough trail, he opened the throttle wide and headed directly at the galloping horses. He saw the riders turn, and little spurts of white smoke shot toward him. Another moment, and with the roaring plane just over their heads, the frenzied animals leaped neck to neck towards the narrow entrance of the cut in the solid-rock roadway.

As Gibson jerked back on the stick, and zoomed to safety in the wider space above the ledges, he could guess what had happened. The cut was only wide enough for two horses abreast!

As he finally circled the plane and flew cautiously back, his heart pounded exultantly. Two horses lay huddled at the entrance of the cut, with their riders beneath them. A third with empty saddle was plunging wildly ahead, to the safety of the open valley beyond. Steel Bradley alone had escaped, and now was spurring his white horse toward the sheltering evergreens of the mountain-side.

Gibson decided to head him off. Giving the motor the full gun, he made a wide circle, and roared back facing the horse. Purposely he lunged the ship low, until a collision between horse and plane seemed imminent. No animal could be forced to face such a frightful menace. Steel Bradley raked his spurs cruelly. The white pony snorted, reared, and fell backwards, pinning his rider beneath him.

As quickly as possible, Gibson landed the plane and hurried confidently toward the prostrate horseman. Just ready to give him a little "sympathy," when the ugly snout of a .45 Colt's pointed aggressively across the ridge of the horse's back. A familiar voice snarled.

"Not quite s' easy as yuh thought. Now git me loose from this hoss, an' be quick about it!"

Gibson's chin lengthened about two inches. He'd been a fool to walk into that trap. For a second or two he studied the muzzle of the gun thoughtfully, then stepped nearer. Abruptly he stopped, as Bradley barked:

"Yuh stay where yuh are! Yuh'r plenty near enough. Now lift that hoss off'n me!"

Gibson glanced narrowly at the animal's head. It was twisted around and held securely by the bridle reins which had tangled beneath the prostrate rider; a slash of his knife would free both horse and rider. But Gibson hated to do it. As he fumbled around to gain

time, he heard a familiar squawking sound. Limpy had followed him from the plane, and was now strutting along on the ground about a yard or so from the sputtering Super.

Gibson turned eagerly. "Hello, Limpy," he cried, "come to fight another rattler?"

To Steel Bradley, lying helpless on the ground, that bristling, squawking bird must have been like waving a red flag in the face of a bull. He'd always hated the road-runner anyhow. He'd ordered Gibson to free him from the horse; here he was idly talking to the bird!

His face red with anger, Bradley leveled his gun and fired twice in quick succession. The road-runner spread his wings feebly, then flopped to the ground and turned on his side.

For an instant Gibson stood and stared. Limpy was killed! Suddenly the air pilot turned into a living volcano; all the pent-up rage of months found vent as he dashed toward Steel Bradley. The deadly gun flashed full in Gibson's face, but he claved it aside. It flashed again, but this time it was pointed towards its owner. Bradley sagged back with a curse.

But the battle was not yet over. Out of the corner of his eye Gibson had caught a glimpse of one of the bandits at the mouth of the cut. The fellow had managed to free his horse, and now was coming hell-for-leather to help his companion in crime. With a leap, Gibson reached the opposite side of Bradley's prostrate horse, and grimly awaited developments.

A quick look at the gun he'd taken from the Super, showed him only three good shells. Grimly he decided to make every bullet count.

Firing as he came, the bandit confidently drew nearer. Gibson rested the blue-steel barrel of his gun on the motionless pony's back, and fired. The bandit reeled, threw one hand convulsively in air, then slid to the ground. Once again Gibson fired; he hated to do it, but he remembered those saddle bags on the spotted pony contained the opals. The horse lurched forward with a broken shoulder.

Gibson hurried to the fallen rider. With his last bullet he put the pony out of its misery, then leisurely helped himself to the dead man's six-gun and cartridge belt. As he returned to the Super he found him cursing loudly.

"Can't yuh git this hoss off'n me?" he whined. "Say—you let me up, an' I'll do th' right thing by yuh. We can go halves on these opals, yuh know?"

Gibson glared at him. "Say," he exclaimed disgustedly, "you're too yellow to talk to. I'm goin' to tote you over to police headquarters at El Paso, directly. And your rattlesnake companions are goin' along to keep you company."

Turning his back on the groaning man, Gibson soberly stooped, and picked up the dead bird. He patted the ruffled feathers tenderly, as he dug a hole in the ground with Steel Bradley's gun. Placing the cuckoo in the shallow grave, he poked the dirt back with his foot.

"Brave little road-runner," he muttered huskily. "You died like a hero, trying to help your flyin' partner."



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CODE STUFF IN VERA CRUZ

(Continued from page 3)

"let me show you our splendid view of the harbor and your fleet of watchdogs."

"Surely," he replied, rising and following her across the room, and out on the broad, smoothly flagged terrace.

Nearby, across the garden, were the lights of the harbor and of the blocking fleet.

The war vessels were using their lights in a peculiar fashion. On some, a single light blinked at irregular intervals from the top of a mast; on others, strings of lights waved rapidly up and down, like the swinging of a pair of arms; while, on still some others, a vertical row of differently colored lights flashed on and off from high up on the sides of the masts.

"What are they trying to do with all those pretty little lights?" she eagerly asked.

"Sending messages, mostly for practice, that's all," he replied.

"Why, how foolish! Anyone in sight could read them!"

"Sometimes, but not always. For we have a secret code for those we do not want others to read."

As they stood there on the terrace alone, he was very conscious of the charm of her near presence. She was so close the breeze caused her dress to touch him, and he could scent the fragrance of some elusive perfume.

"You really must explain those signals to me more fully. We often watch from here, and it would be so much more interesting if we only knew what they were doing."

"It will be a pleasure, I'm sure."

"Just now, though, we had better join the others. We can continue this some other time," she said, slipping her hand through his arm.

"Yes, indeed," he answered, reluctantly leading her to where the others were still busy with their games.

"When you finish," she announced, "I have something else to propose."

Turning to Kenson, she asked, "Do you play roulette?"

"No," he replied, "I know but very little about it."

"It's very simple, and while the others are busy, I will show you how it is played."

Leading him over to the roulette wheel, she explained the game to him.

"It really is surprising how fascinating it can become," she stated. "Sometimes it even seems as if the wheel had some kind of consciousness, so weirdly does it work. However, we play only occasionally, and then just for small stakes, merely enough to make it interesting."

Thus it occurred that, after the bridge scores were settled, the Admiral's aide came to play roulette with the others. That is, excepting Monsieur Cartier and Mr. Beckman, who elected, rather, a game of billiards. Kenson found the game to be indeed fascinating; so much

so, in fact, that he was surprised to find it already one-thirty when they stopped playing, and the party broke up.

Having taken leave of the young ladies and left the villa, they crossed the quiet city together to the Plaza, where they separated and each went his own way.

Lieutenant Kenson picked his way through the narrow streets near the water front, to the boat landing, where he was able to catch the two o'clock launch to his ship.

III.

THE "Norther" had passed, and it was now settled good weather. There had been a gay little luncheon party in the Officers' Wardroom on the flagship "Mobile," with the Admiral's Aide, Lieutenant Kenson, as the genial host. The guests of honor had been Madame Trouvain and Mademoiselle Monteau. The party was over and the guests about to leave.

"Oh, I have something to ask of you," said Madame Trouvain, turning to her host.

"I am at your service," he gallantly replied.



"Thanks! Monsieur Cartier has made me a wager involving you, and you will have to decide the winner. We were watching the signals last night from the terrace, and he and I made a bet as to whether or not you would, at my request, bring your code book with you to the villa this evening."

"But, dear lady," he protested, "that is supposed to be kept under lock and key at all times when not in use, for it contains all the secret

codes in use in our Navy. A leak would mean that the entire code system would have to be changed, after months of labor by experts. In the meantime our code messages would be at the disposal of those having the key. It would be almost a national disaster, and, incidentally, fatal to my career."

"Not even at my request?" she pouted.

"Well, I'll see," he laughingly replied.

At this answer, she suddenly became serious and said, "Please, do not do anything rash!"

"Oh, I'll be careful all right," he responded.

Upon leaving the ship, however, she showed no sign of elation over what he had partially promised.

The guests having departed, and various official matters disposed of, the Lieutenant visited the Admiral's cabin to request the customary permission "to leave ship."

The Admiral nodded his permission, and then—as if moved by a sudden thought—glanced keenly at his Aide and requested him to sit down. Kenson dropped into a chair conveniently placed by the desk, while the Admiral—leaning forward—pushed a humidor towards him.

"Smoke up, as I wish to talk to you a little. Not exactly officially, but more as 'man to man'!"

"Yes, sir," he replied, lighting a cigarette. He felt a little apprehensive, for the "old man" was not prone to idle conversation, and what he had to say usually carried a "punch" with it. Besides, Kenson felt he had, perhaps, been passing

an undue amount of his time ashore the past few weeks: for, since his first visit, he had been a frequent caller at the "Villa Esmeralda."

The older officer busied himself lighting a cigar, and when he finally had it drawing to his satisfaction, he leaned back and regarded the other kindly.

"Don't misjudge what I have to say, Kenson. Life in the Naval Service is full of pitfalls, so that we have to be careful at all times: but just now, when there is a tremendous conflict on in Europe that may any day involve us, we have to be especially so. And, in view of the present situation, I believe it best to warn you."

"Beware of Madame Trouvain and her associates. She attracted attention in certain circles immediately on her arrival, and her movements have been carefully watched, while an attempt has been made to check up her past. Funston has an excellent secret service at his disposal, too. But it has been possible to find but little trustworthy information about her. However, it has been established that no such Belgian widow ever had a residence in Mexico City, or any large estates near there."

"It is possible she may be the confidential agent of one of the European belligerents particularly interested in gaining information relative to our fleet. Since one answering her description is famous throughout the continent, who has, it is said, a most peculiar way of holding a cigarette. And, I understand, your friend has the same peculiarity. Now, if we should be drawn into this war, the facts sought would be valuable for use against us. So we cannot be too careful."

"I know she has been the source of important information, but it is possible that is her way of seeking to gain a hold on you, while working some other game of her own. That is an old trick. Anyway, you had better be very cautious in your dealings with her."

The cigarette had smouldered untouched between the young officer's fingers, as, leaning forward, he listened attentively.

After a short pause, he replied, "Sir, I have observed her closely, and I am convinced someone is blackguarding her. While it is true she holds a cigarette in an odd way, yet that's a trivial thing to convict her of being an international spy."

"As to the rest, well, our communication with the interior has not been, as you know, very trustworthy. There have been errors in official matters of the highest importance, so that there is reason, at least, to give her the benefit of the doubt. Anyway, I am willing to stake all I own that she is quite all right, and doing all she can to help us."

"Well," said the Admiral, with a smile, "at any rate, she has a staunch champion in you, and I only hope you are right about her. But just the same, be cautious. That is all, just now," he added, turning to the papers on his desk.

Kenson withdrew from the cabin and returned to his room. Sitting down at his desk, he reflected on the Admiral's

remarks; and, also, on what had occurred at the party just previously.

Presently he arose, and proceeded to dress for the evening. An hour later he went ashore, immaculate in his white uniform, and carrying under his arm two small, compact packages. Both packages were securely tied with red tape and sealed with wax.

It was the afternoon of the third day after Lieutenant Kenson had left the flagship carrying two small packages. In the meantime had occurred a number of unusual events.

Now the Admiral was seated at his desk regarding with kindly eyes his Aide, who once again was seated in the chair near by. The younger officer's uniform was wrinkled and soiled, and he looked as though he had been ill. He had, in fact, just reported on board from treatment in the service hospital on shore.

"Kenson, the occurrences of the past three days have been rather strange, to say the least, and I am curious to hear your version of what happened. But first, I will outline to you what has taken place here."

"When you set out, note was made of the two packages you carried. Three o'clock the following morning I was informed you were in the Marine Hospital, where you had been taken after a native servant led the Patrol to where you lay drugged in a room in the villa. For hours it was a question whether or not you would pull through. After the first day, it was found you were coming around all right, but they kept you under observation until today to make sure the drug was entirely eliminated from your system. Your recovery has been so slow that the doctors believe the delay has been due to some mental state, rather than to the effects of the drug.

"When word was received of your mishap, I had your safe and effects sealed, as customary, pending the usual Board. Upon making their inventory, the Board found the Confidential Code missing, and no sign or record of the bulk of the funds entrusted to you. Word being received of your recovery, I withheld further action pending your return. That is how the case now stands."

"Sir," replied the Aide, "before telling my story I request permission to send a message by your orderly."

"All right," said the Admiral. "Wish to use the desk?"

"No, thanks, just a pad and pencil." Picking them from the desk, he hurriedly wrote a message, which he folded and addressed.

The Admiral pressed a button on the desk, and a Marine orderly entered and saluted. Handing him the note, the Aide directed him to deliver it at once.

"While waiting action on my note, I will go ahead with my story. To begin with, I might as well state that Madame Trouvain had won my entire confidence, and affections as well. I loved her—and still do—with a belief in her being all a pure, sweet woman should be. I am at a complete loss to explain what happened."

"Your advice the other day came at an opportune moment, as I had just had a discussion with Madame Trouvain about

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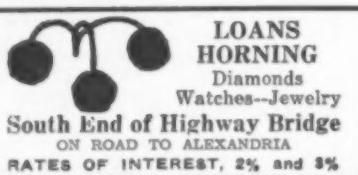
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taking the Confidential Code book to her villa that evening. But I must state I had no intention of risking the loss of that important document, and merely meant to so act as to enable her win a bet she had made. The request looked suspicious, especially when considered along with some incidents that had previously occurred. Yet it did not cause me to lose trust in her, although I planned to take no chances.

"There was a lot of interest at the party when I produced the book. I merely let them see it while I held it closed in my hands. And I kept it either in my hand, or under my arm the rest of the evening."

"At roulette my previous good luck deserted me, and I soon lost all I had brought with me to play. Being adverse to signing chits, I stopped playing. Afterwards, Madame Trouvain and I strolled into the small library near by, where we sat and chatted while I smoked. At my request, she directed a servant to bring us some water. He brought a carafe of ice water and tumblers on a tray, and placed them on the stand by us. We both had a drink, but I noticed nothing peculiar about mine. Yet it must have been drugged, for shortly afterwards I suddenly lost consciousness. After that all was blank until I came to in the hospital."

"All of which checks with what I had previously learned," said the Admiral.

"But, sir," continued the other, "they got neither the Code nor the money, for before going ashore I carefully removed the Code from its binder and replaced it with a copy of Mahan's 'Naval Strategy,' which is of the same general size and appearance. And the money I had with me was merely what I had previously won, and which the Paymaster had kindly changed into notes of small denomination."

"That covers the points that had worried me," stated the Admiral, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, I had the Code and the trust funds locked up in the Paymaster's safe, as mine doesn't amount to much."

A tap sounded at the door.

"Come!" called the Admiral.

The Marine orderly again entered and after saluting—stated, "Message delivered, sir. The Paymaster is outside and requests permission to see the Admiral."

"Tell him to come in," he directed.

After the orderly had saluted and withdrawn, the Paymaster entered carrying two packages.

"These are the packages the Lieutenant sent for, sir," he said. Handing them to Kenson, he withdrew.

Hurriedly breaking the seals and removing the wrappers, he spread on the desk an unbound copy of the Naval Confidential Code, and a thick bundle of bank notes.

"There you are, sir," he stated.

"Kenson," stated the Admiral, "I am glad this affair has turned out so well. It is a satisfaction to find the timber I selected is so sound. Yet, I will admit I have not been entirely in the dark. And now I have some pleasant news and a little surprise for you, too."

He pulled open a drawer and tossed

out on the desk a book in the binding of the Confidential Code.

"Have you seen that before?"

"Yes, sir, that is the book I made up. How did it get here?"

"That is easily explained, but wait until I first light a cigar," replied the Admiral with a chuckle.

After carefully selecting the particular perfecto he preferred, he proceeded to light it with deliberation and care. Then, leaning back comfortably in his chair, he took a few puffs, critically examining the smoke he exhaled with the eye of a connoisseur. Apparently satisfied with what he saw, he shifted his gaze to the now impatient Aide, whom he regarded with a glance of mischievous good humor.

"Now what do you see out there through the port by that five-inch gun?" he asked, nodding towards a gleaming piece of ordnance to one side of the cabin.

After a careful look, Kenson replied, "I should say the most prominent thing is the fortress, San Juan de Ullua."

"Right," affirmed the Admiral. "And whom do you suppose is reposing there at this very minute, under the watchful eyes of the Marines now in charge of the place?"

The young officer lowered his gaze, and his face became pale and drawn. Finally, he hesitatingly asked, "Not—Madame Trouvan — and — Mademoiselle Montea?"

It was the Admiral's turn to show surprise.

"Humph! I should say not! Say, didn't they tell you anything about what happened at the hospital?"

"No, and I didn't have the heart to ask."

"Well, this is simply great!" exclaimed the Admiral. "I'll have to tell you myself. They merely have your friends Monsieur Cartier and Mr. Beckman over yonder. About three o'clock of the night of your mishap they were caught trying to leave the city. Disguised as natives, they presented themselves at the outpost on the main trail by the central sand hill. Right there they slipped up, for it is practically unheard of for natives to go out from the city at that hour. So the Marines were particularly curious about them, but their passes were all right. I don't know yet how they secured them."

"However, orders require a careful search of all leaving; and I must hand it to the searching ability of those Marines, for they found your book carefully concealed on Mr. Beckman. The officer on duty there also stated the pair seemed even more surprised than he, himself, at the contents within the Code binder. Because of the nature of the thing, he arrested and detained them."

"But Madame Trouvan?" anxiously inquired the other.

"She is all you believed her to be, and even more. Love wasn't 'blind' in your case, at any rate, although she doesn't happen to be a Belgian widow. She is the orphaned daughter of T. D. Lawler, our great financier and philanthropist, who had vast interests in Mexico. She and her cousin have been personally investigating some of the irregularities of the agents handling the Lawler interests

in this country. I judge it has been more or less of a lark for them, while they have gathered information that has been of much service to use, too. Funston knew their identities all along.

"You were mistaken about the bet Miss Lawler made, for she really wagged you **would not** bring the Code even at her request. She was very surprised and disappointed when she thought you had apparently done so.

"She was drugged the same as you, and also has been ill. The servant who drugged you was in the employ of Cartier and Beckman, who are tools of one of the European belligerents. Miss Lawler's aunt, who has posed as her housekeeper, discovered what had happened and sent for the patrol—as the telephone wires had been cut."

The younger officer had listened in attitude of intense interest, while his face revealed the surprise he felt. Now, glowing with animation, and quickly springing from his chair, he exclaimed, "Sir, I request permission—"

Raising his hand, the Admiral laughingly interrupted.

"No, Kenson," said he, "you cannot go ashore just now, but will have to wait until the Doctor says it is all right to do so. I guess a little time to straighten out will not hurt your cause. However, you have my permission—and best wishes—when he says the word."

IV.

EVENING had come with a quiet hush after an ideal tropical day, and as the beautiful colors of sunset faded and the dusk of twilight deepened, the dark blue of the sky had, at first, been spangled with innumerable brilliant stars. But the blue had soon paled, and the stars dimmed under the greater brilliancy of the splendid full moon that had now arisen.

Bathed in the clear light of the moon, the city of Vera Cruz nestled by the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, transformed into a place of rare beauty. While the Villa Esmeralda and its gardens were of a faery loveliness—with the moonlight outlining the lacery of the foliage and gleaming, here and there, on the fronds of palms, the white marble of an occasional piece of statuary, and, on the water cascading from a solitary fountain in the midst of the garden.

Seated in a bougainvilia covered arbor in the garden were Lieutenant Kenson and Miss Lawler—alias "Madame Trouvain." Across the moonlit waters of the harbor, and beyond the breakwater, was still to be seen the twinkling lights of the blockading fleet, as well as a broad sweep of the Gulf.

"Please tell me," he pleaded, "how did you ladies ever get mixed up in this affair?"

"Well, my cousin and myself have always been close chums and schoolmates. Shortly after we finished college, trouble developed in our business affairs here. I had visited this country years ago and had liked it very much, and was glad for an excuse to return again. I planned to keep my visit secret and to observe conditions for myself.

"Wishing for freedom of movement, I

professed to be a Belgian widow, and both of us assumed our mothers' maiden names. My mother's people were Belgians, and my cousin and myself both have spent years abroad. Yet, since my aunt was also along, we were not entirely unchaperoned.

"The trouble only became serious after we had been several weeks in Mexico City. Of course, the landing of American forces was most unexpected; although we were only too glad to be able to come here for security. Fortunately, my father purchased this villa years ago as a residence for his general manager.

"We enjoyed the excitement of our adventures, and, as we had been able to pick up some very useful information for both the State Department and the military service, General Funston persuaded us to preserve our incognitos.

"In order to keep the acquaintance of those we were after, we had to pose as rather worldly women, and permit gambling here. But a careful check was kept of all losses, and I have already repaid those amounts. For both of us oppose gambling in any form; and as for cigarette smoking—I loathe it!"

"Do you know," he asked, "they believed you an international spy because of the way you held your cigarettes?"

"So the Admiral told me. However, I was merely trying to prevent my fingers from being stained."

"Anyhow, I had absolute faith in you from the first."

"So I felt; and it was a great help to know someone around us did!"

"Well, as to that," he laughed, "after I once met you, you were **sure** to have me around, if such a thing was possible!"

While they were talking, the lights on the war vessels were, all at once, turned off. Then, suddenly, signal lights blazed forth on different ships.

"Oh, look!" she exclaimed. "There are our signals again!"

"Yes, and right pretty they are, too. But we have still other ways of sending messages. For instance, listen," he said, pausing to take a coin from his pocket. Then he struck a series of quick, irregular taps with it on the arm of the settee.

"That," he explained, "is a message by code, confidential, for you personally."

"But," she protested, "I am unable to read it!"

"Well," he replied, "you know part of my job is decoding messages, so I will have to read it for you. It states:

"Helen, dear, I love you. Will you marry me? Urgent, answer at once."

"Signed, 'Jimmy'."

There followed a slight pause during which he was conscious of her tenseness. Faint, from off in the distance, could be heard soft strains of music from the band playing in the Plaza.

Finally, leaning over, she took the coin from his hand and struck a quick tattoo with it on the settee arm, that, somehow, seemed to have a joyous cadence.

At any rate, he must have felt sure of her reply, for—quickly taking her in his arms—he drew her to him.

And he must have been right, since, surrendering herself without protest to his embrace, she turned her face to meet his kiss.



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CHEVRONS

(Continued from page 7)

His compass is off or he's lost his nerve. The engineer officer was killed. It's none of our business, thank God!"

Eadie's battalion continued to flounder through the mud and in a minute or two it was definitely involved in the mass of troops that seemed to be crossing its front. When that happened there was no longer any doubt in any one's mind but that the battalion had lost its direction. It had collided with troops of another division and the smoke, the fog, and the confusing effect of continually lying down and getting up to avoid shell bursts was now trebled by the fact that men were going every which way. There was tumult.

"Here, where the hell are you men going?" cried an irate officer. "What organization is this? This isn't your sector, get the hell out of here!" Men could be heard raging everywhere.

"You ninety day wonder!" bellowed another officer, "haven't you got brains enough to know that this brook runs east and west? What do you want to go east along it for? Get your men out of here or I'll have mine fire on you."

"Steady!" called someone. A knot of men, all fluttering maps, came splashing through the mire. At their head, still wearing his overseas cap with one silver star, walked a tall elderly man. "You've lost your direction, major," he said. "Do you know where you are?" He waved his hand in a signal to withdraw to the two irate officers that had first appeared and began to explain to Eadie's major how the mistake might have been made, and how it should be rectified. Eadie, sitting down on a stump, watched the other division go by.

"I'll say we're off our track," he muttered. "That bird is a brigade commander. Those men going by are engineers or pioneer infantry, hence pick and shovel and ladders to bridge trenches with."

More men passed, signal corps men, telephone linesmen, stretcher bearers, a Catholic chaplain with a stole about his neck, asking the wounded on the ground if they had need of him. Eadie remembered that he had not seen a man hit for some time. The battalion must be sheltered from the enemy fire. He could hear shells falling, but they were not close at hand.

"Come," yelled Jake, who had all this time chewed silently on his cigar end, "it's time we moved. The boss is goin' back the way he come." The major's staff began to scatter, hunting for the commanders of the companies to tell them that the battalion must change direction. The major, meanwhile, waving his arm to such men as were still in sight, turned and began to move back the way he had come, paralleling the swamp. Again clamor arose. It is a difficult job to separate two units that have collided and become involved with each other. The officers and non-coms of each tried to find their own men, but it was well nigh impossible. One thing that saved the situation was that the troops of one division were all infantry, while those of the other were mostly

auxiliary troops, following up the attack. And then again, numbers of the men of Eadie's division, realizing that they had come into a part of the battlefield that was relatively calm, had not a great desire to leave it.

"Get your rockets handy," said the liaison officer to Eadie. "We'll maybe want to have a fresh barrage. The barrage was to hold on the hostile intermediate position for thirty minutes. If we get along fast, we'll just about catch up with it. The support battalion was supposed to leapfrog us there, but whether they will or not now I don't know. Do you know where you are?"

"No, sir," said Eadie, "I never saw a map of the sector."

"Well, I can't tell you," said the officer, "because I don't know either. Let it ride until the fog lifts. It's getting lighter anyway, and then we can find out where we are."

"Have we passed the boche front line yet?" asked Jake.

"I guess not," said the officer. "I haven't seen any prisoners!"

They climbed uphill again, panting. The battalion soon came out on the top of the hill and Eadie noticed that the fog was getting thinner.

"Jump out and tell those company commanders to hold up a minute or two," ordered the major. "Tell them we'll have a five-minute halt so that they can get their outfits reorganized. Then come back to me and report the companies' location. If this fog lets up, as I think it will, we can get somewhere."

The enlisted members of the staff went away at a trot. They were company runners and each went to find his own captain, like homing pigeons to their loft. Eadie discovered that he could see his own shadow.

CHAPTER XXI.

Eadie Loses His Pistol But Finds the Major

"Hi, Jake," Eadie called, "here comes the sun. Didn't I tell you? When the sun comes out we'll all feel better. We can see the scenery, and things will be a little warmer?"

"I'll say they will," muttered Jake. "These here boche ain't fixin' to let us come into their back yard an' go breakin' their windows without lettin' fly a little rock salt at us. I ain't had much to do with krauts in France, but I've had some truck with 'em in Wisconsin an' they're bad Indians. The time to start runnin' is when you don't see any one in the apple orchard."

The runners had not come back before the sun was out in full force. The major expressed his satisfaction and, opening a map, began to check off the prominent points on the landscape. The ground went slightly down in front and then a plateau sloped up to the white skeleton of a town.

The runners came back, an officer from one of the companies with them. They reported to the major and he seemed very satisfied.

"Not so bad," he remarked to the staff, "even if we did get a little bit off the track; we got back on right away. And we're all right, the companies aren't lost or gummed up. Well, time to be going." He blew his whistle and a number of other men blew theirs. The officers of

the companies in front could be heard urging the men forward. A few stood up. The urgings became more insistent.

"Come on!" roared the major, "get going there! Move out!"

The few men moved forward a little and others hesitatingly followed. Some jumped from one shell hole to another, and turned about to see who was behind them.

"I don't blame them guys," remarked Jake in a whisper, "that bird got us lost once. I got my doubts o' follerin' him myself."

More infantry, seeing that the first men to stand up had not been killed, stood up in their turn and, urged with boot and voice by their officers, began to cross the plateau toward the town. More and more of them came out of their holes and Eadie, looking around, saw that there was a very respectable wave of infantry climbing the slope. They advanced steadily, although the line was rather ragged now.

Tac-tac-tac-tac! One gun opened on the advance. Some men dropped. Eadie did not look, but he could hear the calls for first aid.

Tac-tac-tac-tac-tac! A friend had joined the first gun, two or three friends, in fact. The advance wavered a bit.

"They're in the town!" cried the major. "Forward! Rush that town!" Other officers shouted indistinct commands.

TAC-TAC-TAC-TAC! A clattering roar, a deafening clamor. The infantry knew enough to lie down now, and did so. Every one went for the nearest hole, and since there were plenty of them, a man had but to drop in his tracks and he was protected. A gust of bullets swept into the staff; the artillery officer went down, a runner cried out, and Eadie made a leap for a deep hole, into which he plunged. He lay there for a full minute, listening to the shouting, to the hacking of the guns, and a sharp barking sound, that must be grenades bursting. How bad was this going to be? A cautious look over the edge of the shell hole showed him the town, white smoke from grenades near it, the men of the foremost wave in shell holes above him, and some others who were trying to advance by crawling.

Pwhit! A dimple suddenly appeared in the ground before Eadie's eyes and a few grains of dirt trickled out. Eadie promptly sought the bottom of the hole. A whole handful of bullets landed in the place where his head had just been and covered him with dirt.

Zinnnnnnng! went a ricochet.

"By God!" cried Eadie. He very gently removed his helmet and shoved it out of the rear rim of the hole. It came sailing back to him with two long creases on the side and a hole through the top. The sergeant felt again that icy hand about his heart that he had felt so many times before in battle. But this time it seemed to be a stronger, colder hand. The bullets on the edge of the hole, the ricochet, and lastly the return of the steel helmet pointed to but one conclusion. The battalion was being shot up from the rear.

Who would have thought it, that a battalion advancing so slowly as this one had would leave enemy machine gunners behind it! How was such a thing possible? Ah! But the major had gone astray, one company and a platoon of another had followed him, and the other

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companies finding themselves out of touch with their flank units, had taken to ground and waited for the major to show up. The major had first gone east, and then returned to the plateau diagonally, and having but a platoon or so left out of the men that had first become mixed with the other division, he had not covered the sector very thoroughly. Each division, afraid of again colliding with the other, had drawn away, leaving a wide gap between the two, and from this gap machine gunners now made merry with the Americans.

There was a sudden burst of shouting and the banging of grenades from the left front, in the direction of the town.

"Stand by for a counter attack!" cried some one. A hundred voices took up the warning.

A counter attack! This battalion, its nerve already shaken, its confidence already lost in its officers, scattered and disorganized in shell holes, was now to receive a counter attack.

A counter attack! More shouting, more grenades! Eadie unbuttoned his holster and drew his pistol. How come? Was he hit? His hand came away from the butt wet and sticky. Blood? Cosmolene!

"Well, I'm damned!" said Eadie. Here he was in a shell hole in the midst of a red hot fight, a counter attack underway and his pistol still in the cosmolene in which it had been issued. Cosmolene is thick, heavy grease, the weapon was full of it, the barrel was packed with it, and even if he could get the firing mechanism to function, the gun would jam at the first shot if it did not burst. Well, he had his choice of cleaning it then and there with such materials as he had or of holding up his hands to the first boche that came along.

He tore a strip from his handkerchief and, taking a pencil from his musette, prepared to clean the barrel. His hands shook like leaves and his teeth rattled so that he several times bit his tongue. The barrel of the automatic is removed by dismounting the slide. In Eadie's nervous state he neglected to exert enough pressure and the spring leaped under Eadie's astonished finger and went soaring out of the shell hole.

"Fineesh!" said Eadie. He hurled the rest of the pistol after the spring. Then followed a bitter moment for the sergeant. He had drawn that gun in the replacement camp and had left it in cosmolene because he had been too lazy to clean it. The night before the drive at Saint Mihiel he had had no time and since then he had not given the weapon a thought. It was heavy, it was always banging his hip sore. And now, of course, just when he needed it badly, it was impossible to use it. A court-martial composed of twelve Sergeant Eadies trying Sergeant Eadie for neglect of duty at that minute would have given a sentence of death by slow torture. Fool! A non-commissioned officer and he didn't know enough to keep his pistol clean. And furthermore he didn't know how to clean it when he had the opportunity. He was a damned fool to carry an automatic that was full of springs and things. If he got out of this alive, a revolver for him. A revolver or a rifle. Ah! There was a thought. There must be some dead doughboy around whose rifle was still in working order. It would be dangerous to start crawling around hunting said rifle, but

it would be just as dangerous to stay in the hole. He leaped out of his hole and dived into another a few feet away. Empty. He went on to the next, dragging himself on his stomach.

The sun now shone brightly. There was a wind, a cold and bitter one. Eadie could feel it in those moments when he was going from one hole to the other. There was always one agonizing moment, when his head and shoulders were in a shell hole and the rest of him still above ground where the bullets could get him.

Eadie explored five holes without success. He found neither man nor weapons. He heard voices in the sixth and went in joyously. There were two men in it, the major and Jake.

"Good!" cried the major at sight of Eadie, "you're the artillery sergeant, aren't you? I want a barrage! Can you get me a barrage?"

"The lieutenant—" began Eadie.

"The lieutenant's dead!" barked the major. "I've got his rocket pistol and this man here has got rockets, but we haven't any code. Have you got a code? Your lieutenant had one but it's all torn to bits by bullets and full of blood and I can't read it. Listen. Tell the artillery I want a barrage on that town. I want it for fifteen minutes, then I want it to start at the north edge of the town and go slowly across the fields north. The support battalion will take care of these gunners in back of us, I hope. Tell 'em that. Tell 'em to start the barrage at once! We're held up here too long. Tell 'em to use plenty of gas, too. Lots of high explosive. Tell the heavies to fire, too. Got that? Well, do it."

"Oh, God!" cried Eadie, "you can't send any message like that with a rocket! The only way to get detailed fire like that is to send a man back."

"Why, can't you see we haven't got time to send a man back?" cried the major angrily. "Do you think you could get through those gunners that are shooting us up from behind? Do you realize that we're being held up here for a hell of a long time? And what will we do while you're going three or four kilometers back to your battery? Sit here and bite our thumbs? Shoot off some rockets, quick!"

Eadie began to do some rapid thinking. A rocket requesting a barrage soaring up from somewhere in the scenery would mean little to artillery observers. In trench warfare a barrage rocket means a very definite thing; the artillery know beforehand just where to fire, but in an attack a request for a barrage would mean nothing. If the observers saw the rocket and even if they could see where it came from, they would not know where the barrage was to be laid. The chances were that they would lay the barrage on the necks of the troops that had requested it. As for the rolling barrage that was to precede the troops, that had undoubtedly gone rolling its majestic way onward and was now shelling positions a kilometer or so away. This barrage could be held, shifted, shortened or lengthened by rocket signals, but that would not do the battalion in the shell holes any good.

"Come, come, for the love of Mike," yelled the major. "Here's the pistol. Stick a rocket in it and shoot it. Have you got rockets? Here you, give him yours!"

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Jake obediently handed a fistfull of rockets to Eadie, and the sergeant, drawing his code from his pocket, consulted it. He looked at the code, pursed his lips, and inspected the bottom of the rocket cartridges. They were of different colors, about the size and appearance of shotgun shells and on the bottom of each was marked what kind of a rocket it was, whether of three red stars, two green stars, a yellow smoke, or what.

"Give me that!" cried the major, snatching the code book from Eadie's hand. "What the hell good you are, I don't know! Sit there thumbing a book while my battalion melts away like snow!" The major opened the book, and on the first page, which could be easily torn out and destroyed, was a code.

"Lengthen barrage, three green stars. Shorten barrage, one red star. More gas, string of white stars. Less gas, string of red stars."

"Why, this is no damned good!" cried the major. He hurled the book into the bottom of the shell hole. "What's it say on those cartridges?" he demanded.

"The color of the outside tells you the color of the rocket," explained Eadie, "and those little holes on the bottom tell you the number of stars. The letter means the color, too. R for red and so on. That one with a big R is a red smoke."

"Here!" cried the major, "shoot 'em all off! We ought to get some kind of action out of it. Shoot 'em off or throw 'em away, I don't care which."

"Boy, I've got it!" cried Eadie. "We must have a contact plane here somewhere. I'll fire six white stars that calls the plane over us. Then if we show laundry, he'll see that this is our front line and if he's got any brains at all he'll fly back or wireless back that we're held up here."

"Shoot it!" cried the major. Eadie thereupon fired the rocket. There was a plane in sight about half a mile away, that was dipping and circling at a low altitude and Eadie's heart was considerably lightened to see this plane straighten out and come in their direction.

"Get out a handkerchief, Jake," cried Eadie. "Have the men wave their shirts, handkerchiefs, anything white, so the guy in the plane can see our front line. I don't know whether there's a panel code or not. I haven't got a copy if there is."

"Wave your handkerchiefs, men," roared the major. "Wave your handkerchiefs so the plane can see where we are."

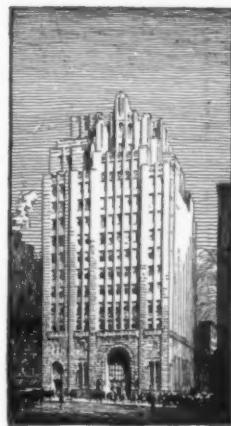
The booming of the plane's motor was now plainly audible. It had gained altitude a little and as it arrived overhead, the aviator cut off his motor and glided swiftly down toward the infantry. Eadie looked up at a long dark green shape, a belly that reminded him of a darting fish. Many voices shouted, rifles popped, then all was drowned in a crackle of a machine gun. This plane bore beneath each wing a thin cross. It banked around, streamers flying from its rudder, and a long one of empty machine gun belt from its belly. Again its gun crackled and three bombs that it had dropped burst clouds of dirty smoke. The machine was a boche.

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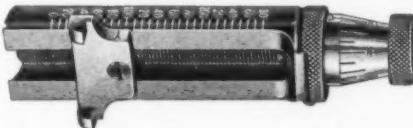
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